

CALHOUN COUNTY SOUVENIR - Battle Creek Journal

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Battle Creek Journal.

Calhoun County souvenir

BATTLE CREEK JOURNAL.

CALHOUN
COUNTY SOUVENIR,

COMMEMORATING

THE JOURNAL'S
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

CALHOUN COUNTY:
HER INDUSTRIES AND SKETCHES OF HER REPRESENTATIVE
CITIZENS.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.
MDCCCCI.



George Millard

CALHOUN COUNTY:
HER INDUSTRIES AND SKETCHES OF HER REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS.

THE BATTLE CREEK JOURNAL was established in October, 1851. The paper that was founded on that date in a small country village has grown and prospered with Battle Creek, until now it is conceded to be one of the best papers published in the State of Michigan, outside of the cities of Grand Rapids and Detroit. The policy of the publishers of the JOURNAL, and one which we commend to all who wish to build up a permanent and prosperous business, has been to make friends, and while we have given the news and been enterprising, and in some instances aggressive, we have endeavored to abstain from needlessly wounding the feelings of any one. It has been our rule to keep all of our own personal grievances, if we had any, out of the paper, and to give fair and impartial treatment to all, whether they might happen to be friendly to us or otherwise. George Willard, who was the editor of the JOURNAL for many years, inaugurated this policy, the fairness and wisdom of which has been impressed upon every member of the JOURNAL staff. Within the past two years there has been installed in the JOURNAL office a new Miehle press, a Mergenthaler type-setting machine, and an improved Dexter folder. New type has also been added and other advancements made, including additions to our reportorial staff and telegraphic service. However, it is not our purpose in this edition to use space to boast of our achievements, but the object of the publication is to give credit to those who have been active and prominent in the affairs of life, and who have materially assisted to make our county one of the most prosperous, enlightened and progressive in the land. All honor to the men who have done their duty day by day, who have been helpful to their neighbors, devoted to their families and have not only been diligent in business, but have also found time to assist others and work for the general good of the community.

EARLY HISTORY OF CALHOUN COUNTY.

From an address delivered by the late Col. Charles Dickey of Marshall, before the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan we quote: It was many years after the first settlement of Michigan that Calhoun was first settled, as our lands were not in market until October, 1830. Sidney Ketchum, the recognized pioneer of our county, came in August, 1830, in search of a home and fortune in the future. On his way here from Clinton

county, N. Y., he made the acquaintance of Samuel Camp of Ann Arbor, who was persuaded to pilot him through the new counties of Jackson, Calhoun and Kalamazoo prospecting. The lands of our county were to be in the market at the Monroe Land Office in October, and this being a delightful season of the year for travel in the wilds of Michigan, with the inconveniences naturally incident to a journey upon Indian trails only, they became so much interested in the country they decided to locate here. Mr. Ketchum took minutes of the land covering the water powers at the forks of the Kalamazoo, now Albion, and at Rice creek, at its junction with the Kalamazoo at Marshall. On their way to Kalamazoo in search of floats, they overtook Judge Eldred and Ruel Starr, on Bear Plains, three miles west of Marshall, where they were prospecting down the valley to Comstock creek, where Judge Eldred and Mr. Starr remained, when Ketchum and Camp made for Titus Bronson's, familiarly called Potato Bronson. He had his shanty up at Kalamazoo. Bronson was Camp's neighbor at Ann Arbor, and had introduced the Neshannock potato into Michigan, and had that year raised 700 bushels on an acre, the avails of which paid for the claim then made. Bronson afterwards located these lands, and in the May following, John Allen, Calvin Smith and Orange Ridsen, commissioners, located the county seat of Kalamazoo county. Bronson bargained his claim that evening with Ketchum, but in the morning the family objecting, it was abandoned. Noble McKinstry was found at Schoolcraft, who arranged with Ketchum to procure floats and locate two parcels of land in Calhoun county, when the land office opened at Monroe in October, (this was in August) for a commission of seventy-five per cent., McKinstry to go by the way of Detroit for his money on Ketchum's check.

Ketchum and Camp at once returned to Marshall, and on their way called on Judge Eldred at Comstock Creek, where they learned that Starr had returned to Marshall with eight days' rations to establish a claim. This news excited Ketchum, who hastened back to Marshall, where he found Starr slashing brush and marking trees to make good his claim. Ketchum negotiated at once with Starr for his claim. Camp, in the meantime, found that Mr. Blashfield was ahead having not only marked trees at the section corners and quarter posts, but had a load of lumber brought from Flowerfield, which it took him two weeks to haul. Blashfield was soon

found building a log tavern at Slab City, Jackson county, when Ketchum made all satisfactory by paying Blashfield \$75 and a gun. Mr. Ruel Starr, who afterward married the daughter of Judge Eldred, relates the story of his location of the land in somewhat different language. He says that he located the claim the first one located on the ground where stands the city of Marshall. He worked hard on Saturday, but the next day being Sunday, and a beautiful day, he felt that while himself usually very strict that he did not dare to work on such a beautiful Sabbath, so he quit work and wandered through the woods, and while admiring the beauties of nature, he came to a bee tree which was filled with honey, so he went to work and cut the tree and secured a bounteous store of delicious honey, which was very acceptable to him. The next day Ketchum and his party put in an appearance, and wished to buy the claim and as Mr. Starr was short of money at that time, he sold to Mr. Ketchum for \$45, but afterwards meeting Blashfield the latter claimed half of the money for the reason that he had left some lumber on the ground which Mr. Starr had not noticed at the time he made his location.

Messrs. Ketchum and Camp returned to Ann Arbor. Very soon Ketchum and Starr went to New York. Afterwards Starr married a daughter of Judge Eldred, sister of Hon. Nelson Eldred of Battle Creek. He located in Porter county, Iowa, where he amassed a fortune and died in 1876.

On the 15th of October, Noble McKinstry located the west half of south-east quarter of section 28, 72 south, range 6 west, 67 acres covering the water power at Marshall, and the 16th of October, Ephraim Hanson located the south half of the northeast quarter of section 2, 73 south, range 4 west, Albion. These lands Ketchum expected would be located in his name, the only lands located in Calhoun county in 1830.

There were some fifty parcels taken early in 1831. George Ketchum came to Marshall to build mills with Mr. and Mrs. Ball, H. P. Wisner, and four others. Alram Davison and Jotham Wood came in February, 1831, located the 160 acres, the original plat of Marshall, on which the county site was located by Roger S. May, Thomas Rowland and Joseph W. Torry, commissioners appointed by Governor Mason, July 31, 1831, and by proclamation of Governor Mason, October 7, 1831, duly confirmed.

On the 17th of July, 1831, Isaac N. Hurd, Lucius Lyon, George Ketchum, H. H. Comstock and John Bertram lo-

cated twelve parcels in Marshall township, and during that year A. L. Hays, John D. Pierce, John I. Guernsey, Stephen Kimball, Sidney S. Alcott, Thomas and Peter Chisholm, Henry Cook, Henry Failing, Ezra and Samuel Convis, Nathan Pierce, Nathaniel Barney, Polodor Hudson, Thomas J. Hurlbert, Ashel Warner, Thomas Burland, Thomas Knight, S. G. Crossman, Solomon M. Allen, H. P. Wisner, Dowena Williams, Josiah Goddard, Powel Groom, Oshea Wilder, and many others came to this county.

Calhoun county first attached to St. Joseph for judicial purposes in 1829, and to Kalamazoo in 1831. July 29, 1832, Calhoun county, by act of Territorial Legislature, organized into one township, Marshall. March 6, 1833, an act of the Legislature fully organizing the county for judicial purposes, and the first session of circuit court, November 7, W. A. Fletcher, presiding; Eleazer McConely, associate, a grand and petit jury was summoned with Oshea Wilder, foreman. All discharged for want of business.

Early in 1831 several families came to Calhoun county, Dr. Hays, Peter Chisholm, John D. Pierce, Randall Hobart, Charles D. Smith, Samuel Camp, and others. There was considerable building done that season. The first house was built by Fuller on Bear Plains, and while building, Mullett, commissioner to locate university lands, quartered on Fuller with his party, eating his rations and drinking his whisky. To comfort him for his hospitality, Mullett pointed out the north line of six sections of university land, then located with Fuller's house some ten or twelve rods on the university land. Fuller became disgusted, went back to Ann Arbor, and gave the house to Samuel Camp, who located three lots immediately north of this land, moved the house, and afterwards sold to John Bertram, who lived there while building the first frame house and barn in Calhoun county in 1830, L. G. Crossman, master mechanic. At the raising was John D. Pierce, Sidney Ketchum, Deacon Spencer, Marvin Preston, Isaac N. Hurd, Crary and Ketchum to hold the foot of the posts.

In 1832 quite a rush for land took place and lasted till the Black Hawk war broke out in May, and in June the cholera made sad work with our weak settlement. More than half the population of Marshall died,—of that number Isaac N. Hurd and Mrs. John D. Pierce, the latter buried in the night by her husband and Randall Hobart. No female hand to aid in burying this refined and cultivated woman, who used to sing "Sweet Home" as

none other could. She would impart to it such pathos that a tear-drop would start to the eye of the listener.

Luther H. Hays, born October, 1831, was the first boy born in the county, and Emeline Chisholm, the first girl, was born in January, 1832. Our people were obliged to go to Dexter, east, and Flowerfield, west, to do the milling. The mail accommodated us once a week. Mrs. George Ketchum took the care of it; it was kept in a cigar box.

The Marshall and Comstock mills started late in 1832. Afterwards a strife arose between Sidney Ketchum and H. H. Comstock, as to the head of steam navigation on the Kalamazoo river. Comstock lost the county seat of Kalamazoo, when Ketchum claimed the prize. Marshall was lithographed with steamboats and flags flying as the future capital of the state.

Speaking of railroads, when our county was organized there was not a mile of railroad in America, and only thirty-two miles in Europe. George Stephenson's "Rocket," invented in 1831, was the first locomotive that could haul three times its own weight, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. A Pennsylvanian invented a tubular boiler that same year, and expected to compete with Stephenson for a prize of £550, but while experimenting his machine jumped the track, and he was killed. Michigan's first locomotive, named "Rocket," was landed here in 1837,—not a mile of railroad then in Michigan. Now thirty-four separate roads pay a specific tax to the state, and probably full 75,000 miles of track is in running order in the United States today.

We quote from a speech of Dr. O. C. Comstock before the Pioneer society of Michigan:

A little over 80 years since this region of country was surrendered by treaty with the Indians, to the government of the United States. In 1830 the land was offered for sale. The county of Calhoun was laid off and its boundaries fixed by statute, approved October 29, 1829, and the Township of Green established therein, including also the counties of Eaton and Branch. The first town meeting of the said Township of Green was held (if held at all), at the house of one Jabez Bronson, in said town, agreeably to act, approved November 3, 1829. The record of said meeting, and indeed the residence of Mr. Bronson, is unknown to the writer. The seat of justice for the county of Calhoun was established by Thomas Rowland, Roger Sprague and Joseph Torry, who decided "upon a point in the line dividing sections 25 and 26, in town two,

south of range six west, on or very near the center of the west half of the northwest quarter of section 26, being northeast, distant about three miles from the geographical center of the county. This was proclaimed and established by the governor, (G. B. Porter), October 17, 1831.

The territorial road was laid through the county, and has in the past, particularly, been of incalculable convenience and advantage both to the settler and passing emigrant. Covered wagons literally whitened its entire length from 1832 to 1837. Many exceedingly interesting anecdotes are told of the log way-side taverns, with their rude and limited accommodations, such as meat without bread or vegetables, pounded corn and milk, and not unfrequently milk without other accompaniments, provided the traveler could wait till the cow could be hunted up and milked. The finding of the cow was often a labor of doubt and time, as the extensive pastures of the township of Green embraced what is now known as the counties of Calhoun, Branch, Eaton, St. Joseph, and some terra incognita lying north of Eaton. I think crossing streams and marshes, unbridged as they chiefly were, afforded some amusement and variety. Stringers were thrown across the streams and then covered with round logs or poles, which, as they were not fastened and usually afloat, afforded a very insecure foothold for man or beast. George Ketchum wrote to a friend, April 27, 1831, as follows: "I started from Ann Arbor Friday, 12 o'clock, for Calhoun, with two wagons, two yoke of oxen, two cows, one calf, seven men and one woman and child. The distance to Calhoun is 65 miles from this place (Ann Arbor) through marshes and creeks. The road otherwise is good. We crossed one large marsh where we had to carry all our things on our backs for the distance of 80 rods, in water knee deep.

The oxen we drove over singly, and one broke through the bog and we worked two hours to get him out, with chains under him and around his horns, and it was as much as eight men could do to get him over, the ground was so soft.

The Calhoun County bank was incorporated in 1836, with a capital stock of \$100,000. Its first, and possibly its only president, was Sidney Ketchum. Although this, like most other banks incorporated at that time, succumbed to the stringency of the times incident to and inseparable from the subsidence of the spirit of speculation which prevailed all over the United States, it had been of

great value to the business men of the town and county, in enabling them to complete many valuable enterprises, and its ultimate failure was very much deplored. Bills of this bank, I am told, passed currently "down south" during the rebellion.

There are twenty towns and two cities in the county, and their names and date of organization are as follows:

Marshall, extending over the entire county in.....	1832
Battle Creek (formerly Milton).	1833
Marengo	1833
Homer	1834
Athens	1834
Sheridan	1836
Eckford	1836
Tekonsha	1836
Burlington	1837
Albion	1837
Convis	1837
Fredonia	1838
Clarendon	1838
Leroy	1838
Newton	1838
Pennfield	1838
Emmett	1838
Bedford	1838
Lee	1840
Clarence	1840

City of Battle Creek, five wards.

City of Marshall, four wards.

October 17, 1831, Calhoun county was declared a township of the name of Marshall, and the first township meeting was ordered held at the school house in the village of Marshall on the first Tuesday in September, 1832, agreeably to act, approved June 29, 1832. The record of that meeting cannot be found. The presumption is that no meeting was held, or if held, its proceedings were deemed of too little importance to be made a matter of record in any documentary form. On the first day of April, 1833, the "annual meeting of the electors of the town of Marshall was held in the school house of the village of Marshall." Andrew L. Hays was chosen moderator, and Ellsworth Burnet, clerk. As being historically interesting to the people of the county the names of the first office-holders in the town of Marshall (county of Calhoun, de facto), are hereby given: Henry Cook, supervisor; Marvin Preston, town clerk; Samuel Camp, Ellsworth Burnet, Robert McCully, assessors; Andrew L. Hays, constable and collector; Sidney Ketchum, poormaster; John Kennada, Isaac E. Crary, Stephen Kimball, common school commissioners; Thomas J. Hurlbut, pathmaster; Milton Barney, Solon Davis, Solomon M. Allen, school inspectors; John G. Bean, poundmaster; William

Brown, Stephen Kimball, Barnas Kennada, fence viewers.

It was "resolved at this meeting that the sum of one dollar be paid for the head of each wolf that may be killed in this town during the ensuing year."

It was also "resolved that the sum of four hundred dollars be raised and applied for opening and repairing roads."

In July, 1833, an election was held in this town for the election of delegates to congress from the Territory of Michigan, which resulted as follows, to-wit:

Austin E. Wing received..... 5 votes
William Woodbridge 3 votes
Lucius Lyon11 votes

On the same day an election was held for the election of a member to represent the sixth district in the next legislature council with the following result:

William H. Welch received...4 votes
Elias B. Sherman2 votes
Calvin Britian2 votes

All of which is duly certified by
Sidney Ketchum,
Marvin Preston,
Samuel Camp,
Ellsworth Burnet,

Inspectors.

The town records for the balance of the year 1833 show the faithfulness, and the amount of labor performed by the commissioners of highways in establishing roads. This was a work requiring good judgment and a firm purpose to serve the general public. The names of these excellent commissioners are indelibly written in the good and judiciously laid-out roads of this town, which, be it remembered, comprised the county of Calhoun. As the towns of Milton and Marengo were organized in 1833, no further mention of the town of Marshall will be made in this place.

The flood of emigration continued in a healthy and continuous stream to pour into this county, up to 1836, when it became a tidal wave, absorbing most of the desirable public lands, and infusing into the population a spirit of enterprise, which contributed largely to the development of the county in a marvelously short period. The truth of history, however, compels the admission that some of the schemers of that period were visionary, at least visionary at that time. The charters of railroads to and from towns having an existence mainly upon paper, and the charters of banks of large capital for the transaction of the prospective business of those towns, may be mentioned as confirming the remark above made. According to the highly finished plats of Battle Creek, also of Marshall, they were each at the head

of steamboat navigation on the Kalamazoo river, and Bellevue was at the head of steamboat navigation on Battle Creek river. That there might be no detention of passengers at Marshall, after the completion of the Marshall and Allegan Railroad, cushions were purchased for the passenger cars, by a very sanguine gentleman who was largely interested in lands at both termini of this road, and who no doubt, firmly believed in its speedy construction.

The first suit at law in this county was before Isaac E. Crary, justice of the peace. The litigants were Peter Chisholm vs. George Ketchum, being on account of furnishing a saw-mill saw.

The first male white child born in this county is supposed to have been a son of Dr. Hays, long since deceased; and the first female white child, the daughter of Thomas Chisholm, also deceased. The first minister of the gospel entitled to mention as a man of the county was the Rev. Calvin Clark, who came into this state in 1835, and whose parish included not only Calhoun county, but parts adjacent.

We quote Mr. Clark:

West of Jackson it was next to impossible to distinguish the main road from the Indian trails and paths of new settlers. I came at last to the openings and was obliged to make my dinner that day on raw turnips, growing in a deserted homestead. Late in the afternoon of the second day's tramp, I entered a ten-mile woods, beyond which I was told were accommodations for travelers. The sky was overcast with clouds and soon the rain began to fall; before I had half accomplished my task, the night set in fearfully dark and gloomy; the stillness was broken only by the howling of the wolves. I began to feel that my situation was anything but pleasant, and might be sadly disastrous, and quickened my steps. Just then the noise of wagons and teamsters on the road before me was a glad and welcome sound. It proved to be several families of emigrants like myself bound for that same house of entertainment beyond the woods. Among these were the Rev. J. D. Pierce and family. His wife, whom he had recently married, a highly intelligent lady from a wealthy family in the state of New York, was sitting in her silks in an open ox wagon, drenched to the skin with the falling rain. Misery sometimes likes company, and I took such a liking to that company that dark night, that I determined not to leave them. The road was bad, and it seemed to me that oxen never went

so slow before. Late in the evening we saw the light of the long-looked-for tavern, as it shone through the chinks of the logs—a sight most welcome to us all. Our caravan halted before the door; only there was no door there, a blanket being where the door should be. The shanty was only partly covered with shakes; the rain pouring down at one end; a cook-stove stood on the ground in the middle of it. This was soon put in requisition, and the coarse fare was a sensible relief to us weary and hungry mortals. After this we prepared to retire for the night, but where to retire was the question. If there had been a garret or a cellar, we might have retired, and either would have afforded some relief. Some of the women of the company packed themselves away on the bedstead, others under it, on the ground, their husband's next; and the rest of us occupied a little more than all the dry ground in the shanty. Sleep soon came to the relief of the weary bodies, at least it was so with one of the company. The morning came; one of those dark, gloomy fall mornings; the rain was still falling. We made another requisition on the potato pile and the pork barrel, after which Mrs. Pierce sang beautifully, as few persons can sing, "Home, Sweet Home," then turned her face to the wall and wept. Poor woman, the next summer she fell a victim to the cholera.

In the course of the forenoon the rain ceased and we made preparation to move on as far as Marshall, six miles distant. And here another adventure impressed itself upon my mind. I undertook to put on my boots, which the good woman of the house had placed near the stove the night before, and the more I tried the farther I seemed to be from the accomplishment of my object. Either my feet had swollen by the severe hardship to which they had been subjected the day before, or my boots had shrunk, or both, and I was attempting an impossibility. I pulled at the straps till my fingers had no strength left in them. In my grief I cried out, "What shall I do?" I was fifty miles from a shoemaker, or any place where I could provide for my understanding. Among the company there chanced to be a genius. He advised me to take off the fat fried out of the pork and thoroughly baste the heel of my stocking and the inside of my boot. This was a success. In went my foot and on went my boot. That day we reached Marshall, consisting then of one log house and another in the process of erection. A few emigrants had planted themselves on the beauti-

ful and fertile farming lands in that vicinity. The next day being the Sabbath we had public worship. A young Methodist clergyman by the name of Pilcher, preached in the morning, and Rev. J. D. Pierce, one of our company, in the afternoon. These meetings were held in the unfinished log house of Mr. George Ketchum.

On Monday morning I resumed my journey on foot, and alone, and before breakfast reached Battle Creek, without seeing a house or seeing a person. The creek was then as now, only larger; but the beautiful town was non est. One single log house, in the process of being built by a Mr. Stoddard, marked the spot of the future city. Here I took breakfast before crossing the river. It is said that a bath immediately after eating is unhealthy. I don't know about that. I took a bath after eating that morning, and I have lived more than forty years since. The stream was swollen by the recent rains, to full banks; no bridge, no boat, and too deep in most places to ford. The icicles were hanging from the bushes on the banks. Mr. Stoddard pointed out the shallowest spot and the only fording place; so, holding my clothes high over my head with both hands, I waded chin deep to the other shore, where I hastily made my toilet, and pursued my journey."

The following memoranda, from the pen of Alfred Holcomb, interested us very much, and will abundantly repay the reader for the time he may spend in their perusal: On the 3d of June, 1831, he went aboard the old Superior at Buffalo, destined for Detroit. At the mouth of Black river, in consequence of a shipwreck, the steamer was detained seven days for repairs. The boat was ten days from Buffalo to Detroit. Mr. Holcomb, wife and two children arrived in Dry Prairie on the first day of July. At Detroit a man with his team was hired to carry them to Athens. At Jackson, then consisting of three houses, the team gave out. Mr. Holcomb left his wife and children here and made a journey to Dry Prairie after two yoke of oxen, with which to complete moving his family to their destined home. Another ten days was consumed between Detroit and Prairie. In this whole route there were no bridges. At very wet and miry places, half built causeways kept the teams in sight of their drivers. Streams were all forded. The family camped out every night between Detroit and Dry Prairie except at Ann Arbor, which then had five or six houses. Lot Whitcomb, a recent emigrant from Vermont, had put up a shanty on seminary land at

Dry Prairie, into which Mr. Holcomb moved his family. A log schoolhouse was raised in 1831, and every year since that period a school has been kept in that district. To reach a grist mill and a doctor, a journey of 25 miles each way was made. In 1834 a Methodist minister from Kentucky, by the name of Dickinson, commenced preaching at Holcomb's house. The first mail route was extended to Dry Prairie in 1835, Lot Whitcomb, postmaster. In 1834 Mr. Holcomb imported sixty sheep. The wolves had a great hankering for those sheep. Mr. Holcomb harvested a little wheat in 1832, and was thus employed when the cholera broke out among them. There were six victims of this dread disease, five in the family of Warren Nichols, and it constituted the entire family—father, mother, and three children; and Isaac Crofoot, the other and last victim. The alarm occasioned by this epidemic was so universal, that medical and other aid was very difficult to obtain, and for weeks after it ceased to exist they were so completely cut off from all communication with the surrounding settlements that Mr. Holcomb, who was compelled to go to mill, was looked upon, almost, as one risen from the dead. In the absence of suitable lumber for coffins, the upper floor of Nichols' house was used for that purpose. rough coffins were made, and the dead deposited therein immediately and buried (in no cemetery), and without religious services and with the least possible delay.

The Holcomb farm was a productive one. Oats sometimes attained nine feet and one inch in height. First crop of wheat, from poor seed, however, was smutty, chaffy and worthless. His second crop, from the sowing of Wabash pure wheat, was clean and plump. Average product some eighteen bushels. His average crop of oats is from sixty to seventy bushels per acre. Mr. Holcomb set out thirty apple trees in 1835 and one hundred in 1836.

Esquire Dwinnell of Emmett, was called upon to marry Robert McCamly and Mary Nichols, which he essayed to do, in virtue of being a justice of the peace in Calhoun county. In order that the parties might avail themselves of a "parlor" of a friend living a little way from Dry Prairie, the justice met them there and made the twain one flesh, according to law. After a day or two their dreams were shocked by the discovery that their friend's shanty was across the county line, to-wit, in the county of Branch or Kalamazoo, in neither of which

counties was Mr. Dwinnell a justice of the peace. Determined to literally comply with the requirements of a salutary law, the parties notified Esquire Dwinnell that he had a limited jurisdiction, and that he must hasten to his own and their relief. He hunted up the parties, took them into his cutter, brought them across the county line and into the town of Athens, and in the cutter aforesaid married them, and this was the first marriage in town, and these were the circumstances thereof.

We append hereto an extract from the eloquent oration delivered at Battle Creek, July 4, 1876, by Hon. L. D. Dibble, on account of the local interest it excites.

The first celebration of the Fourth of July held in Battle Creek was in 1835. It was between Sands McCamly's house and the junction of the river—Judge McCamly presiding. Elder Adams delivered the oration, and Moses Hall read the Declaration of Independence. The occasion was a pleasant one, and heartily enjoyed by all. The day closed with toasts and responses, after which several hundred Indians came in and devoured the remnants. In those days matrimony was difficult of accomplishment. The day for the wedding was fixed, and the justice of the peace was notified to be ready. If it was on his "ague day," in the morning he attempted to fortify himself by taking a large dose of quinine, and at noon repeated this precaution by taking a larger dose, and by the time the wedding party arrived, the justice was delirious, but the ready wit of his wife was sufficient to carry all through. The justice was taken to the well and drenched with cold water, and for a short time consciousness returned, and seizing that moment the parties were married. Moses Hall was the justice and Mr. Frank Thomas and Miss Amanda Goddard were the wedded pair.

In the expressive language of another, we can truly say that "the first settlers of the wilderness have a peculiar experience which the country, once occupied and improved, can never afford. They have privations which their successors, on the cultivated fields, and in the thriving cities which their enterprise has been the means of producing, may some of them fail to appreciate, but the proud consciousness that their early trials and labors and their once united and hopeful energies, gave the first impulse towards these magnificent changes which they now witness, is,

of itself, something of a reward. cases others may seem to reap the benefit, but we may be sure that the just and the wise will always award honor to men in proportion to the real benefits arising from what they have accomplished.

Forty-five years ago the first log hut was built in Battle Creek, on land costing one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre; today the value of the same land is estimated at not less than ten thousand dollars per acre. Then there were no schools, no churches, no manufactories, no business; all was a wilderness peopled by the aborigines of the country. Today eleven religious denominations meet in their respective churches and lay their supplications before the throne of Grace. Today there is invested in school buildings, libraries and apparatus, nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars, and fifteen hundred and seventy-three scholars, between the ages of five and twenty years, receive an education sufficiently advanced to place them in good standing in the famous University of Michigan, free of cost. Today fine brick blocks for business purposes, beautiful residences, vying with the palaces of eastern cities in splendor; manufactories turning out their millions in value of manufactured articles of world-wide renown annually, have taken the place of the forests of forty-five years ago. Then, all the travel and all supplies for the infant colony were transported on wagons drawn by oxen. Today, two railroads transport annually to and from the city hundreds of thousands of pounds of freight, and tens of thousands of passengers over their iron ways at from twenty-five to forty-five miles per hour."

Battle Creek, Jan. 7, 1877.

John Meacham's Statement.—He first saw Battle Creek in the month of July, 1835. Nathaniel Barney kept the tavern on the north side of Main street and at the northerly end of Barney street. A list of the male inhabitants was taken at the time by Mr. Meacham, as follows: Sands McCamly, Ezra Convis, Moses Hall, Tolman W. Hall, Polydore Hudson, Nathaniel Barney, Samuel Convis, Cephas A. Smith, John S. Halladay, Joseph Farnsworth, Jonathan Comstock, Ella G. Smith, Joel Fordham, John Marvin, Porter Rossin.

Sands McCamly's saw mill frame had been raised on the site where the Cushman mill was erected many years afterwards. A large number of men were employed in digging the race, and Benjamin Wright, widely known

at that time as a millwright, was working at the machinery of said mill. The mill was put in operation in the winter following, and that was the first use made of the water power at Battle Creek.

At that time Milton was one of the political divisions of Calhoun county, and embraced townships one and two south, of range seven west, and townships one and two south, of range eight west. Township two south, of range seven west, was afterwards organized as a separate township and called Cady, and was subsequently changed to Emmett.

Township one south, of range seven west, was set off and called Pennfield. Township one south, of range seven west, was organized and called Bedford, and the first township meeting was held in the spring of 1839, at the house of Josiah Gilbert; about forty votes were polled. Caleb Kirby was elected supervisor, and John Meacham township clerk.

There were four settlers in Bedford in 1835: Josiah Gilbert, John Conway, George Johnson, and a man by the name of Tower. John Conway had a sawmill in operation at the mouth of the outlet of what is now known as Hart lake; it was located on the bank of the Kalamazoo river, near the present site of Pratt's mill.

Matthias Hutchinson erected a saw mill in 1837 at Bedford village. I commenced an improvement on section fifteen in Bedford, in 1838; soil my interest in the farm in 1853, and in September of the year last named became a resident of the city of Battle Creek, at that time a village.

Noah P. Crittendon made an improvement on section thirty-three in Bedford, and lost his life on the steamer Erie, burned off the mouth of Silver creek.

Isaac Sutton located section twenty-five in Bedford, in the year 1835, and the following year took possession and commenced his improvement. He had eight sons and one daughter, and I have heard him relate the following anecdote: On his way home after locating his section of land, he called at a farmer's house in the eastern part of Michigan to get something to eat; the farmer's good wife had the curiosity to know somewhat of his affairs. He informed her that he had bought a section of land in Calhoun county and was going to move to Michigan. She expressed surprise that a man of his age should want to move to a new country. "Why," said he, "I have eight sons, and every one of them has a sister," "What!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, "sixteen of them, eh?"

Nathaniel Barney, who kept the public house in Battle Creek, in 1835, had a contract for carrying the mail between Marshall and White Pigeon, and would frequently allow a guest to take his team and go to Marshall and back, or to White Pigeon and back with the mail; and Mr. Meacham recollects that he took the mail to Marshall, and delivered the same to Charles D. Smith, postmaster at Marshall, and after feeding his team and getting some refreshments for himself he called for the return mail. Mr. Smith at first refused to deliver it, strongly censuring Barney for allowing so many irresponsible men to carry the United States mail; but Meacham demanded the mail, and stated that his appointment was regular, and that he had that day been duly sworn as a mail carrier before Polodore Hudson, Esq., at Battle Creek. Mr. Smith very reluctantly at length brought out and delivered the mail, and Meacham says this is his first and last experience as a mail carrier.

A postoffice was established in Bedford, but I cannot remember the year; Erastus R. Wattler was the first postmaster. The office is now kept at Bedford village, and is the only postoffice ever established in that township.

I was informed that a sturgeon weighing ninety pounds had been taken as high up as the forks of the Kalamazoo river at Albion, and in the spring of 1836 I spent several days on the river, hoping to capture one, but the dam at Albion had stopped their migration above that place; the right which the sturgeon had enjoyed to navigate the Kalamazoo from time immemorial, was suddenly taken away by the Allegan dam.

In the summer of 1835 I saw William B. Hill at Barney's tavern with his rifle, shoot at a wild deer standing on the opposite bank of the Kalamazoo river; fortunately for the deer, the shot did not take effect. At that time deer were as plenty inside as outside of the present city limits. In the summer of 1836 the grounds now occupied by the Advent college and Health Reform Institute was one great strawberry bed, and often did the writer of this go out of his way to enjoy his solitary strawberry festival.

In the spring the Indians would set fire to the dry leaves, which would spread over vast tracts of country, when everything on the earth's surface of the ground everywhere would be clothed with beautiful green, interspersed with varied colored wild flowers. Michigan never appeared so beautiful as in the early days. Every-

one who came here, when the country was new, could give some incidents worthy of record.

The following article from the pen of Mrs. John Ainsley and Mrs. G. W. Dryer, as illustrative of early times in Calhoun county, is copied from the History and Directory of Calhoun county, compiled and published in 1869, by E. J. Rust:

"In the year 1831, when the Michigan fever was carrying off hundreds to that country, my husband and myself, then residing in Pennsylvania, caught the raging epidemic. Being young and possessing a good share of firmness, connected with more than common constitutions, we made up our minds that Michigan was the place for us. Having both lost our parents when quite young, we were left with no other fortune than to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Having been married only three years our capital, of course, was small. We made a vendue and sold all our household furniture excepting a little salt dish and a few bed-clothes. We were so carried away with the idea of moving to the far west, we scarcely thought but what the comforts and conveniences of life were the abundant products of that much extolled El Dorado. Two small trunks, a chest of carpenter's tools and a little daughter, ten months old, and \$300 in money constituted our earthly all. The 3d day of June we had everything arranged for our departure. And now, dear reader, if you ever gave the parting hand to beloved brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances, and bade adieu to the home and scenes of your youth, your imagination can better paint the anguish of my heart than I can describe it with my pen. We hired a teamster to convey us 100 miles. We then took the steamboat across Cayuga lake. Not being used to traveling we saw many things to divert our minds, and call our thoughts from those we left behind. Having friends in Scottsville, New York, we spent a week there very pleasantly. We attended meeting while we were there, and heard a very deep and interesting discourse by the Rev. Mr. Cheesman. Little did we think it would be the last we should hear for a year to come.

Having visited our friends at that place, we set out once more on our westward journey. On the 19th of the same month we arrived in Detroit, and if ever I was thankful for victuals and drink it was then.

As we knew nothing of the situation of the country, only what we had read and heard, we knew not what course

to take; but it was our good fortune to form an acquaintance with a gentleman by the name of Gurnsey. He had traveled as far west as Battle Creek, and selected a farm near that place. He liked the country very much and advised us to go in that direction. Having the appearance of a man who could be relied on, we concluded to follow his advice. We had no conveyance of our own, and there being no stage route in that direction, we were obliged to accept of any conveyance we could find. As we had but little with us, my husband made a bargain with a man who was moving to that part of the country to carry our trunks. I was to ride when convenient and husband was to proceed on foot. On these conditions we left Detroit, with hopes of soon beholding the beautiful plains that had been pictured to us in such high colors; but as we advanced we were greatly disappointed in the appearance of the country. The roads were bad, the water poor, and the land was not much better. My child was quite unwell, and I was compelled to walk from three to five miles at a time and carry her. The weather was very warm, and not being used to poor, hard water, it will not be wondered at that my thoughts would revert to the pure cold water of my former pleasant home. But this did not discourage us, as we had made up our minds to go ahead until we found a place that suited us. The second evening after leaving Detroit we arrived at Ann Arbor, a very pleasant place and beautifully located, but we did not like the country around it. After remaining here for two days to rest, we started again and traveled about five miles to a place called Thorny Creek. My husband did not think it best for me to accompany him any farther until he should find a location. We accordingly rented a small house, or rather a part of one, as there were two families already living in it; but it was the best we could do.

Calhoun county had been very highly recommended to us, and my husband determined to see it before making a purchase. He therefore, set out on his journey, leaving me to enjoy my new home as best I could. The prospect of ease and comfort was not very flattering, I assure you. There were nineteen of us huddled together in a little log cabin, with only one place to set up a bed, and that was given to the eldest, of course, leaving the rest of us to select the softest planks upstairs or down, as we might prefer. After the lapse of a few days my husband had the good fortune to

find a location that suited him, and made a purchase, and returned without any accident.

It was now about the 20th of July and we immediately commenced making preparations to go to our permanent home in Calhoun county. We were obliged to go to Ann Arbor to purchase some provisions and articles for housekeeping, as the reader will remember we brought nothing with us. We had no team of our own and we could not get one where we were. We therefore set out on foot, intending to get one at Ann Arbor to bring our purchases back with us. We had not accomplished more than half of our journey when my husband was taken with fever and ague, and was obliged to lie down by the roadside and await the approach of some person with a team, or until he should be able to proceed on foot. The weather was very warm and my babe troublesome, and I was compelled to carry her the rest of the way in my arms, as my husband was only able to drag himself along with great difficulty, and when we arrived at our destination he had to go to bed, leaving me to do the shopping alone. When night came I was sick and tired enough to go to bed, but we had to return that night. By this time my husband had so far recovered that he was able to get about, and soon succeeded in hiring a team to carry us to our home. It was now quite dark, and we had to ride five miles over bad roads behind an ox team. I had such a violent pain in the head and chest that it seemed to me I should never live to get home, and when we did get there, how unlike the home we had been accustomed to. The time had now arrived when we must set out again on our westward journey. We hired a man with a breaking up team and plow to carry us to our new home, and stay and do some breaking up for us. At that early day there were no crossings and but few bridges, so that we were obliged to ford the streams and wade the marshes which were in our way. The country appeared more pleasant as we proceeded on our journey, but we were not smitten with its beauty. Four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day brought us within three miles of Grass Lake, now called Leoni. Here we found our progress impeded by quite an extensive marsh which looked like anything but driving loaded wagons over it; but it lay in our way, and having no inclination to turn back, nor to go around, we attempted to ford it. We had not made more than half the distance across it when we were brought up standing, or rather

sticking in the mud. There was a man in our company with his goods and family, ten in number, who had made a location adjoining ours. Thinking to lighten our load we all got off and waded through, and happily escaped the poisonous fangs of the massasaugas, with which the swamps were then so thickly infested. After lighting up, our teamsters hitched four yoke of cattle to the end of the tongue of the foremost wagon, thinking to bring it out, but did not succeed. Totally unconscious of how far we were from human habitation or assistance, eight o'clock in the evening found our teams mud bound, and ourselves perched upon high ground with our garments wet and bedraggled with the mud of Michigan. The monotony of our situation was broken occasionally by the howl of a hungry wolf, or the shriek of some startled night bird. We had about made up our minds to camp where we were for the night, when, to our great joy, we beheld a man approaching with three yokes of cattle. We were not long in procuring his assistance to help us out of our difficulty. They hitched the seven yokes of cattle to the end of the wagon tongue, which brought those in front on hard ground. By this means our wagons were soon brought out. It was now quite late, but we were soon loaded up and on the move again, and reached the Grass Lake House between ten and eleven o'clock that night very much fatigued. After taking some refreshments we retired to rest, and when the morning light dawned upon us, we found that "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" had restored us to our wanted vigor. We set out on our journey again with new courage, but before nine o'clock we found ourselves stationary in the mud again, and had to go half a mile for assistance.

With the assistance obtained we were soon on terra firma, and by twelve o'clock reached the small village of Jacksonburg, and put up at a hotel kept by a man by the name of Blackman. Here we were treated very kindly, and regaled ourselves with green peas and new potatoes, the first of the season for us, which was quite a treat. Our next obstruction was Sandstone creek, which was not bridged. We had to drive into the creek and then follow up-stream a considerable distance before we could effect a crossing. We staid that night at Roberts' tavern, and the next day took dinner at Blashfield's tavern, situated in a very pleasant place. If I remember rightly, there were but three houses between Jackson and

Marengo. We intended to camp out that night as we considered the distance too great to drive through.

We thought of pitching our tent at the forks of the river, since called Abbott's Stand, but when we arrived there, to our great astonishment, we found it already occupied by a party of Indians with their dogs and guns, papposes and ponies, strewn over the ground in every direction. As it was a beautiful moonlight evening we concluded to go as far as Squire Neal's, which was the first and only house at that time in Marengo. When we arrived there I thought it the most beautiful place I ever beheld. The moon shed her silvery light over a vast plain covered with flowers tinged with every hue, with here and there a stately hickory extending its beautiful branches, as if to invite the weary traveler to rest in its luxuriant shade. A field of corn in front of the house, rustling its green foliage in the cool breeze of evening, rendered the scene still more delightful. The family treated us with as much hospitality as their circumstances would admit of. As there was no floor in the house we spread our bed-clothes on the sand to rest for the night and cooked our breakfast next morning by the side of a log. We were now within two miles of our place of destination, and I was very anxious to see it. One or two hours' travel brought us to the spot we could call our home. Home it was, but our habitation was the sky above and the earth beneath, carpeted with nature's green, interspersed with beautiful flowers.

We soon were busily engaged unloading our things, pitching our tents, cooking dinner, etc. Mr. Kimball pitched his tent some four or five rods from us, which seemed quite neighborly. Our tent was composed of two sheets overhead, with bushes set up all round the sides except a small opening for a door, which we closed with a tablecloth. We lived in this manner three weeks before our house was ready to move into. We had but little room and needed less, as our stock of personal property was limited. We had one cow, which, if she was not in clover, fared sumptuously every day on the fine grass that grew so abundantly all around us. Our flour-barrel served us for a cupboard, our tool-chest for a table, and two small trunks for seats. Four small forks driven into the ground with poles across, covered with our wagon boards composed our bedstead.

Our bed, when made up, looked as though an elephant had stepped on it. We had pillow cases and ticks, but

nothing to fill them with, as there had been no grain raised in the country, and consequently no straw was to be had. Could we have been favored with air-tight ticks we should have resorted to the expedient of blowing them up for the sake of looks, if nothing else, so anxious were we to make a respectable appearance. But our pride was forced to yield to our poverty, and we had to wait until the oak tree could be felled and the leaves dried, which made a very good bed and pillow. This was laid aside for hay, and the hay in time gave place for straw, which we raised the coming season. It proved to be a very wet time while tenting out, and we were favored with a shower nearly every day and night. Persons of inquiring minds may wonder how we managed with our frail covering, to keep our goods and baby dry. For the information of such I would say, that our tent leaked very badly, and our clothing and bedding were often wet, but soon dried when the sun shone, and, fortunately for us, the finish on our furniture was waterproof.

As for baby, when it rained too hard we put her under the washtub until the shower was over.

My husband, being expert in the use of tools, by industry and perseverance succeeded in getting up our house and finishing it so that we could move into it on the 25th of August, just three weeks from the time we arrived. It is true there was no chimney or chamber floor in it, but we had a good shingle roof, a floor below, and a door made from hewed planks, which was quite an improvement on the cotton-covered house we vacated, and a better house than there was in the whole village of Marshall, as there were none there that could boast of a floor until my husband hewed the timber for that purpose. Our house was situated in a delightful hickory grove with beautiful surroundings. When I first beheld it the poetic spirit was stirred within me, and I was led to exclaim:

"We have found a place in the green-wood shade,

That Nature on purpose for us hath made."

We were very thankful that we had been so highly favored, and began to feel that we were getting up in the world. We were the owners of 160 acres of land, with a house erected on it, one cow, a barrel of flour, a little hay put up, and five acres of wheat on the ground, besides a few articles for housekeeping, such as we could not do without, and very few would have been willing to do with.

Mr. Hurd and Charles D. Smith rode over from Marshall and made us a

visit. They were the first men who called on us in the county, and we were very glad to make their acquaintance, as neighbors at that time were few and far between. The falling of the leaves and the shortening of the days reminded us that it was time to prepare for winter. Our breadstuff was nearly all gone and a supply could not be obtained nearer than fifty miles; but as this was the best that could be done (and we could not live without bread) my husband and Mr. Kimball started for the mill to obtain a supply. They had to ford the Kalamazoo twice and ferry it once in an Indian canoe, taking their wagon apart and conveying one wheel across at a time. The journey was performed in eleven days without accident. It was now the 11th of November, and we had done but little to make our home comfortable for winter. We went to work to finish our chimney, and had just completed it when it commenced snowing, and we did not see the ground until January. We were out of groceries of every kind at this time, except pepper and salt; and what was still worse, we were nearly out of money. But we had started out with the determination to make the best of everything, and when we had neither fish, flesh nor fowl, potatoes nor milk, we ate our bread alone, with thankfulness. We had cranberries, plenty, which we had obtained of the Indians, but they were not very palatable without sweetening. Mr. Dowling, one of our neighbors, remarked that he had eaten them so long without sugar that his teeth seemed longer than usual. Our nearest market town was Ann Arbor, distant 65 miles, and my husband concluded to go there and replenish our stock of provisions. As our circumstances required us to use the most rigid economy, I thought I would bake him a loaf of bread to carry with him for lunch. We had to do all our baking in what was then called a bake-kettle, and this had to be rubbed with butter, lard, or grease of some kind, in order to get the loaf out without breaking it to pieces. These articles had all disappeared, and I was for a while at a loss to know what to do; but I remembered that my husband had saved some marrow to oil his gun, and having sold his gun had no further use for it. I took the marrow and greased my kettle with it, and my loaf came out beautifully and I felt quite proud of my achievement.

The next morning my husband started with his oxen and sleigh for Ann Arbor. He was gone about one week, and got along without accident

until within three miles of home, when one of his oxen gave out and could go no further. He turned himself out and took the end of the yoke himself, and reached home about eleven o'clock at night, tired and hungry. The ox left by the wayside died, and we sold the other, which left us with out a team. The winter soon passed away, and the time of the singing of birds came, and with it came work on the farm. We had some of our land enclosed, and, in order to secure our wheat crop, it must be fenced. We were in a close place, without a team or means to get one. It is said that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and it did not fail us in this instance. My husband felled a large oak tree, and sawed off some wheels, and made a wagon, upon which we together could draw ten rails at a time by both pulling one way, which all married people should do. In this manner we drew the rails, and fenced a field of twenty acres. Mr. Neal, Mr. Ames and my husband procured their seed potatoes this season by making a canoe on the Rice creek, and going with it to Kalamazoo, where a Mr. Bronson had raised some to sell. They boated them up the Kalamazoo in their canoe, which took them about five days.

We were now well provided for, and prospects ahead were hopeful. Providence smiled upon our labors, and our fields yielded their increase. It was in this manner that the early settlement of our town was made, and although we had our trials and our straight places to pass through, we also had our seasons of enjoyment and pleasure and after having overcome the obstacles in our pathway, we enjoyed fighting our battles over again on the long winter evenings around our ample fireside.

The first burying place was located on the territorial road, on the land taken by Seeley Neale; and the first interment made therein was a child of Hiram Dowling's.

The first township election was held in April, 1833, at the house of Seeley Neale, who then kept the postoffice, he being also the first postmaster in town. At this first charter election Seeley Neale was chosen supervisor; Harmon Neale, township clerk, constable, and collector; Reuben Abbott and Joseph Ames, directors of the poor.

It is more than can be expected, that in an article like this we should mention all the early settlers, and perhaps, after all, some may have escaped our minds who deserve more than a passing notice.

Thomas Chisholm and Robert

Church, at whose pleasant places we are as we leave Marshall, going east on the territorial road, the former still living on the old place, but the latter many years since deceased, now come to our minds as the earliest settlers."

The following is taken from the interesting reminiscence of early times, written in 1850, by Mrs. George Dryer of Marengo:

"In the spring of 1833 the western fever was raging in our vicinity, almost equal to the California fever of the present day. It is unnecessary here to detail the causes that first induced us to seek a new home in the (as it was then called) 'far west.' Suffice it to say, that the glowing accounts given by Mr. S. S. Allcott of Calhoun county, and the valley of the Kalamazoo, gave my father and husband a strong desire to at last visit that El Dorado of the west. Their expectations were so fully realized that they were induced to make large purchases in what is now called the town of Marengo, on the south side of the Kalamazoo river. The prospect was hailed with delight by myself; visions of cottages and wild flowers danced before my imagination. The idea of seeing a country so lately inhabited only by the red men of the forest; of viewing nature in her primeval beauty; of building for ourselves a home in the wilderness, had in itself enough of interest and excitement to render it the object of my highest ambition. My parents, too, and only brother, were going, and the few dear ones that remained behind gave us many assurances that, should no unforeseen circumstances prevent, they would rejoin us in the spring. I pass over our trying journey, which was probably no worse than that endured by many others, and will speak of the habitation we called home. We were not going to have a log house, not we. It would be just as easy to build a good one (so we reasoned) first as last.

Our beautiful plains, though abounding in small trees, did not afford any of sufficient magnitude for building purposes, and, accordingly, we had recourse to 'Uncle Sam's' land. I wondered much who this 'Sam' was that every one called 'Uncle,' and who had such an abundance of timber; but, I soon found it customary for emigrants scantily supplied, to make use of that growing on lands which belonged to the government, and which was called in western phraseology, 'Uncle Sam's' land. Our seasoned lumber and shingles had to be brought from Gull Prairie, some thirty miles distant. The difficulty, too, of getting brick, lime,

and other building materials, made it much easier building castles in the air than in reality. A few warm, sunny days had shrunk the boards that covered our dwelling to such a degree that in spite of all the battenning that could be done, the rain, which was very frequent, poured in upon us most unmercifully. Every fair day would behold beds, bedding, wearing apparel, etc., spread out to dry. This state of things was not to be endured much longer, and we accordingly held a consultation, which resulted in a determination to build a log cabin after all. All hands were now in requisition, and in less than a week logs were out, hauled and rolled together, and we had a log cabin completed that would lay all those of 1840 in the shade, and was much more appropriate in point of usefulness. It was altogether more commodious than our 'shanty' and had one merit not to be overlooked by myself, to-wit: a real door made of boards, with wooden hinges, latch-string and all. We had now no reason to wish to avoid seeking our friends, as the arrival of a couple of loaded wagons from Detroit had furnished us with all the necessary apparatus for living in a comfortable manner. We had now a chamber and I took great delight in arranging it, partitioning off bedrooms with curtains, spare sheets, etc. We had a huge fireplace, made of the sandstone taken from the bank of the river, near which was situated our dwelling. It occupied almost one entire side of the cabin, leaving barely room in one corner for a ladder. One of our packing boxes, furnished with shelves, and a table cloth hung in front, occupied the other corner, serving the double purpose of pantry and cupboard, which was usually well supplied with fish, flesh and fowl; the river affording an abundance of excellent fish. My little brother, then nearly fourteen, was very expert with his rifle, and though not successful with large game, managed to kill a great many prairie hens, wild ducks, and pheasants. I accompanied him in many of his rambles, sometimes along the river, but often over the plains, where we would stop and gather hickory nuts, which lay under almost every tree in great abundance. Of these we gathered a large store, hoping they might prove in some degree a substitute for the fruit which we must now learn to do without, at least, for the present, and which we feared we should much miss during the long evenings of the approaching winter. In the meantime, the site of our new house had been selected, the

timber brought to the spot, the cellar dug, the wall laid up from the kind of stone that composed our fireplace, and all things were in readiness for raising, which event was looked upon as of no small consequence, as it would be the first frame house in the town. At length the important day came. Our new building was erected, and, as it stood on an elevated piece of ground, it made quite an imposing appearance. We had, however, given up all thoughts of getting it habitable before spring. The carpenters soon had it inclosed, and could be at work during the winter, making doors, blinds, sash, etc. I forgot to mention that, while digging stone for our cellar, they came upon a spring of pure water, which gushed forth clear and sparkling, even as Horeb of old. This was a great acquisition, for, although the waters of the Kalamazoo answered very well in the winter, when warm weather came we found the water of this spring invaluable. A level had been taken of the river and sufficient fall found for a good water-power, within a few rods of our abode. The job for the erection of a sawmill was let; and the race being dug, already it began to be whispered that at no very distant day we might hope to have a village—aye, perhaps a city; for, why not? We had an extensive water-power, sufficient for all kinds of machinery, a fine location for a town, surrounded by a productive country.

A road had already been laid through from Albion to Marshall on the section line, on which was established our little colony.

The river had been bridged, and it was thought by many, and more especially ourselves, that the great thoroughfare leading from Detroit to Lake Michigan would leave the old territorial road at Albion, and, passing through on the section line, intersect it again at Marshall, as that would be a more direct route. We were now prepared for winter which had already come upon us, though in a mild form. We had many balmy, pleasant days, though occasionally a little snow, to remind us of departed sleigh-rides. In the interim a number of families had moved into our immediate vicinity, which had made quite an addition to our little society.

It was determined that the approaching new year should be celebrated in a becoming manner, but here arose a new difficulty: Maynard's inn though sufficiently spacious for the last Fourth of July ball, would hardly answer, now that the neighborhood had become so densely populated. A few days previous to the expected

event, our carpenters were required to assist in putting on an addition. They had it completed in due season, with the exception of a fireplace, or chimney, which absence was to be supplied by a large kettle of coals, stoves not being easily obtained at that time. There was snow enough on the ground to make it look like sleighing, and would answer very well for so short a distance, if there was only a suitable conveyance for the occasion. A pair of runners was accordingly made, and our carriage body securely fastened upon them, which made a comfortable and, what was still more, quite a dashing turnout. This vehicle was now in requisition to convey the ladies to and from the scene of festivity. I was not present; but was assured by those who were, that, in point of good cheer and real enjoyment, it exceeded any they ever attended. The music consisted of two violins, played by Mr. A. M. Benson and Mr. S. Chapman, of this town.

After brushing from our recollections the cobwebs which time has collected there, my husband is reminded of a bear hunt which he, together with some others, once engaged in. One morning the cry was raised that a large bear had been seen passing near our house, and had gone on to the north. Off they started in pursuit, stopping not for swamps, creeks, or marshes, expecting every moment to overtake and give him battle; but, I fancy bruin stood in no immediate danger, as not one of the party ever caught sight of him after leaving home. When they halted to take breath, they found he was far advanced, and were so bewildered that no two of them could agree as to the direction they should take to return home; they, however, saw some Indian huts at a distance, and determined to try to obtain food and shelter for the night. Judging from their story, their reception was not a very cordial one. A shoulder of venison was all they were able to obtain from the Indians, and that only by paying a high price for it, and which must have made, without bread or salt, rather an unsavory meal, but served in some degree to appease their appetites. As there was a number of them, they occupied different lodges for the night. One of the party informed me that an old woman in the tent where he passed the night kneaded some flour on a bark, and made a kind of doughnut, which she fried in deer's tallow. He partook of some and pronounced them quite palatable; but, if I had been one of the party, I would much rather have taken her word than

proved it by my own experience. In the morning they hired an Indian to guide them to Abbott's tavern, which place was well known to them, it being a sort of trading post, where they frequently carried their furs, deer-skins, venison, cranberries, maple sugar, etc., to swap for flour, bread and not infrequently, a stronger article, which was prohibited being sold them by the government, but for which they had an insatiable appetite.

Our heroic bear hunters had passed the night somewhere in the vicinity of Duck Lake, and arrived at Abbott's the evening of the following day, hungry, weary, and most of them fully satisfied that they had not enough of the Crockett in them to make successful hunters. Especially was this so with my husband, and if my memory serves me right, this was his first and last attempt at hunting. Spring was now drawing near, and in the meantime letters had been dispatched to our eastern friends, setting forth in glowing colors the natural advantages of this land of our adoption, and using our best arguments to induce them to join us. We were successful; for letters arrived informing us that our sisters, friends and neighbors were already making preparations and might be expected on the first opening of navigation, to which period we now looked forward with no small degree of pleasure. Some of our finest cranberries, purest honey, and choicest bits of dried venison, were carefully laid aside for the occasion. These, as being products of the country, would, we thought, prove a greater treat than anything that could be imported from the east. It was now spring, and each pleasant day beheld us busily engaged in clearing away and burning the rubbish that had collected during the winter about our dwelling. One day while thus engaged, we heard an unusual splash in the river, which much excited our curiosity. We mentioned the fact to our workmen, and they determined to ascertain the cause. After due examination they found it occasioned by some of the finny tribe, but whether whale, shark, or crocodile, was still a mystery; certain it was they were of an enormous size. The river then being unobstructed by dams, there was free passage from the lake up. The workmen, however, determined to make war upon these monsters of the deep. They at first tried shooting them; but as this did not succeed, they armed themselves with pitchforks, and waded into the stream. They found much difficulty in holding them without a barbed spear (with which article they

were unprovided, but after cutting their throats in the water, they at last succeeded in bringing a number triumphantly to shore, the largest weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. We, who had always resided in the interior of New York, knew but little about what kind of fish they were; but a gentleman present, who had seen them caught from the Hudson, pronounced them to be sturgeon. We had some of them cooked, but found them, in our opinion, wholly unfit for the table. The remainder were accordingly permitted to pass on unmolessted. In due time our friends arrived from the east, and we took possession of our new house. There was, of course, much rejoicing. My husband was at work at a little distance from the house when they arrived. My sister, who saw him approaching, and who had never seen him in his new character of farmer, or in his former habiliments, exclaimed in some alarm, 'Yonder comes an Indian.' We were highly amused at her mistake, which was, however, very pardonable, considering his unshaven and sunburnt appearance, without hat or coat, except a kind of frock made of brown holland, which, at a little distance, gave him much the appearance of one of the natives, especially to one unaccustomed to seeing savages and backwoodsmen. The ensuing Fourth of July was celebrated at Marshall, and the oration delivered by Isaac E. Crary, in a little grove near where the court house now stands, and the dinner was provided by Mr. Vandenburg. The table was set under a bower built for the occasion. There was also a ball at Mr. S. Planter's, who then kept the old Exchange. Since that period the march of improvement and civilization has been onward. But one word more in regard to our village: At one time a plat was made out and recorded; many lots were sold, and a number of buildings, both public and private, were erected, but some of these passed into the hands of speculators, and, like many other paper cities of 1836, it has had, since that time, a rather retrograde movement. At present Marengo cannot boast much in the way of a village, and is willing to yield the palm to her sister towns, Marshall and Albion, but for beauty of locality and scenery, for fine fruit, fine farms, and enterprising farmers, she will yield the palm to none, and if any one will not admit the truth of this assertion, let them, on a fine summer's day, ride through Marengo on the south side of the Kal-amazoo, and they will be convinced. The waters of the old spring bubble

up, clear and bright, as of yore. The old log cabin stood until quite recently, a memento of other days, having been the successive habitation of at least twenty different families. But the dear old companions of my journey, those idolized parents, and that brave and gentle brother, where are they? Alas, they sleep the sleep that knows no waking; they lie low in the village churchyard.

George W. Dryer arrived with his family in the fall of 1833, and was the first justice of the peace in the village being appointed in 1835 by Steven T. Mason, who was the acting governor of the territory. S. G. Pattison, with his family, arrived in May, 1834, and immediately commenced teaming between Detroit and Chicago, and for several years did a large business, both in freight and passengers. The inhabitants were for a long time dependent upon his team for supplies and provisions. At one time when the teams were greatly delayed on account of swollen streams, departed bridges, etc., the "settlement" came to actual want. Mr. Pattison in this emergency, killed his only cow to supply their wants which was dressed and prepared for food, and served to keep hunger from their doors till the teams arrived with provisions.

Messrs. Pattison & Dryer brought in the first stock of dry goods and groceries in the year 1834, but soon gave way to Harris & Austin.

Pattison & Dryer then brought in a drove of cattle from Illinois for the accommodation of emigrants. In the following spring, 1836, they also brought in a drove of some 300 head from Indiana, which were readily disposed of to emigrants. The same year Messrs. Pattison & Dryer broke up new ground and put into wheat 206 acres."

Correspondence of Col. Chas. Dickey With Various Persons With Regard to the History of the Indians Who Formerly Lived in Calhoun County.

Colonel Charles Dickey of Marshall, a short time previous to his death, was collecting material for a history of the Indians who formerly had their home in Calhoun county, and for this purpose corresponded with parties whom he thought could give him some information on the subject. His death occurring in January, 1879, prevented him from carrying out his plan. He had collected much information on the subject, and a part of this correspondence, found among his papers after his decease, is here given; also in connection therewith is a paper by

Mr. B. O. Williams of Owosso, relating thereto:

Letter of N. P. Hobart:—

Athens, Dec. 25, 1878.

Hon. Charles Dickey, Marshall:

Dear Sir—Yours of the eighth was duly received, in which you ask me to give you some information in regard to the Indians that once lived in this town, etc.

In 1840 General Brady removed all they could get of the Indians (the Huron band of the Pottawatomies) west of the Missouri river, in what is now Miami county, Kansas, where they remained a few years, and were then removed northwest of Topeka, on the Kansas river, and east of the Big Blue; then in the spring of 1876, they were removed south to the Indian Territory, between the North Fork and the Canadian river, where such as are alive and their descendants, now are.

The General had some trouble in getting them together, though he finally succeeded in collecting about 250, more or less, at my house, from which place they commenced their journey west. Some, however, succeeded in escaping to Canada before they left the state. Among those who died in Canada was Checum-quassy, Ne-aw-tanaw, Baw-bees, Wap-ot-asko, and Ne-au-to-beer-saw, otherwise called Leather-nose, from the fact of having his nose bitten off in a fight, and had a false nose made of leather. He was a quarrelsome, ugly fellow. I was well acquainted with all of them, and could talk with them. He was drowned crossing the Detroit river from Canada in a canoe. Cho-chack was captured by a soldier just before he reached the river at Detroit and brought back, and went west with the others. John Moguago, the head man or chief, with his half-brother, Pamp-to-pee, and their families, escaped from the soldiers at Skunk Grove, in Illinois and after a while made their way back here. Marcho-no-quia, John's sister, with her four children, went west with the others, and came back with Benjamin Holcomb, the next year.

Jackson, or Whetstone, Te-ese and Sebe-quia, together with their families, returned to this town in less than two years after their removal west, in all about forty souls.

About the year 1844 we got on the track of some back pay (if you please to call it so) belonging to the heirs of old Chief Moguago (John's father), who was killed on his way home from Chicago to Nottawa Sepee reserve, where he lived, because he would not sign the treaty held at Chicago in 1831, to sell the Nottawa Sepee re-

serve, which is ten miles square including a large part of Nottawa prairie. Charles G. Hammond went to Washington and succeeded in getting something over \$2,000 and an annuity of \$400 for them, which is but a moiety of what is equitably, and I think legally their right. They (the band) then appointed myself and Thomas L. Acker their agents, to disburse the money for them, and with it their land was bought, houses, barns and school house built, cattle, farming tools, etc., bought. I think they have received their annuity regularly up to this time, and will continue to so long as they remain a band. John Moguago, Pamp-to-pee, Whetstone, Tetese, Sebaqua, and Marcho-no-quia, the heads of the six families who had houses built and shared the land, are all dead, and their children and heirs occupy the farms. Moguago had no son to succeed him as chief, and a son of his half-brother, Pamp-to-pee, is now the head man of the band. His name is Phineas Pamp-to-pee; he is a good, honest man. There are now about 40 on the farm—men, women and children; the younger ones attend school, and most of them can read, write, and transact their own business.

Truly yours,

N. P. Hobart.

Statement of Cornelius Osborn.

Cornelius Osborn of Mason Valley, Nevada, says that about thirty years ago he knew an Indian chief called, "Leather-nose;" he, with a small band of Indians, ran to Canada when the Indians of this section were removed west. Mr. Osborn gives it as his recollection that Leather-nose and an Indian trader of Coldwater, whose name was Marsh, got the payment due the Indians from the government, and it is said they never paid it over; and when the Indians were removed, Marsh, who had the contract for the removal, let Leather-nose and his followers go to Canada for presents before going west, and they failed to return in time to go; and for many years Leather-nose, with his little band of forty, was seen at several places in our county in search of Fench and Barnes. Leather-nose was a terror to all the children of the county; he is said to have killed his son's squaw, a beautiful person, for stealing away his keg of whisky, when he with some of his comrades were having a drunken row, and that she took the keg of whisky to Osborn's and then went back to the tent near Mr. Hall's house on the bank of Nottawa lake, Calhoun county, Michigan, and in the night old Leather-nose came up and finding the daughter asleep, cut her

head off at a single blow, and her remains were buried near the old home of Mr. Holt near Nottawa lake, in Tekonsha township, Calhoun county. Tekonsha was an old Indian town of two or three hundred Indians.

Letter by B. O. Williams.

City of Lansing, Feb. 6, 1879.

At the request of the committee of historians I have looked over the notes and memoranda of the late Hon. Charles Dickey, gathered by him in order to preserve and perpetuate a record of some of the bands of the Pottawattomie Indians living in the southwestern portion of our state.

In a letter of N. P. Hobart, of Dec. 23, 1878, I find the following words: "Chochuck was captured by a soldier just before he reached the river Detroit, and brought back, and went west with others." This recalls to me what occurred at that time at Owosso in Shiawassee county. One Sunday morning in the fall of 1840 I met on our village plat, General Brady of the United States army, who had followed a large number of those Indians from their homes through the woods with a company of United States troops to Chesaning in Saginaw county, where he had captured some forty or fifty men, women and children the day before, and his troops came near having a fight as they came very suddenly upon the encampment. These Indians were secured in a log cabin erected for the hard cider campaign of that year. We ascertained that the Indian that General Brady was most anxious to secure, and who, from my present recollection, was known and called by the general and the captured Indians their head chief, by name of Mack-e-moot, had started for Canada two days before, taking with him three men, all armed, the chief with a bow and quiver of arrows with barbed iron points. The main body of the Indians were encamped near a large cranberry marsh, about eight miles northwest of Owosso, and had been gathering berries and selling both at Owosso and Saginaw for over a week. General Brady agreed to pay my brother, A. L. Williams, and Mr. Ira Stimpson, \$200 if they would capture the chief and deliver him at Owosso during the week. They immediately started in pursuit, overtaking the four Indians and capturing them one and one-half miles east of Pontiac, being aided by the sheriff of Oakland county, Mr. Schuler Hodges, and my brother, Hon. G. D. Williams, of Saginaw, who by chance was at Pontiac. The capture was an entire surprise to the Indians, and the chief had declared before leaving his band that he would never be

taken alive. He was securely manacled and his legs bound by express request of the general, and the four men placed in a wagon and rapidly driven to Owosso, guarded by my brother and his assistant, and delivered to General Brady at the log cabin. Their capture and return to custody induced the chief to send a runner to the band in the woods who soon came in, and the whole started under escort of the troops for Kansas via their point of escape. General Brady felt very indignant that they had broken their promise to not make an attempt at escaping to Canada, and had the chief Muck-e-moot closely guarded upon a wagon.

Query. Is not this the same Indian called by Mr. Hobart, Chochuck? Nothing is more common than for Indians, and particularly chiefs, to have two and even three names.

Very respectfully yours,

B. O. Williams.

An Incident in the Administration of Indian Justice.

(By Gurdon S. Hubbard, of Chicago.)

An Indian chief who had lived on the banks of many of the rivers of lower Michigan had a large family, one of the sons being notoriously wicked, and when intoxicated very provoking and quarrelsome. This Indian, in a drunken quarrel was killed by a Canada Indian, who had married a girl belonging to the Manistee band of Ottawa Indians, and living with them. He was a fair hunter, and a good trapper, but very poor. His family at this time consisted of a wife and three or four children. Not having any means to satisfy the chief for the loss of his son, and knowing that his own life must pay the penalty, he proposed to his wife that he should surrender himself. To this she was opposed, and would not consent. He could have saved his life by abandoning his family and fleeing to his own tribe in Canada; but in that event one of his wife's brothers would be liable to be taken in his stead. There was no time to be lost, the burial of the dead was about to take place, that being over he would be sought after, and if found put to death. Taking his wife's brother into consultation it was decided that he should depart secretly and go to the headwaters of the Muskegon river in a secluded part of the country, and winter there, trapping fine furs, hoping to gain enough to satisfy the chief and family for the loss of their relative; giving to his brother a particular description of his hiding place and where he could be found when through the trapping season, with the promise of secrecy.

Gathering what he could of traps and ammunition, he with his family, departed at nightfall and made his way to his place of destination, with the understanding that if the chief, after search, should demand revenge of his wife's family, he should be notified, when he should return and surrender himself.

The old chief and his son in council, knowing that the slayer had no means of paying for the deceased, determined to kill him. After making diligent search, gaining no information of his whereabouts, they concluded he had fled with his family to his own tribe and relations in Canada. Finally they concluded to slay one of his wife's brothers and so announced. The brothers had a consultation, and the younger who knew where his brother-in-law was to be found, said, "Go to the chief and tell him I have gone to seek the man. If I find him I will bring him; in default, I, being single, will give myself in his stead." He started on his long and difficult journey in the winter season, and on snow shoes. He was a stranger to the country, with no landmarks to direct him, except in general. After a long search he found the family.

The winter had been one of unusually deep snow, the spring brought great floods of water inundating the country; he had been unsuccessful in his hunt, and had almost starved. The bears, in consequence of deep snow, had not left their dens, the martin and small game from the same cause could not get about, and all hope of saving his life by payment was abandoned. The young man returned in a small canoe and reported to the chief that he had found his brother-in-law, who would return in the May moon and deliver himself up; this satisfied the chief. One evening it was announced in our camp that on the morrow an Indian would give himself up. Early in the morning the chief made preparations; the place selected was in a valley surrounded by sand hills on which we traders and the Indians assembled. The chief and his family were in the valley where all who were on the hills had a full view of them and their surroundings. It was a beautiful May morning, soon after sunrise, we heard the monotonous beating of the Indian drum, and the voice of the Indian singing his death song; emerging from the woods he came in sight, his wife and children following in single file. He came near the chief, still singing, and laid down his drum, his wife and children seated themselves, then in a clear voice he said: "I, in a drunken moment stabbed your

son, provoked to it by his calling me an old woman and coward; I escaped to the marshes, hoping the Great Spirit would care for me and give me a good hunt that I might pay you for your lost son. I was not successful; here is the knife that killed your son, I desire to be killed by it, it is all I have to offer except my wife and children. I am done."

The chief took the knife and handed it to his oldest son, saying, "kill him." The son took the knife, approached the culprit, put his hand upon his shoulder, made one or two motions to stab, and then drove the knife to the handle into his breast. Not a word was heard from the assembled Indians or the whites; not a sound but the songs of the birds; every eye was upon the noble Indian who stood without emotion looking upon his executioner. He received the blow calmly, nor did he shrink when it was given. For a few seconds he stood erect, the blood at every breath spurting from the wound, then his knees began to quiver, his eyes and face to lose expression, he fell upon the sand.

All this time his wife and children sat motionless gazing upon the husband and father, without a murmur or a sigh, till life was extinct; then throwing themselves upon his dead body, they gave way to such grief and lamentations as brought tears to the eyes of many, myself included. Turning to Mr. DesChamps I saw that he also was deeply affected. I said to him, "Why did you not save that noble man?" "Oh! my boy," he said, "we should have done so, it was very wrong in us; what a scene we have passed through!"

Still the mother and children were hanging to the body in intense grief; for fifteen or twenty minutes the chief and his family sat motionless, evidently feeling regret, when he arose and approaching the body, said in a trembling voice, "Woman, stop weeping! Your husband was a brave man, and like a brave he was not afraid to die in satisfaction for the life of my son, as the rules of our nation demand.

"We adopt you and your children to be in the place of my son; our lodges are open to you; live with us, we will treat you like our sons and daughters, you shall have our protection and love."

"Gwy-uck" (that is right) was heard from many as the chief ended.

I subsequently saw this mother and her children in their lodges.

The "Michigan Appetite."

By A. D. P. Van Buren.

The log house of the pioneer with its plain furnishings and its old fash-

ioned fireplace was a comfortable and cheerful abode. I am sorry that the old fireplace has gone out of use. It contributed much to the health and happiness of the old settler's home, much more than the modern stove does to our modern homes. The settler after a hard day's work, seated with family around his glowing ingle, with an abundance of wood in the corner, enjoyed the luxury of his magnificent fires. There is an art in building a good fire; it was cultivated to a great degree of perfection in the olden time. It appears to be one of the lost arts now, as the dull and cheerless stove has banished it from the household. It belonged to the old fireside, where it was kept in constant practice in laying down aright the back log and fore-stick, and building thereon, with small wood, in so secure and artful a manner, that with a little kindling the fire could be started and give out the most heat and light to the household. As we are writing, distance still lends enchantment to the memory of those by-gone scenes around the old pioneer's fireside.

For lights in the evening, if the fire was too dull, some fat was put in a saucer, a piece of pork sometimes was fried for the purpose, a rag was twisted for a wick and then coiled about in the grease, one end being left out on the edge of the saucer. This was lighted. Sometimes a button was tied up in a rag, the top part of which was twisted into the grease in the saucer and the end lighted. This was our evening taper. But beef and pork were often scarce, and tallow or grease of any kind could not be had. There were no pine trees in this region, hence pine knots could not be found. But in their stead we gathered the bark from the shagbark walnut tree, and when we needed light, pieces of this bark were thrown on the fire. This created a bright blaze that was nearly equal, and full as lasting, as that from the pine knots.

The old iron crane, tricked off with its various sized pot-hooks and links of chain, swung from the jams at the will of the housewife, who hung on it the kettles containing the meal to be cooked for the family, and pushed it back over the fire where the kettles hung till the meal was prepared for the table. Pigs, chickens, and spare-ribs were roasted splendidly by suspending them by a wire before the fire. The baking was mostly done in the old brick oven that was built on one side of the chimney, with a door opening into the room. The old iron covered bake kettle sat in the corner under the cupboard, and was used for

the various baking purposes. Many will remember the much used "tin reflector" that was placed before the fire to bake bread and cakes, and how finely it baked the Pink-eye Meshanic potatoes.

The settler's daily fare, from a lack of abundance and variety in his larder, was necessarily frugal. The provision in store was wheat, corn, pork, and potatoes. There was no fruit save the wild plums and the various berries that grew in the woods and lowlands. The bill of fare for the table was bread, pork, and potatoes. Pork as we have said was often very scarce, families often going without meat, save the wild game they killed, for a whole season at a time. Salt was also often very scarce; at one time it was twenty-one dollars per barrel. Thomas Kewney's family went without a particle in their house for six months. We were told when we first came to this state that we would get the "Michigan Appetite" after we had lived here a short time. We found this to be true. And when it did come, which was during the first year, it was ravenous. With this appetite pork and potatoes were dainties. We relished them, as such, for a good square meal; and when we got through with that, we had only to reverse the order, and eat potatoes and pork, for the richest dessert—such was the keenness and relishing power of our appetites. It seemed that all we labored for was—to get enough to eat. Fruitless toil, for we were hungry all the time.

Mrs. Thomas Kewney and her daughter Ann, afterward Mrs. Stevenson, came to visit us one afternoon. My mother was really puzzled to know what to get for supper, for we had no bread in the house, nor anything with which to make it; but like a good housewife she was fruitful in expedients. Looking over her stores she found about two quarts of wheat, which she requested me to grind in a pepper mill. This I did. She then took the unbolted flour, and of it made a shortcake for her company. We had an amusing time at table over our frugal repast, which consisted principally of this grahamitish cake.

Tea, coffee, sugar and butter were rarely seen on the settler's table. An herb called the tea-weed, a kind of Bohea that grew in the woods, was used by some of the settlers. The leaves were steeped like our imported teas and the decoction was drank, but it was soon abandoned when the green or black teas could be had again.

Crust coffee, or a coffee made from wheat or other grains browned, was in common use for drink at table. Our

pioneer mothers and their daughters, found many occasions when they could not enjoy the accustomed tete-a-tete with their lady visitors over cups of fragrant Young Hyson or Bohea. But their tea-table chats were had over their flowing cups of crust coffee, and there was many a wish, from the young ladies, for the good time coming when they could once more "turn up their tea cups" and have their "fortunes told." Tea-pots were ransacked and old tea-grounds were saved by the girls for the purpose of having their fortunes told by some of the older matrons, who knew something of the gipsy art of divination. The usual meal consisted of a platter of boiled potatoes, piled up steaming hot and placed on the center of the table; bread or johnny cake; perhaps some boiled meat or fried; and an article largely partaken of was a bowl of flour gravy, looking like starch and made something like it, of flour and water, with a little salt, and sometimes it was enriched by a little gravy from a piece of fried meat. This was the meal; and it was eaten and relished more than the sumptuous meals on many of our tables now-a-days. The table was, at any rate, swept of all the edibles on it. Nothing but the dishes was left after a meal. The dog, the pigs, and the chickens fared slim. "Tell me what a people eat and I will tell you their morals." The old pioneer bill of fare was simple and wholesome, its morals can easily be deduced. What shall we say of the modern bill of fare? There have been various reasons adduced as to the cause of this appetite. To me there has ever been but one good cause, that is—hunger. We seldom got enough to eat, and hence were always hungry and ready to eat. "Quit eating while you are hungry," the health reformers say. We carried out the letter and spirit of this rule, and will vouch for its producing a splendid appetite. It was called the Michigan Appetite, as though it was aboriginal and belonged to this state. Perhaps it did, and originated with the Indians. The first settlers may be said to have fared like the Indians for the first year or two after they pitched their tents here, and hence got their appetites and a little more; for, as the rude phrase had it, the pioneers were usually hungry enough to eat a "biled Indian." We had no cases of dyspepsia—our digestion was as sound as our sleep. The dyspepsia was with the rich and dainty dishes east.

One Sabbath morning I was at home alone. The rest of the family had

gone to hear Rev. Levi Vedder preach in the log schoolhouse near Deacon Case's. Always hungry, as soon as I found myself alone I bethought me of getting something to eat. Luckily I found some flour, lard, and salt; I was delighted, and went to work to make a shortcake. I had seen my mother and sister make this cake often enough to have learned, as I thought, to make one myself. So rolling up my sleeves, I went to work. I mixed up the flour and water awhile, then put in the "shortening" and added a little salt, and then kneaded and kneaded it with my fists till I considered it ready for the spider. But had you seen my hands!

Didn't the dough

Stick—stick—stick

To fingers and knuckles and palm;

Stick—stick—stick,

To palm and knuckles and fingers?

It hung in strings from my hands, and just as I rolled out my cake and put it in the spider and placed that over some live coals to have the bottom bake, I heard a rap at the door. Frightened, and with the dough stringing from my hands, I opened the door, when Uriah Herson—a settler's son—presented himself with the accustomed "good morning," and offered me his gloved hand, I did not accept it, but rather confusedly excused myself by saying my hands were too doughy, as I had been mixing up feed for the chickens. He smiled and said he had come to see the young folks. I informed him they had all gone to attend meeting in the Deacon Case schoolhouse. I, during this time, tried to fill up the gap in the door, that he might not see within. But just then I heard the yelp—yelp—yelp! of a chicken. Looking around I saw a two-thirds grown rooster with both feet stuck fast in the middle of my short-cake in the spider; the dough had softened by the heat and let his feet down to the bottom of the spider, and there he stood with extended wings, bill full of sticky dough, yelping like murder. Uri glanced in at the fireplace and took in the whole situation. As I heard the first yelp, I told him the folks had just gone and he could soon overtake them. He said he guessed he would go to meeting also, and went off laughing at my chicken-ple. He gone, I hastily turned to the spider, seized that chicken by his neck and jerked him out of my short-cake, the middle part of it coming up with his feet. I pushed this down with one hand and pulling him out, ran to the door, and, wringing him by the neck, by way of revenge, threw him to the ground and went

back to my poor short-cake. I took a case-knife and cut out the middle part that was spoiled, smoothed the rest into shape and put it to baking again. As I went to the door to throw out the rejected dough, there was another act in this drama going on. The entire brood of hens and chickens were crowding round and over that rooster, picking the dough off his feet and legs. They had nearly gobbled him up. I drove them away in sheer pity for the poor thing. His feet and legs were bleeding, and as he got up to walk he hobbled awfully on his clumsy, half-baked feet. As I returned to the house the greedy, hungry brood immediately ran to him again, and chased him about the dooryard, picking at his legs and feet.

Once more by the fireside I watched the baking of the cake. The bottom done, I set up the spider for the top to bake. This done, I made a square meal on that short-cake. Appetite always keen, but now heightened by stolen apples are sweetened, I relished the cake exceedingly. There was none of it left to turn evidence against me. This adventure remained a secret for a long time. It finally got out. Uri, no doubt, found it too good to keep, and related it to some friend. I then gave to our family my entire transactions that Sunday morning—mixing up food for the chickens.

The following is Taken From an Article Written by A. D. P. Van Buren.

"And on every day there, as sure as day would break,
Their neighbor 'ager' came that way,
inviting them shake."

We could always tell when the ague was coming on, by the premonitory symptoms—the yawnings and stretchings; and if the person understood the complaint, he would look at his finger nails to see if they were turning blue. No disease foretold its coming by such unerring signs as the "fever 'n ager." The adept could detect its approach before it got within ten rods of him. At first the yawns and stretchings stole upon you so naturally, that for a time you felt good in giving way to them; but they were soon followed by cold sensations, that crept over your system in streaks, faster and faster, and grew colder and colder as in successive undulations they coursed down your back, till you felt like "a harp of a thousand strings," played upon by the icy fingers of old Hiems, who increased the cold chills until his victim shook like an aspen leaf, and his teeth chattered in his jaws. There you laid shaking in the frigid ague region for an hour or so until you gradually stole back to

a temperate zone. Then commenced the warm flashes over your system, which increased with heat as the former did with cold, until you reached the torrid region, where you laid in burning heat, racked with pain in your head and along your back, for an hour or so, when you began by degrees to feel less heat and pain, until your hands grew moist and you were relieved by a copious perspiration all over your body, and you got to your natural feeling again. Getting back to your normal condition, you felt relieved and happy, and as you went out doors everything about you was pleasant and smiling, and you seemed to be walking in a brighter and happier world. The disease delighted in extremes; it reveled in antithesis—in torturing its victim with intensest cold, then with burning heat.

Among the various reasons adduced as the cause of this complaint, was this: We got it during the miasmatic period, which began with our first attempt to subdue this wild region, and lasted until cultivation did away with the miasma.

The ague was supposed to be the first disease to attack a man in a new country. At any rate the early settlers found it lying about idle, like the Indians. The latter, 'twas said, never had it, it seemed to have a penchant for a white man. I have often thought I would like to see an Indian have a genuine old settler's shake or the ague. If anything would tame him it would be that. It would shake all the whoop, if not the Indian, out of him. The first question asked a settler, after he had been here a short time was: "Have you had the ague yet?" If answered in the negative, the reply would be, "Well, you will have it; everybody has it before they've been here long." As if the "fever 'n ager" was the initiatory process to citizenship in this state. Anson Mapes and my brother Martin were the last ones in our settlement who had the fever and ague. They had escaped it so long that they began to boast that they would not have it at all. But they counted without their host. If it delayed it was to come with greater severity; for when they did have it, it almost shook them to death. When Martin was attacked he shook so that the dishes rattled on the shelves against the log wall. No one was ever supposed to die with the ague. "He ain't sick, he's only got the ager," was a common expression among the settlers. With many it renovated the system; they had better health after it. The doctors could not ward it off or cure it. There was no quinine here

then; in fact there was no remedy known; it was "a disease no hellebore could cure." The prevailing opinion was that we must have it until we wore it out; and most of us did. There were various remedies tried, but none cured you. Some were simple, some whimsical and funny. Some would say, "when you feel a shake coming on, start and run; and thus run away from it." This remedy was tried; the ague always beat in such a race. Others would work right through the "shake," fever and all; but the next day "the shoe was on the other foot," they had all the work they wanted in attending to an extra shake and fever. I remember I once tried the following remedy, which was said to be a sure cure: I was to pare all my finger and toe nails, wrap the parings in tissue paper, then bore a hole in a maple tree, put in the nails and plug up the hole. I did this and distinctly remember that afterwards I was put through the entire gamut of this disease,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,

To India's burning strand,"

for four or five successive seasons. A decoction of "culver root" was used as a kind of cholagogue by many, but it did not cure the disease. The complaint had several phases. Some had it every day, some every other day. As it began with you, so it continued. It opened the account with you at such an hour on such a day, and then put in its appearance a little later every day or every other day, until your morning shake was changed to one at sunset or midnight.

The cold sensation or shake increased in severity until it culminated in nearly shaking the life nearly out of us; then by degrees the cold chills waxed and waned perceptibly less, until they left you. The "fits" came so regular that the settler made his calculations by them. His calendar was divided into well days and ague days. The minister made his appointments to preach so as to accommodate his "shakes." The justice of the peace entered the suit on his docket to avoid the sick day of the party, or his own. The constable watched the well day of the witness to get him into court, and the lawyer adjourned his case to avoid his ague day. The housewife regulated her affairs by it; she would do up her work, and sit and wait for the ague, as for a visitor to come. And the pioneer gallant went sparking on his well night, and then he sometimes found his dulcinea sitting up with the "fever 'n ager." It would seem that this complaint was about worn out or broken up by the old settlers, for the

ague of today is no more like that of the olden time, than the old, broken-down man is like the one in robust manhood.

The "Michigan Rash."

Among the troublesome enemies of the settler there was one that in the parlance of the day was called the Michigan Rash. It was thus named because it was supposed to be indigenous to this part of the country. Some observing philanthropist has said that all the comfort a poor man took in this life, was to scratch himself when he itched. According to that statement there was a happy period in the early settlement of this state, for the pioneers did a great deal of scratching. Perhaps I ought to put on the "silken gloves of sentiment," by way of caution in treating this subject. The settlers used much modesty in referring to this cutaneous disease, calling it a "breaking out," an "impurity of the blood," a "rash," and so on, while perhaps the person giving it those mild names, was really putting into practice the old, peculiar manner of scratching that used to belong to something worse than a "rash" or "breaking out." An amusing incident came under the writer's observation during this period of unpleasantness in our pioneer life. A gentleman from New York was visiting some friends in our settlement, and noticing the children scratching a great deal, asked the lady of the house the cause of it. She replied: "They have a breaking out that is called the Michigan rash." To which he answered: "Oh, you call it the Michigan rash out here; but I see the children go through with the old motions as natural as life. Don't you think, madame, that brimstone and lard would cure it?" This fair hit amused the settler's wife, while it awoke her to the real gist of the matter—that they were really enjoying the full benefit of the "seven-year itch," under the modest title of Michigan rash. Whole families, yes, whole neighborhoods, would have it at the same time. It was no respecter of person, party, sex or creed; it served everybody alike. It would break out in a school and go like mischief, from pupil to pupil, and from pupil to teacher. The small scholars would "dig it out" on the spot, while the larger ones would grin and bear it, till some convenient opportunity occurred. Young men and young ladies, when in company, like whist players, avoided showing their hands. Most people had this disease as they did the ague, until they wore it out. A lack of fruit and vegetables in our diet was supposed to have

something to do with the cause of the "Michigan rash."

Mosquitoes.

"Now, by two-headed Janus! Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time."

Mosquitoes, like the subject we have just treated, are a cutaneous disease. They, with the ague, the "Michigan Appetite," and the Michigan rash were found indigeneous to this territory. It has been claimed by some authorities that the mosquitoes were created as pests, and sent here for the purpose of compelling the settler to drain and improve the swamps, lowlands and marshes. It is most certain that nothing has been formed in vain; and as we know of no other use for mosquitoes, this must be their mission among us here. They certainly were the most numerous and pestilent in the heavy timbered lands, dense swamps and thickets, where they remained in their leafy coverts during the day. But when "twilight let her curtain down," these little recluse imps would sally out from their fastnesses, and with a flourish of trumpets, call their vast hordes together; when ruthless as the Huns and Goths, they would bear down in a furious attack upon the nearest log fortress. Having learned their mode of warfare, the nature and time of their attacks, we were accustomed to fill old tin pans with chips, or some light material, and kindle a fire in them, both in front and rear of the house, or wherever there was a door or opening. These fires were kept smothered so as to produce the greatest volume of smoke. This was our only defense. Mosquito bars had not been invented then. Yet our enemies would frequently in some bold onset, break through this wall of smoke and attack us in our cabins. The smudge was then removed into the house, where we would sit enveloped in its dense clouds, with eyes suffused with tears, patiently suffering anything that would rid us of these tormentors..

I have seen the log house all quiet at the close of day, not a mosquito about; but as soon as we started the smudge, that was the signal for their attacks; they "smelt the battle afar off, and shouted among their trumpeters, ha—ha!" Some of the settlers would not use the smudge on that account, alleging that you discovered yourself to them by it, and hence invited their attacks.

I have often gone into reflection on the subject (in their absence) of this annoyance, musing over what discontent and unhappiness these pestiferous imps could create!

Coleridge says:

"Beneath the rose lurks many a thorn,
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn
On Angelina's toe."

Now here was a thorn, or a nettle, that not only lurked beneath the rose, but beneath every tree, bush, and covert around us; and it was a thorn that felt like business, and went about "breeding disastrous woe." "Don't mind them," says some novice, who had never made their acquaintance; "go to sleep and let them sing!" Don't mind them? They like that. Go to sleep? What odds to them? Couldn't they murder sleep? Did they mind your slaps? Despite your blows they would light on your face, nose, ears, or neck, the same as a spot of mud. Supposing you killed one. A hundred others rushed on over the dead body of their fallen comrade to avenge his death. So small a thing to create so much trouble and misery! How often, in the evening, after the smudge had been made, would we sit and fight these little tormentors, till tired, victimized and "Weary of life, we would fly to our couch, and fling it away in battle with these Turks."

First Views.

From A. D. P. van Buren.

And now, the truth concerning the interior of the state had been found out. Bold pioneers overleaping all difficulties, had pushed on into the territory and had discovered a beautiful dry, fertile region—not a "dismal swamp"—but a high, undulating surface, clothed with rich forests and most charming scenery, where limpid streams flowed, while crystal lakes, stocked with delicious fish, sparkled in the midst of beautiful wooded landscapes.

It was a beautiful day in October that our party left Detroit. As we got out of sight of the city and its precincts and dodged into the woods, it seemed as if we were bidding good-bye in earnest to all the joys of life we had left in the east, and as we advanced with our slow-paced ox team, we began to feel that we were going away from home, not to one. The only home we could think of was the hospitality of the wilderness. The Michigan forest, which had some trees beautiful strangers to us in it, was now putting on its early autumnal hues. That exquisite limner, "Jack Frost," in connection with the photographer, "Old Sol," had just started on their autumnal tour, and were busy in getting up a succession of panoramic views of endless variety and beauty in the leafy world about us.

Time wore on faster than we did.

The day was far advanced when we started. Not many miles from Detroit we passed Hannibal's tavern, the first on the route, and continued our journey till, in the gathering twilight, we halted before a rude log cabin that jutted out from a niche in the woods hard by the roadside. "J. Dow—Entertainment," was marked with some black substance on a piece of board that was nailed to a stake set in the ground in front of the cabin. This was the tavern sign! In answer to our request for supper and lodging for the night, the reply was that we could be accommodated. The tired oxen were unyoked, put into a rough log shed and provisioned with marsh hay and corn for the night. Our party of four were the only guests. The cabin—save an "attic"—had but one room. But this one room answered for all the various apartments of an amply constructed hotel. It was the smallest compass to which an inn might be reduced. The host and his wife, yet on the sunny side of life, while making betterments here on their wild lands, availed themselves of this way of making money. Our first meal consisted of wheat bread, butter, boiled potatoes, fried pork, pickles, and tea. But our tiresome ride had given us a good appetite.

After supper my father and brother conversed with the settler about the soil here, price of land, crops, and kindred subjects; my mother and sister conversed with the settler's wife about the hardships, trials and sufferings of life here in the west. Woman is the first to notice and speak of the toil, care, hardships, and sorrows of life, because she is the most patient and resolute in bearing them. While I, a boy, not old enough to be very much interested in either party's conversation, must listen or remain idle, and the latter is what a boy can't do. There were no children for me to talk with. I could see no books, so I interested myself with a large dog—a noble old lurcher that laid in the chimney-corner

The hour for retiring came. My brother and myself were led by the host up the most rustic of ladders into the loft overhead. Here we found a solitary bed; we were to sleep there. The others were, of course, to sleep below, on beds improvised according to their resources. By the lighted candle left us we examined the bedstead; it was a marvel of a structure, so little mechanical skill was evinced in its make-up, that, in the words of the memorable Topsy, "I 'spect it grewed." Rough hickory poles for the posts and the rails; hickory withes

interwoven from rail to rail for a cord; a cotton tick scantily filled with Roman Catholic hay for a bed, sheets and a quilt or two for covering, and you have the whole thing. A wearying day's journey had fitted us for sleep. It was lucky for ourselves that it was so. It required fatigue to induce sleep on such a bed. Our sleep was troubled and dreamy. We awoke in the morning feeling sore all over. We carried away on our sides and backs a distinct impression of those hickory withes and held them in long and lasting remembrance. After breakfast, the same in kind as the supper, the bill was paid, fifty cents a meal, twenty-five cents for lodging and fifty cents for the hay and corn for the oxen, and we started on the second day's journey.

Our experience with roads during the day was bad—timbered land roads are proverbially bad—and the bad in this road has a deeper meaning than in any road we ever saw before. Did we come to a difficult passage? Did our wagon mire in it? Did we find the task too much for our oxen? Did even the aid of a pole or a rail prove ineffectual, we bided our time till some other emigrant party came along, and, by doubling teams, our wagon was extricated. Adventures of this kind established the truest of friendships. The emigrant, spying the trouble afar off, unasked, came to the relief and rendered timely aid. This kindly spirit manifested itself strikingly on our entire journey, and likewise afterwards we found this same generous spirit extending through all the acts of the settler's life toward his neighbors, friends, and the strangers at his gate.

During the forenoon we passed Ten Eyck's—long famous in the settlement of this part of the state as the brusque joking landlord; and whose tavern was as noted for its well stored larder and good entertainment as he was for the stories he told to, and the jokes he played on his guests. Many have heard of his treating a party from Detroit, who called on him one day, to a wolf steak for dinner, and of their great amazement when he told them what they had eaten at dinner, and that from the remark of one of the party, "if we have eaten wolf, we must be wolverines." Hence the name Wolverines applied to settlers in this state. As we passed this tavern, my father asked a man standing in front of the building, "the distance to the next tavern." The reply was, "this is it, sir." The question was repeated and the same answer given with more emphasis. My father then saw that

the man was purposely making Ten Eyck's tavern out of "to the next tavern;" and that the man he was talking with was the redoubtable landlord himself. After getting the desired information and laughing over the joke, and passing a few more, we drove on.

Recollections of the "Territorial Road" and Its Taverns.

Somebody has said, few people know how to travel. This may be so, but as there are several kinds of travelers, I presume each one would claim he best knew how to make a journey. Some people travel for business; some merely for the enjoyment of going abroad; and others to observe, learn, and gather the full harvest of pleasure and information. The latter are called the people who know how to travel.

The pioneer was not a traveler in the full sense of the word. He was emigrating—removing from one state to another for the purpose of residence. He had to find a way to travel or make one, and having halted for the night, he, in the evening, around the cheerful fireside in the log tavern, delighted in telling over the adventures and mishaps of the day, and in listening to those of others.

Remembering the kindness of our host, Peter Fralick, and the pretty girl that waited on us at the tavern, whom we years afterward found to be a sister of Mrs. Milton McCamly of Battle Creek, we commenced our journey. A few items belonging to our previous day's travel we give here. There were two roads from Detroit to Ten Eyck's. The territorial road, ten miles long, and the Springwells road, some longer, south of it. Ten Eyck's tavern was near the present village of Dearborn; while west of it on the Chicago road was Ruff's noted old stand, where Wayne now is, and Sheldon's tavern further towards Ypsilanti. But following the territorial road from Ten Eyck's, the first old tavern was Bucklin's, kept by a "greasy old chap" of that name from Pennsylvania. And here we passed through the Bucklin woods, rendered so memorable by the mire and sunken condition of the road that ran through them. It was to this road that the old hackneyed phrase—"the bottom has fallen out"—was first applied. This was surely the worst road between Detroit and Ann Arbor. There was another tavern kept in these woods. The house was on the east side of the road, and a well on the opposite side. It was said that a man had been murdered here and thrown into this well, which was then filled with stone.

Search was afterwards made for the body, but none was found. The next tavern was kept by Gen. Swartz, and the place was called Swartzburg. The general was known as a high-toned gentleman. Five miles farther in a southwesterly direction brought us to Dixborough, which was twelve miles from Plymouth.

We stayed at Dixborough all night. The tavern, I think, was a rude frame structure. It was crowded with emigrants. After supper, on going into the barroom we found that crowded also. A tub of water was standing in the corner of the room, and a settler who had been fishing during the day, asked any one present to put his hand into the water and "heft" his fish. Some one did as requested, but instantly withdrew his hand with a yell and convulsive jerkings, as if shocked by a galvanic battery. This created much laughter and curiosity as to what caused the man to act thus. But he remained mum as to the cause of his strange actions. Another tried it, and another, with the same result. The room became boisterous with laughter and sport, and eager with curiosity. The performance went on till some dozen, as they attempted to "heft the fish," went through with the same Indian yell, and a fandango on the floor. Finally the settler took a pair of tongs, and taking the mysterious thing from the tub, held it up to the crowd. Some one cried out, "lamper eel." It was an electric eel, whose great electrifying power is well known.

Dixborough appeared to prosper for a number of years, and was getting along well in the world. It even began to put on "village airs" and talk about "country folks." But the more sagacious saw that its ideas of a large town would soon be dispelled as the "baseless fabric of a dream." For when the Chicago road from Ten Eyck's to Ann Arbor became good, and travel passed over it again, the road by way of Plymouth and Dixborough, which was but an accommodation route, as it was on higher and dryer land, was left deserted by all but neighborhood travel. Then about this time 'tis said that a ghost appeared in the place whose wild babbling frightened the people so that the place never grew much after it. People generally remember the "Dixborough ghost," and the sensation it created for a time. 'Twas claimed that a person had been killed there, and this ghost appeared to tell of the murder. Where once stood the rustic village a smiling farm spreads out its well fenced acres. There is a solitary building, half decayed, that marks the

spot where Dixborough once stood. 'Tis the old tavern.

We stayed one night at Lowell, between Marshall and Battle Creek. The day following we passed by Polodore Hudson's tavern at the Gulf, just east of Battle Creek. Here we took the old road by way of Jo Farnsworth's, William Toland's, Warren B. Shepard's, and up the Conway hill to Goguac prairie. The first house west of Conway's was Mott's. Dorance Williams lived on the south side of his farm near the woods. The old road formerly went this side of the prairie. East of him was Daniel Thomas, then Mrs. Peter Michael, in Frederick Peet's log house, Uncle Isaac Thomas, his son Frank, Hiram Orser, and last, John Stewart, were all on the south side of the prairie. On the territorial road west of Mott's, was first Samuel Gregory's log house, and a log building on the northeast corner of his farm, tenantless. Then came Rice's—now W. B. Frink's; Giles Andrus, where his son Henry now lives, was next; then Uncle John Stewart's, in a small frame house where Foster now lives. There was a small log structure just west on the same side of the road unoccupied. Deacon Joseph Young lived next in a log house, where his son David now lives; Enoch Stewart had a log house on his "80" opposite. Taylor Stewart's log house was next, and Eberstein lived in the log house on the southeast corner of Andrew Helmer's farm. Mr. Simonds and his son John lived just north of the prairie; and still further north were Betterly, Reese, and Shepard; and west of them were VanWoert, Moyer, and the Tobies. Crossing the prairie and turning at Deacon Young's, southwesterly, we drove into the woods some two miles further and—

"As twilight let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star,"

we halted before the new log house, our future home in Michigan.

We looked around for our neighbors—nothing but the beautiful oak openings!

We were alone in the silent woods.

Husking Bees.

Husking bees with the pioneers were not of the old "down east" kind, where the boys and girls both attended them. The settlers and their sons only attended these. They were occasions of rare enjoyment besides being of value to the parties giving them. Sometimes the heap of corn would be divided into two parts or marked off into two parts, and parties chosen to husk against each other. This gave occasion to much strife and many a

well contested race. Then again, the time would be enlivened by some one singing a song. Those were the days of songs and of song singing. I am sorry that those songs have gone out of vogue. Another source of enjoyment at husking-bees was story-telling. This was a good occasion for cultivating the faculty of narration and of imparting pleasure and information to others. As we had few books to read, we related over what we had read, and thus became books to each other.

Splitting Rails.

Rail-splitting was connected with clearing up land, and came in for its share of hand labor. A beetle, iron wedges, gluts, and an ax were the implements used in this work. Rail-splitting was a regular employment for a certain class of men in our early settlements. Pioneer and presidents have split rails. The business has no more honor for that. There used to be some merit though, in the number of rails one could split in a day. To cut and split one hundred rails in a day was a day's work for a common hand; and two hundred for a good hand. The wages were one dollar a hundred, and board yourself; one-half dollar and be boarded. The rail was mostly made from oak timber, and was eleven feet long. Conrad Eberstein was accustomed to say that he and Martin and Ephraim Van Buren had cut and split rails enough in Battle Creek township, to fence off Calhoun county. They split in the winter of 1837, fifteen thousand rails for Noah Crittenden, and eight thousand for Edward Smith, who then lived where Henry D. Court now does. Remnants of some of the old rail fences of that day can yet be seen in some parts of the county, though dilapidated and fast going to decay.

"Breaking Up."

Many settlers followed breaking up as a regular vocation, during the season, as threshers follow theirs now. The turf on the prairies and plains was the toughest, and hence there was the hardest breaking. That on the oak openings yielded much more easily to the plow. The thicker the timber the softer the soil. Three yoke of cattle for the openings and four for the prairies and plains, was the team required in breaking up. Many of the first settlers broke up their lands with two yoke of oxen because they could get no more. After the underwood grew up in the openings, on account of the annual fires not burning it down, the "breaking-up team" consisted of

six or seven yoke of oxen, according to the size and thickness of the "grubs" in the land to be plowed. The first plow used by some, was the old "bull plow." This was all wood, save the share and coulter. Then came the large "Livingston county plow," imported from the east. Five dollars an acre was the old price for breaking up. Long distances were traveled after the day's work was done, to carry the share and coulter to the blacksmith's shop to get them sharpened. Many went six, seven, and sometimes ten miles, to a blacksmith's shop. The old breaking-up plow was an institution in its day, and required a strong arm "to hold it." A man might be able to "govern men and guide the state," who would make a "poor fist of it" in holding a breaking-up plow behind seven or eight yoke of oxen, moving on in all their united strength, among grubs and stones; and around stumps and trees. The driver had a task to do in managing his team and keeping the leaves, grass and debris from clogging up before the coulter. He moved forward along the whole line of his team, keeping each ox in its place, while with his long beech whip he touches up the laggard ox, or tips the haunches of the off-wheel ox and the head of the nigh one to "haw them in" while passing by a stump or tree. Then he cracks his whip over their heads, and the long team straighten out and bend down to their work, while the bows creaked in the yokes, and connecting chains tighten with a metallic ring, the gauged wheel rumbles and groans at the end of the plow beam, the sharp projecting coulter cuts open the turf the proper depth, the broad share cleaves the bottom, and the furrow thus loosened, rises against the smooth, flaring mould-board that turns it over with a whirling, rippling sound. Thus the work goes on.

The glittering plow-share cleaves the ground

With many a slow, decreasing round.
With lifted whip and gee-whoa-haw,
He guides his oxen as they draw."

"Raisings" and "Bees" Among the Early Settlers.

"The Hoosiers and the Suckers, and Wolverine farmers all know the right way to carry up the corners."

Raisings, logging-bees, husking-bees, quilting-bees, and the many other occasions in which the word bee was used to indicate the gathering of the settlers to render gratuitous aid to some neighbor in need, originated in, and was confined to new settlements. It was merely the voluntary union of

the individual aid and strength of an entire community to assist a settler in doing what he was unable to accomplish alone.

Hence by bees the pioneers raised their houses and barns, did their logging, husked their corn, quilted their bed-coverings, and enjoyed themselves in frolic and song with the girls in the evening.

It was no slight task, in those days when log cabins were few and far between, especially when they were from three to twenty miles apart, to go the rounds through the woods, to invite the neighbors to your raising or bee. It was a weary, footsore tramp, and often at the lone hour of midnight the latch-string would be pulled and the occupant informed that his aid would be needed the next day at a raising—a weary tramp. But the cheering response you got at every cabin, "I'll be there to help you," sent you on your way rejoicing. Each settler was a minute man, and was ready at a moment's warning, to yoke up his oxen, shoulder his ax, and start to assist his brother neighbor in need.

At that early day people who lived twenty miles apart, lived nearer together than many people do now who live in sight of each other. There are no distances like the unsocial and unneighborly distances. People of that time carried out the true scriptural idea of "loving your neighbor as yourself." A man might have gone from "Jerusalem to Jericho" in our settlements and not have fallen among thieves; but if he had met with an accident and needed help, no one would have "passed by on the other side," but every settler would have acted the good Samaritan. Twenty miles to a neighbor? Yes, any one of the human race, any one that needed our help, or to whom we had an opportunity of doing good was our neighbor. That is the neighbor spoken of in the tenth chapter of Luke. There was much more importance attached to Bible living, forty years ago, and less noise made about Bible believing than now.

Many of the first log houses were roofed with hay or grass. Then came the period of oak shakes for roofs; then oak shingles; and finally the present whitewood and pine shingle roofs. The logs were first laid up by notching in, leaving the rough ends sticking out at the corners, and when raised to the required height, they were laid in by degrees until they came to a peak at the top. This was called "cobbing up" because it was of the style of a child's cob house. Shakes were put down in layers over

these logs for a roof, and were held in their places by long poles laid across each layer and fastened by a peg or a withe at each end. This was the primitive style of log house architecture. Then followed the log with square corners, and rafters for laying down the roof. The floors were at first small sized oak logs split in two, the flat side being hewed smooth, the pieces were laid round side down, and if necessary pinned at each end with oak pins. These floors were used until saw mills were erected and lumber could be procured. A stick chimney was laid up with a mixture of clay and sand for mortar, at one end of the house. This answered until brick could be obtained. The old brick fireplace was in use until the stove superseded it.

The log house stood with the side to the road; a door on wooden hinges and with a wooden latch, was in the center, with a window of two six-lighted seven-by-nine sashes, close by it, and a window of the same size in the opposite side of the house. Not a nail or particle of iron was in use in any part of the building, nor any sawed lumber. The glass was held in the sash by small wooden pegs.

The logs had been cut eighteen by twenty-two feet for a common sized house and hauled to the spot; a neighbor may have assisted in the hauling. Pottawatomies, the settler's country cousins, may be said to have been the main help in raising the first log houses in this part of the state. I know of an instance where but two white men were present at the raising, the rest being Indians. They lifted cheerfully and lustily in rolling up the logs. They also assisted much at raising in after years. Only let them know that "Che-mo-ko-man raise wigwam, like Indian come help him," and you could count on their aid. In our settlement we depended on Goguac and Climax prairies and the immediate region for aid at raisings.

The hands being all on the ground and everything ready, the settler superintended his own raising, or requested some one else to do it. In either case the one who commanded the men was called the "boss." He was implicitly obeyed in all things. He gave the word and the work begun. The two-side logs were laid securely in their places, and the two-end logs were fitted to theirs. Four good ax-men—men who "knew how to carry up the corners"—were then selected and one placed at each of the four corners of the building to be erected. Their duty was to block off the tenons and fit their end of the log for its place. The

logs were rolled up on two long skids by the united strength of the party, who pushed with hands and shoulders as long as they could, and when the log got too high for them to reach, they took stout poles with a crotch in one end, that were called "mooleys," and putting the crotches against the log, they pushed it with many a "heave-o-heave" to its place on the building. Thus log after log was rolled up, and all the corners carried up true and secure, until the top log was in its place, the plates put on, the rafters erected, and the house was raised. Then some adventurous settler climbed to the top of the building taking a bottle of whisky from his pocket, took a good "swig," swung the bottle around his head three times, threw it to the ground and named the building. Three cheers were given to the party and the raising was over. The old brown jug of whisky was passed about freely at the raisings and the bees, to all who wished to drink. Much care was necessary in regard to offering whisky to the Indians; they were inclined to drink too much. I saw old "Sam-o-kay," at a logging bee drink until he became dead drunk before he stopped.

Sidney Sweet was the first man in our settlement who attempted to raise a building without the aid of whisky. He had two trials and failed. Some of the jolly settlers had declared he should not raise his barn without whisky. But he gave an extended invitation the third time, and appealed to the lovers of temperance throughout the entire region, including all Climax. It was the largest gathering I ever attended of the kind; the best men on Climax and the district east of it were there. The building went up with a will. Mr. Sweet treated his help each time to hot coffee, biscuits, and doughnuts. This was a victory over the bad habit of having whisky at raisings, and Sidney Sweet deserves praise for this first move in the cause of temperance among the early settlers. It gave encouragement to others, and soon it was as easy to raise a building without whisky, as it had been with it.

Logging-bees.

What an incalculable amount of valuable timber in this country has been cut down, logged up and burned to ashes! There appeared to be no help for it. It must be cleared off and room made for the plow. They could only save for their immediate use what saw-logs, rail cuts, and firewood they wanted; they "logged up" and burnt the rest. A settler would

now and then remark—" 'Tis a pity to burn up so much valuable timber." And perhaps he would hear in reply—"Oh, pshaw! there is timber enough in Calhoun county to last two hundred years. Let the people after that look out for themselves." Many began to do this long ago. Such views were expressed by men who thought there were no other clearings, no other logging-bees, but that one, in the county. They did not think they were scattered all over the county then, and the work of burning up the timber was going on in all of them. In the timbered lands were found the largest trees and most of them, and there the hardest blows were given in making a clearing.

A logging-bee was a good place to study the difference there is in men's knowing how to do work, and to drive oxen. There was your man who never hitched to a log that his cattle could not draw, and he hitched to it in such a way that they could draw it to the best advantage, while another was continually hitching to the wrong log or to the wrong end of the log. Then there was the man who, whether he drove an old or young yoke of cattle, always drove a steer team. I saw such a one fail repeatedly to make his cattle start a log, when upon Jonathan Austin's taking the whip in his hand, the cattle sprang at the word "go" and fairly ran with the log to the heap. That was a little victory, and Austin got the cheers for it. There were good ox-drivers in those days and there were those who never could learn to drive them well.

AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT.

Told by Henry A. Smith.

In the fall of 1849 I commenced living in a log cabin in the woods with no neighbors on the north but Indians, and on the east, west and south the white people were few and far between. My wife owned a cow that we brought from Ohio with us. My property consisted of an ax, a gun, an iron wedge, and 12½ cents, and I owed for the lumber for my cabin. No supplies for the winter, wages fifty cents a day, and no one wished to hire. I need not relate all the particulars of my situation, even if it were possible. My brother pioneers will appreciate the ups and downs to which we were subjected. My ax, wedge and gun were the working tools of my profession. Time wore on till the fall of 1856. In those years a few other settlers had come around us. In that fall I still owed fifty dollars. After having secured my little products for the winter, I took a job of chopping, and immediately commenced upon it. I

very soon discovered indications of bears. This excited my curiosity; and now allow me to relate the experience of one afternoon.

After eating my frugal dinner I buckled on my armor, which consisted of bullet pouch, powder horn, butcher knife, and an old Lancaster rifle. Accompanied by a little black dog, I started for a cedar swamp about three miles distant. Advancing a short distance into the swamp, I was surprised to hear a tremendous floundering in a cedar top lying on the ground by my side. In the twinkling of an eye I saw it was a large bear. Throwing my gun to my shoulder, in the act of pulling the trigger, I found the dog in range of the bear, which made me cringe so that I missed both dog and bear. The next moment I was vexed to hear them rushing through the swamp with a great noise. When the dog came back I applied enough of the oil of whip so that afterwards he gave me the next chance.

Again we started. After going about half a mile to the north side of the swamp, open woods commenced. Away on an oak ridge I saw another bear coming towards me, so I planted my feet square on the ground and prepared for his reception. On he came, and when within a proper distance I gave a sharp whistle. He stopped, and I drew a bead, aiming at his vitals. The ball took effect, and away he ran towards the east. Sending the dog in pursuit, before I had reloaded my gun I heard the dog overtake him, and I directly knew the bear was in trouble. I started on the run, and had not gone many rods when lo! another big bear was directly before me, making north. I hailed him. He heeded me not, except to give me a saucy look. Thinks I, we will see what virtue there is in lead. Between me and the bear was a large log lying parallel with the course the bear was taking. By the time he appeared again I confess I had the bear ague. Never having had it before I did not know very well how to manage it. I had had the buck ague. My remedy for that was chewing my tongue, but that failed to relieve this case, so I fired on him, taking the best aim I could under the circumstances. It had the effect to quicken his pace, and he soon disappeared. I began to run and to reload. I could easily follow his trail in the burnt leaves, now and then lending an ear to the exciting tones of my faithful dog.

This was the smoky fall. There were many fires, and these woods were mostly burned over. I soon came in sight of my enemy again, discharg-

ing my rifle, which again renewed his pace. This performance was three times repeated, when the program changed. The bear wheeled about, facing me, and such ugly snarls I had not been used to hearing. Before this I often wished I could have a brush with bruin. I now had my chance. When near me, the dog ran past me, the two met, and then I saw fun. Sometimes the dog was after the bear, and then the bear would be after the dog.

The fever raged in my brain so I scarcely knew whether I was on my head or my feet. I shook so I could not load my gun. Soon the two were out of sight on the other side of a fallen log, but I could hear the enraged bear. As I ran up to the dog, I saw the dog hanging to a hind foot of the beast. The dog getting entangled in the brush so as to lose his hold, I sang out, "Take him Cuff!" The dog seized him by the side of the head, and quick as a flash the dog was whirled ten feet in the air, but did not appear to be hurt,—seized him again, and in an instant my little dog was lost to sight, the bear having him in a close embrace.

Then was my time, and seizing my gun by the muzzle, I made my dash. Reserving my blow from the gun, I gave the bear a hard blow from my boot, which instantly brought him to face me, with form erect on his hind feet, with his head higher than mine, so I had to look up. Now came the blow from the gun, hitting him angling across the face, the breech bounding against a tree some twenty feet away. The bear tumbled over on his back. Now for the knife. Horror of horrors! It was gone! All in a flutter I looked for it, and found it not! The bear again on his feet, I sprang to repeat the blow. A limb overhead entangled my weapon, so I missed my aim. Seizing the bear by the back of the neck to strike him with the other hand was about the last I knew just then, for something hit me over the right eye which sent me whirling against the root of a tree, and bounding forward on my face, could not see very well, but the next moment a sight met me that froze me! From such a sight may I be forever delivered; for, within a foot of my hand, with mouth distended, was the enraged bear! Throwing up my right hand, he caught me by the wrist, dragging me on my breast through the ashes, nearly putting my eyes out with froth and blood that he snorted in my face. He sprang to grasp me in his paws.

Here let me pause, and say that at

that moment my soul was stung with the thought that I must leave my wife and children—dearer than all else beside, even life itself. Death, in all its terrors, stared me in the face; and such a death! Ten-fold energy was at that moment given me. All timidity fled. Death or victory! The moment was decisive.

As the bear sprang on me, I seized him by the whiskers with my left hand, which brought me to my feet. Now came the tug of war; from the feet to the knees, and from the knees to the feet were the changes of position for a time. He would try to hold me close enough to poke me under him, so that I would have to put my head to his head and pry with neck to keep from going under. We were pretty evenly matched, but I thought we had a little the best of it on a square pull, and I would gladly have given my right hand to have made my escape. But no quarter on his part. I managed with my left hand to give him a blow which caused him to let go for a new hold. He missed and I made double quick time, with bruin close to my coat tails. Full fifteen rods were closely contested, when I broke off a limb and whirled it in his face, which checked his motion. I wheeled, and made for my gun,—I saw the barrel lying on the ground,—the bear again close upon me. Not realizing the condition of my arm, I failed to grasp it as I passed by. I ran to an old tree-top, broke off a dry limb, and gave the bear such a blow as felled him to the ground. I caught hold of the gun, but failed as before. Becoming discouraged with dry limbs, I was bound to fix him next time, if he would give me time to get a weapon. He did not seem inclined to follow me, and while I was preparing for him, he got up and walked slowly away, making a doleful cry. This gave me a chance to recover my gun-barrel. I was the pursuer, and went round so as to meet the bear where he was aiming to cross a fallen log. At this place I met him with such a blow from the end of my gun-barrel that the iron entered his brain and we rolled on the ground together. I belabored him till he ceased to kick. Once more I felt free, but not to breathe clearly. I began to feel faint and soon lost consciousness. At length I found myself lying on the ground, having lost all idea of latitude. When I started, I tried to keep a straight course, and my good luck led me out to my brother-in-law's, Lyman VanSickle, near where Bridgeville now is. Martha, his wife, met me some twenty rods from the house, under great excitement, for I was bare-

footed, ragged, and bloody from head to feet. I could only whisper for my throat was clogged. She gave me Radway's Ready Relief. This cut its way down, and I was soon all right. Soon, Lyman and his brother came in from work, and we all went out and hung up the bear. Found my hat, but my knife I never found. I felt some tired the next day, so I did not look for the other bear, which was not found till the flesh and hide were beyond use.

In a few days I shot another bear. I saved the oil from the two, amounting to thirteen gallons, which I sold to Mr. David Sturgis, who once lived in DeWitt. One bone of my arm was cracked so it was lame all winter, but I finished my job, paid off my debt of fifty dollars, and bought clothes for the winter.

Fellow pioneers, I have given you one of the hardest adventures of my life, one of many that I should have wished to be excused from but I have been carried through them all. I have raised, with the help of my good wife, who is still spared to me, five children two of them married; all doing well. Though somewhat broken in health, I still have a wish to hunt every fall to procure some venison.

Now, brethren and sisters, who have tasted both the bitter and the sweet of pioneer life, may we eventually meet in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We are indebted to Mr. Milton Barney for the outline of the following story:

A Mr. Lewis—Mr. Barney has forgotten the given name—owned eighty acres of land west of Battle Creek, and in the year 1833, after building a house, barn, and pig-pen he imported a pig from the east, which was the pride and special care of the entire household. The fattening progress of the pet pig was carefully watched and noted from day to day. Hopes were built and plans made on the relishing, reveling dinners the Lewis family would have in the time to come.

When the pig had become a good-sized porker, Mrs. Lewis hearing an ear-splitting squealing from the pen called to her daughter, "Jane, Jane, a bear has our pig." Now, said Jane was no "airy, fairy Lillian," but a buxom, flesh and blood girl of sixteen years, and one possessing common sense plus, and it was not to her mind to sit idly down and let pig, precious pig, be carried off before her eyes. Therefore, she ran for the gun and amid her mother's wild screams of, "O Jane, don't shoot, O, spare us! O, spare us!" the shot was fired and bruin dropped his load and limped off to the

woods to nurse his maimed shoulder.

Later the men and dogs of the neighborhood started out to capture the bear, and soon found him in a marsh. Jane Lewis was allowed to fire the first shot and her luck or skill, whichever it was, being hers, the one shot was enough to end the bear's life.

A Dr. Hays took the hide for Jane and had it properly dressed for a robe, and for years after it added to the personal comfort of the primitive maiden.

THE EARLY PERIOD.

By Hon. George Willard.

Some time in June, 1831, Sands McCamly of Orleans County, N. Y., in company with George Redfield, visited the site on which our city stands, and was so favorably impressed with the location that he, who after various vicissitudes was to be its future proprietor, was already determined to have an interest here. In the same month, the land office at White Pigeon was opened, and all the lands in this vicinity were brought into market. We may well conceive that there was a rush to the land office. McCamly, upon arriving there found that this already expected city was not without rival contestants for the privilege of planting it. It seems that J. J. Guernsey, of Cataaugus County, N. Y., had also fixed his attention upon this site, as also Lucius Lyon and Robert Clark, government surveyors, who had marked it in their list of desirable localities. The latter rivals waived their right to bid against the others upon the receipt of \$100. It was then agreed that J. J. Guernsey should enter eight hundred and thirty-seven and forty-one one-hundredths acres, all lying in the township afterwards called Battle Creek, and covering the needed water power, but with the understanding that Judge McCamly and Daniel G. Guernsey were each to share it equally with him upon the payment of their proportion of the cost. They, with their families, were to meet in Detroit the following October, when the original purchaser was to quit claim to the other two, and to give them each the title to an undivided third of the whole; and it was agreed that they all should come on and begin operations, each placing \$2,000 in the bank, as the means for commencing the development of an embryo city at the mouth of the Battle Creek.

McCamly reached Detroit at the appointed time, and so did Guernsey and his brother-in-law, Sackett, and their wives; but the latter said that they had been to look at the place and could not live there. So from the failure of the Guernseys, these first plans

fell to the ground. The high contracting parties dispersed—the original patentee to fall into pecuniary embarrassment, and transfer his claim to Phineas P. Sackett and Ezekiel B. Guernsey, and McCamly and his family to a home upon the Nottawa Prairie, where he had entered land the previous summer. Meanwhile this portion of the country, which for many miles either way from the point, in the spring of 1831, was a perfect wilderness, began to receive settlers. Daniel and Jonathan Thomas, sons of Isaac Thomas, moved upon Goguac Prairie in May of this year. John Stewart, Jr., came and settled there in August, and in October, his father, who had been the first resident in Ypsilanti, in 1824.

Stephen Eldred, in moving to Comstock that year, found no bridges west of Dexter, and no houses west of Sandstone. There was a family on Goguac, without doubt the sons of Isaac Thomas and their wives, but they lived under a temporary covering of bark. Late that autumn or early in the winter, Josiah Goddard and Dorrance Williams both chose them a home, the one on the western, and the other on the eastern end of the Prairie. Isaac Tolland and Daniel Thomas, brothers of Isaac, settled about the same time by the river, a little to the south of our present cemetery—the first in September of that season, the latter the next January or February. Joseph Farnsworth had made a location on Climax, in May, and during the same season William Harrison and William Ackley also settled there. The Eldreds made a pre-emption claim that spring and entered three-fourths of a section as soon as it came into the market. Warren Nichols and several others had already settled on Dry Prairie, in the corner of the present township of Athens. In the fall, Deacon Michael Spencer, Jeremiah Gardner, and Estes Rich, a bachelor, came and built their log abodes on the eastern border of Emmett, and moved into them, so this one season saw something of an advancement in the prospective improvement of the country.

But yet, how solitary and lonely these families were. We can easily imagine the situation of the settlers we have mentioned when the season closed in 1831. McCamly, having been disappointed in his arrangement with the Guernseys, had gone into winter quarters on the Nottawa. Judge Eldred and sons, having just finished their saw mill, were hurrying the completion of their grist-mill at Comstock. The few families on the Prairie were far removed from most of the convenience of civilization. If they wanted a

few boards they were obliged to go for them almost twenty miles through the woods. If they wanted a little corn or wheat ground, they were under the necessity of taking it to Flowertown, beyond Prairie Ronde, and how difficult a journey that was without roads and bridges we may judge from the fact that Joseph Farnsworth, then on Climax, says he was nine days going to the same mill with a grist of four or five bushels; and that before Judge Eldred's saw mill was running at Comstock, he was obliged to go to that place for lumber. Vickery's grist mill, called the pepper mill from its extremely diminutive capacity, was completed that winter, but of its limited accommodation we have proof in Judge McCamly's statement that he went there for flour for a sick son who demanded something different from the food of crushed corn, and was under the necessity of making three journeys, in all one hundred miles, before he met with success. If a physician was needed, it would require as much time to obtain one, as for us with our present facilities to procure one from New York. It must have been a year or two afterwards, that a daughter of Mr. Goddard actually died from nose bleed before medical aid could be procured from Marshall. The winter of 1831-2 was one of the coldest ever known here. And those four or five families of whom we speak, looked out of their little cabins upon the dreary expanse of the snow-covered prairies, with no neighbors within many miles, saving the dusky inmates of the Indian wigwams.

At length the spring opened, and gave activity to our infant settlements. The winter, as before stated, had been cold. In December, Stephen Eldred recalls that with his team he crossed the old ford below Kalamazoo on the ice. Judge McCamly recalls that on one morning in March, the same winter, the thermometer stood 19 degrees below zero. He had reason to keep that cold night in remembrance. On his way with Corwin Johnson, from the Nottawa to Marshall, he was obliged to cross Pine Creek on a log. There he missed his footing and fell into the cold stream; but, with his companion, pressed his way onward. His pantaloons soon became stiffly frozen. His boots became like ice, and were as hard as horn, and after traveling miles, the chafing of his garments can well be imagined. His feet bled, cut by the frozen boots. By evening the two travelers had arrived at the Willow Plain, east of Climax, but they had missed their way, and were lost. The cold was intense. McCamly could not step without cry-

ing out with pain. Both were apprehensive of freezing unless they could have some relief immediately. A splintered tree was found, and they were about to strike a fire with a tinder box, when a fresh horse track was discovered. They concluded to follow it with all haste of which they were able, and about ten o'clock that night they were led to the residence of Josiah Goddard, where a large fire of logs shed its genial warmth upon the travelers as they camped upon the floor. On the return of McCamly from Marshall, in company with one Kennedy, the way was also missed, and the night was spent on a bed of twigs laid upon the snow, by the side of a huge log fire, somewhere in the south part of Newton or Leroy.

It was about this time that Battle Creek began to have a history as a permanent settlement. In February of that year, Samuel Convis, by virtue of an interest in the Guernsey purchase, erected a log house on the spot where Deacon Leggett's house now stands, and was the oldest settler in the original Battle Creek. Before this, however, in October, 1831, a Dr. Foster had employed Mr. Estes Rich to build a house a little east of the site of the Methodist church. Foster intended to settle on the Guernsey tract, but by mistake his home was erected on the land intended for the University. It is doubtful whether he ever intended to make Battle Creek his home, as he appears to have remained here about a year and then moved further west. But the first settler upon our corporation limits as they are at present extended, must have been Isaac Tolland, who came to his place on the river, in September, a month or two before Foster. Convis went east to move his family, and while he is thus engaged another character, as we find by investigation, begins to move upon the scene. On the Erie Canal, some time in June, an anxious Vermonter was pursuing his way westward in search of a fortune. He knows not what point he shall make for. His ears are open for any information in regard to the "Great West." He overhears two men talking about a place called Battle Creek, and he determines to come forward, because one relates to the other that there has already been a commencement here to build a steamboat. That is the first time that Moses Hall appears in connection with our annals.

Onward he comes, and when he arrives here he finds no steamboat nor signs of one, but he obtained hospitable lodgings in the cabin of Dr. Foster, and bought of the Rev. John D. Pierce, of Marshall for fourteen shil-

lings an acre, a quarter section of land on the east side of the Seminary Plain.

On the night of the 3d of July, Mr. Convis arrived with his family. Thus Independence day in 1832 dawned upon a bona fide settlement in Battle Creek. This was a memorable year. It was a season when a bold heart might have some excuse for intimidation in coming to these forests to secure a home. The war of the Black Hawk was prevailing, and rumor exaggerated the danger and the panic ran so high, through apprehension that all the Indian tribes might be aroused to the exercise of their old treacheries and barbarities, that several persons left their homes and returned to the east. Hall met some of these panic-stricken fugitives on his way hither from Detroit. When Convis was stepping upon the boat at Dunkirk, to come here with his family, his father besought him not to come, as a rumor stated that the Indians had burned his house. Dominie Pierce, at Marshall, like a true soldier of the church militant, counseled the erection of a fort, to defend the few emigrants at Marshall. People were warned out to repel the supposed invaders, and some answered to the call. A man named Bertram, who had located near Ceresco, is still remembered to have passed through Climax in full uniform to drive back the foe. Of course, much of this apprehension of peril was unfounded, but many an emigrant mother must have felt some solicitude for her babes, as she brought them to the haunts of red-men, whose great chief was bidding defiance to all white men by open war.

Some weeks after Mr. Convis arrived upon the Guernsey purchase—the exact date we have been unable to obtain—two other families arrived and located on the present site of our city. Daniel G. Guernsey, formerly a member of congress, moved from Dunkirk to this place, coming through Ohio. Near Monroe a promising son was seized with cholera. The disorder was fatal, and the weeping emigrant family buried him by the roadside, and continued their dreary journey. As they moved into the Foster house, it is to be inferred that Foster must have gone west about the same time. Guernsey opened his house for the reception of travelers, and kept the first public house in Battle Creek. He also built a block house near the residence of Dr. Campbell, during the same fall. Pollodore Hudson, from Saratoga County, came in company with Guernsey, and his family arriving, he, a few months afterwards, put up a log house further east on the plain, and

moved into it. Early in the spring of 1833, Nedebiah Angell and Nathaniel Barney were added as neighbors in the new colony. Angell established himself down the river at the distance of a mile. Barney, having an interest in the Guernsey tract, built a house on the hill west of the junction of the two rivers, and kept a tavern. Daniel G. Guernsey left this season and went to Bertrand, where he established himself again. But his place was made good by Moses Hall, the Vermonter before mentioned, who arrived here September 16, 1833, and occupied the Foster house until he could build a shanty on his place, which it is to be presumed took him some time, as he went to Comstock for boards to cover it. By this autumn our town begins to show a fair prospect of occupation. There were three families on the plain which later was improperly termed the Seminary, and two west of the river. Still they were deprived of many privileges. There are many miles between them and the nearest mill. They must go to Marshall for a physician, as Squire Hall remembers he did in the winter for Dr. Hart. These homes were as yet in a nearly unbroken forest.

This was the peculiarly primitive period of the town. All its capacities as a place for manufacture, for artisanship of any sort, and for commerce, were as yet wholly dormant. There was an immense water power here, but it was unused. Marshall, Kalamazoo, even Comstock and Bellevue, were making progress. They were inviting the trades, and becoming commercial centers. But the people of the prairie, and the few other settlers in this vicinity, watched in vain for a near market for their abundant produce, and for other accommodations which a town always affords. Our citizens here were all of quite rural habits, and were required to be so until further changes; but it is apprehended that they sometimes rested on a half-bisected log, or leaned upon their maul handles, and sat tired and weary and aguish on their plow beams, and wished that the water power of these streams could be used, and not lie everlastingly idle.

Emigration continued to bring an increase to the growing population of this region throughout the year 1834. Tolman W. Hall and Ezra Convis arrived in June. Judge Hall moved into a shanty added to his brother's house. Gen. Convis moved into a block house, putting up a framed addition, the first framed house in Battle Creek. Vespasian Young came the next spring. Warren B. Shepherd, Dr. Asahel Beach, Zebidiah Stiles, Luther Phelps,

Jonathan Lamb, Josiah Gilbert, David Howell, Deacon Salter, Joseph Farnsworth, who built near Judge McCamly's, and some others emigrated in the fall. The Langlys. Conways, and Roswell Crane, predecessor to Gilbert on the place now occupied by Mr. Reynolds, had arrived a year before, and nearly rank among the primitive pioneers.

In the autumn of this year the first public building was erected in the limits of the city. That was the old log schoolhouse, which stood about where the Union block now stands. The lumber needed to complete it was floated down the Battle Creek from Bellevue. The Prairie, however, took the initiative in the cause of education in this vicinity. The schoolhouse there, covered with shakes, was the first erected in this part of the country. In the winter of 1834-5 the youths of this district were presided over by Warren B. Shepherd, the first schoolmaster in Battle Creek. The next teacher here was Miss Sarah Phelps, who taught the following summer. This old school is remembered by some with delight. A debating club having been formed, its walls weekly resounded, for several successive winters, with the oratory and eloquence of the town. And probably the great event of the week was the animated discussion held there.

The year 1835 displays to our view, as we look back upon the past, a much busier scene than the incipient city had ever seen before. Judge McCamly having bought an equal and undivided half of the original Guernsey purchase in February, 1834, and having removed here the following winter, was now ready to commence operations. Gen. Convis having control of the other half, the understanding was that Judge McCamly should have the whole water power, upon the condition that he would improve it. Of the proposed village they were to be joint proprietors. The day was approaching when people were actually to have a town. A body of twenty-five or thirty men, including many sons of Erin, were engaged in building the long race, which, in its day, and under the circumstances under which all such works were then of necessity completed, was a monument of notable enterprise. While that work was advancing, the first saw mill, standing near the present Hart mill, was in process of erection. In November of that year the water was let into the race—the victory was won—the saw mill made the frosty woods to echo with its incessant movement, and our worthy friend Judge McCamly, began to witness in reality what he had seen in imagina-

tion in June, 1831, as he stood here with Mr. Redfield, and longed to make the Kalamazoo provide the forces for establishing at this point one of Michigan's great centers of manufacture and trade.

While this work was in progress there were other signs of activity. In 1834 the road that left the great territorial thoroughfare about a mile east of here passed over the plain along the present line of Marshall street, by the two or three log cabins that had been erected, and came to the brow of what was then a steep hill near the Methodist church; it passed down the hill, and took for its course the then existing hollow which reached from that point to Battle Creek, where the Wheelock mill now is, then followed the stream down nearly to the junction, where the stream was crossed by a rail bridge; and so the road continued on west by Barney's log tavern, by Angell's to Gilbert's, and so on to Gull Prairie. The point of land between the rivers where our business is now done was an oak opening, but heavily timbered. The land beyond the river at the south was a thickly wooded swamp. The higher grounds beyond the Battle Creek were more sparsely covered with oak, and there for many summers after, the tall grass waved, and the wild lilies bloomed—the grass uncropped, and the lilies scarcely noticed, and "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." But in 1835 we find a road cut through the peninsula, to form the main street of the intended town, and a passage also from that to the road along the creek, which was the first opening of Jefferson street. This year the village was surveyed, though not platted till the next season, and a map published, copies of which hung up in eastern hotels and other places of public resort, with streets and cross streets of magnificent names, showing that the quick express of intention was determined not to wait for the slow coach of reality. One day, about the same time that the Halls were out by the roadside making an ox-sled, a man came along and surprised them by asking the way to Battle Creek. The traveler was most surprised to learn that the city lay in the woods before him. Mrs. Ella G. Smith recalled that when they came this year and settled on the place formerly occupied by Judge Graves, as they passed through the woods occupying the present business center, they were disheartened to learn that a terrible road of muddy clay, and full of stumps and brush, was the Main street which had made such an inviting show on the map seen in the east. It is at this

period that we hear of the first market in our city. The market place was a pole resting on a couple of crutches. The proprietor perambulated the country for miles, and warned people of his arrival by the tinkling of a little bell. The name of the man who monopolized this business was Pollodore Hudson. When the race was dug, and the children of the Emerald Isle came on to do it, trade so increased that he took Moses Hall for a partner.

David H. Daniels and William H. Coleman established themselves as merchants in the year 1835. The former sold goods where Dr. Campbell lives, but soon removed his business to the village of Verona, which Gen. Convis, having transferred his interest to Jonathan Hart and his brother-in-laws, Isaac and Joseph Merritt, was striving to push forward as a successful rival of Battle Creek. The latter displayed his wares in a log store on the corner of Main and Jefferson streets, and continued there for many years, securing the claim of being the proprietor of the first permanent establishment in this place.

This season brought many important accessions to the new community and its neighborhood. One cannot, of course, be expected to mention them all, and to make selections from the enterprising band who came here at this era, and for a few years afterward, to change the whole face of our country by their energy and labor, as by the wand of enchantment, might seem invidious.

In 1836, Alonzo Noble and Almon Whitcomb, having formed a partnership, became competitors of Mr. Coleman in the dry goods business, bringing goods into a little store upon the corner diagonally opposite, and also engaged in building the first grist mill in Battle Creek, and the one now known as the Titus & Hicks mill. The mill was ready for custom early the following spring, and it was truly an important event. The people of Battle Creek no longer went to Marshall or some distant point to mill, and all felt to say "Good-bye, Marshall, Comstock, Bellevue, Kalamazoo, Gourdneck, Flowerfield; Ye have supplied us with grinding and lumber, and we now sincerely thank you, and bid you adieu. We have, at last, a town of our own. We wish to keep up amicable relations, and interchange friendly tokens of recognition; but understand that the colony of Battle Creek is no longer tributary. We own our grist mill, saw mill, schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, and other needful places of manufacture. We have our meat market, and if it is but a pole

and two sticks, we shall patronize it with patriotic pride till we get a better."

We have thus far traced the progress of business events in our community, up to the point which we proposed. But such events, after all, can show us but little of the real life of our early pioneers. We naturally wish to know how they daily lived; and a hundred years hence it will be of very great interest to our descendants to know the least particulars in regards to things which may seem to us commonplace in the extreme.

In looking back to the days of our antediluvians, we have found a few things of interest in regard to their relations with the Indians. Mrs. Samuel Convis was here when the neighbors were few, and those were distant, and many a long summer day was exceedingly lonely; but she found that the Indian women could, partially, at least, make up the loss of other society. The bands of Pottawottamies frequently encamped by hundreds upon the ridge beyond the Battle Creek, and above the union of the rivers, and the squaws, according to Mrs. Convis' statement, used frequently to come and spend the day with her, bringing their work—a mocassin to embroider, or something else upon which to exercise their uncivilized, but ingenious handicraft. They have passed away. They come to our homes no more. They slip no longer noiselessly to our doors; but we can hardly fail to think of them and ask where they are. Most of them are likely lying under the rude mounds, and some beyond the Mississippi may still think of the days when they went to the white man's home upon the plain between the Kalamazoo and the Wapakisco, or, as some say they termed it, the Wan-da-ga. As late as the time of which we speak our Michigan tribes used to go to Malden to receive presents from the British government. They are remembered as passing the place in companies of several hundreds on their journey for that purpose. In long files they marched with their ponies, men, women and children, together, along the great trail that led through this point to Detroit. As this was one of their important thoroughfares for a long period, imagination will easily allow us to believe that our ground here may have been trodden by some of their distinguished chiefs. And sometimes, as the writer has looked over the events of Indian history, he has thought that along this trail might have passed the celebrated Brant, when he came through this peninsula to rise up the tribes in the Revolutionary War; and also a few

years before, Pontiac might have stepped nimbly and resolutely along here, when, as the American Rienzi, making the last great stand against the power of Britain, he came to put the spirit of war into the more lagging bands of the Pottawottamies and Ottawas.

Stephen Eldred relates that when Judge Eldred's large barn was raised upon Climax Prairie, on the 6th of July, 1833, aid was rendered by the aborigines. The country was so sparsely settled at the time that word was sent far and wide through the country. It was like a gathering of the Highland clans. Men came from Battle Creek, Gull Prairie, Kalamazoo, and all the adjacent region. A beef was killed, and a caldron of home-made beer was brewed for the preparation. And when they gathered there came also the red men to aid them. They lifted, too, with zeal. When the master carpenter cried, "Heave, ho; heave," their chief cried the same, and the bunt moved with combined Saxon and Pottawottamies strength. When the work was done all shared in the well prepared feast. The Indians in this neighborhood when "squabby" might be ugly as any other man is liable to be (one in such condition snapped his gun at Moses Hall); they might also be careless about their fires, negligently letting them run into the woods, thereby destroying the early pioneers' hay—they might be somewhat too frequent in seeking for food at the emigrant's door—but in this state they rarely committed the least injury upon the persons and property of the whites. They peaceably yielded to the invader, helped him at his raisings, and aided him to celebrate the Fourth of July; for when that day was observed in this settlement in 1835 four or five hundred Indians are said to have been present, and to have swept the tables of what had been left by the palefaces.

But did not our antediluvians have any social relations with each other? Tradition tells us that they did. They look back upon these as "the good old times." The few young people about the years of 1833-45 took their sleigh-rides to various parts in the vicinity. The young men of 1834 were W. B. Shepard, Major Gilbert, John DeGrote, the two Langleys, Frank and Aranthus Thomas, Amos Barnes, Rustin and George Angell, Ezra Ransom, a Mr. Holbrook, and probably some others not in the list. The young ladies, whose names we have not obtained, were without doubt all beautiful and in good demand. The common places of resort of this company of that day was Henry's tavern at the "Gulf," and Gilbert's in Bedford.

These places, now no longer public inns, and the latter perfectly desolate, once used to animate with the voices of the young and merry-making pioneers. There were frequent assemblies at private houses, and everybody was invited in those good old days. They may have been more rude than they ought. Mischievous dame rumor reports that the then young Major Gilbert, at a social gathering at Mr. Hudson's, in too much glee, ran against and broke a looking glass. And the grave matrons, even in those days, are reported to have ridiculed the unfortunate trespasser for his unlucky adventure under the provoking charge that the reflected image of Harriet Champion, or some other beauty, had brought him into striking and dangerous proximity to the mirror.

The young people of Marshall used also to visit Henry's. As early as February, 1835, one sleigh, holding some seven happy couples, comprising nearly all of our sister city, came down to Goguac, stopped at Isaac Thomas', went back to Henry's for supper, and after a season of familiar sociability returned, the bells ringing out in loud melody upon the clear night air. The young gentlemen were L. Kingsbury, C. S. Kimble, E. Burch, C. Wakefield, H. Vanderburg, J. Hutchinson, and Mr. Wilder. The ladies were Minerva Greves, Harriet Champion, E. Wakefield, E. Kimble, A. Wilbur, and H. Clark.

But the first real party in Battle Creek was at the home of Gen. Convis, on New Year's night, 1836. The gentlemanly and courteous host presided at a long table with his accustomed ease and dignity. Moses Hall was there and sat at the other end of the table. We notice it from its being the first real party among us, and several old settlers remember it with great pleasure. That same night the young people, about one hundred in number, from the whole surrounding region, were at Henry's, and all the young ladies wore caps, with the exception of the Misses Bagley, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Convis, who became Mrs. John Van Arman, who were surprised that all the other girls dressed like their grandmothers.

The First Marriage.

Even at the era of which we are treating there was marrying and giving in marriage. The very day this county was organized, March 6, 1833, John Stewart, Jr., and Miss Auser were married on Goguac Prairie. The parties went to Marshall to be united in the bonds of wedlock by Gen. Crary, a justice of the peace, but were informed that they must procure a li-

cense, which could only be done at Kalamazoo. Three days were spent in this preliminary, and then the expectant couple were made one, Gen. Crary having come on a sunshiny day in March to officiate. The first wedding in the limits of our present corporation appears to have been that of James Simonds and Berthana, daughter of Daniel Thomas, Pollodore Hudson officiating, and a large assembly being gathered. The first funeral in the vicinity was on the Prairie. On the 20th of September, 1832, Mrs. John Stewart was buried, and the funeral was attended by the Rev. Mr. Hobart of Marshall. According to Mrs. Convis the first death occurred early in the summer of 1834, when a child of Ezra Convis was buried. The first child born in our place was Henry C. Hall, January 7, 1834. The next was Caroline M. Convis.

Before we leave the records of these events there is one little incident that should not be passed over by the faithful historian. In the primitive times, a Battle Creek justice, or rather Milton justice, for the eight towns were first called Milton, was invited to unite a couple on the Prairie in the bonds of matrimony. The justice was afflicted with the ague, and it so happened that the marriage was to be on his "ague day." In the morning before, however, he fortified himself for his intended task with an enormous dose of quinine, hoping that would prevent the recurrence of the disorder for that day at least. About noon he took another, and started for the performance of his duty. But on arriving at the place of the ceremony, and waiting for the parties interested to get themselves in readiness, what with the quinine taken, and the natural force of his disorder, he was in a paroxysm of fever that rendered him perfectly beside himself. The bride and her intended waited and waited till near the going down of the sun for the paroxysm to subside, but in vain. At last they were determined not to be cheated. The officiator was taken to the well. His wife drenched him thoroughly with two or three pailfuls of cold water. This caused a lucid interval for a few moments. At that fortunate instant the procrastinated couple were joined. The lovers, by the authority of the governor and Territorial Council of Michigan, were made man and wife, rejoicing abundantly in the blessed effects of the cold water system. The parties finally united were Mr. Frank Thomas and Miss Amanda Goddard. In the days of which we speak there was evidently much patriotism. The Fourth of July was even celebrated in 1833 by

Daniel G. Guernsey, who, to please the children, fired a couple of pistols out of the window. The next we hear of the Fourth, Squire Hudson exploded a rusty gun barrel with a patriotic effort on Goguac Prairie. But the first actual celebration of the day of our national independence was on the Fourth of July, 1835. It was held on the little plat of ground nearly in front of Judge McCamly's house, in view of the junctions of the rivers. This is universally spoken of by those present as the best ever held here. All were united and happy. They were all neighbors and friends, and had come out to celebrate the day with the deepest and sincerest feelings of fraternal fellowship. Judge McCamly presided. Elder Adams delivered the oration. Moses Hall read the charter of our liberties, and then all sat down to a long table, and they had some rare and good cold water toasts. One is still remembered—remembered because it breathes such a hostile defiance to Michigan's at present most loving sister, Ohio. Moses Hall gave the following warlike sentiment: "Bob Lucas and Boundary Line: may the Wolverines stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder."

This sketch could not be closed without a brief allusion to the moral and religious agencies of those days. These wild prairies were trodden by a few faithful and self-denying men, who gained the sincere affections of nearly all the old pioneers. Elder Taylor of Schoolcraft, who is said to have preached the first sermon in Battle Creek, at the old log dwelling house of Daniel Thomas; Rev. Calvin Clark of Marshall, who came along in the cholera panic, and cheered the desponding Mrs. Convis with words of hope and consolation; the Methodist preachers who came to the settlement as early certainly as 1832-3, men of like character with Elders Crane and Randall Hobart, will unquestionably be long remembered for their single-mindedness and zeal.

Conclusion.

The first settlers of the wilderness have a peculiar experience which the country once occupied and improved can never afford. They had privations which their successors, on the cultivated fields and in the thriving cities which their enterprise has been the means of producing, may some of them fail to appreciate; but the proud consciousness that their early trials and labors, and their once united and hopeful energies, gave the first impulse toward those magnificent changes which they now witness is of itself something of a reward. They

may have labored, and, in some cases, others may seem to reap the benefit; but we may be sure that the just and wise will always award honor to men in proportion to the real benefits arising from what they have accomplished.

Starting Life Anew in the Woods.

A. D. P. Van Buren.

The new home was so entirely secluded in the woods, that we felt, on entering it, like going into hermitage. We do not know the value of a thing until it is lacked or lost, says the poet. We had lost a home—the old one in New York, and here we realized its full value; for we felt homeless as we went into this rude cabin. Nothing but ourselves and the little household furniture we had brought, to remind us of the old home. If, as above stated, we missed some of our favorite birds in the woods about us, we, on the other hand within doors, were not troubled with the house-fly the mischievous mouse or the destructive rat. It was a long time before either of them made their appearance among us. After we had been here a year without seeing a person, or a living thing, that we had once known in New York, my mother, one day, on opening a book, found a house-fly that had been caught and preserved between the leaves. She exclaimed, "Here is a fly from York state. Now children, don't touch it—let it remain here in this book, just as it is; for it is a fly that once lived in our old home." We had been here five years before we saw a person whom we had ever known before. Mr. Wood, then living in Battle Creek, came to see us. He had only known of our family in New York, but here he seemed an old time friend.

Out of doors was beautiful, wild Michigan. Our cattle had a boundless range to feed and roam over, in the oak openings, which were not like the woods of New York, "all a tangle with cut briers, and underbrush," but clear and trim, no fences, roads or even a track, save the deep paths and Indian trails that meandered through them. From the door of our log house we could often see long files of Indians, afoot and on ponies, wending their way along on these trails that were, in places, worn down to the depth of two feet. There always appeared to us, to be some strange, romantic history connected with the lives of these wandering children of the forests. The deer also could be seen feeding at leisure, or trooping by the door in droves. And occasionally, in the still night, from some leafy covert, we

would hear the lone howl of a wolf. The bear went foraging through the corn fields, or snuffing round the betterments for a pig, while the fox paid his nightly devoirs to our hen-roost. The weather remained remarkably fine during the fall. Such Indian summer days used, once in a while, to visit us in New York, but here they seemed to be of the manor born, and we had them by the weekfull.

One day, during the fall, we heard a noise as of some one pounding on timber with a beetle. It was the first indication to us that we had neighbors living nearer than Goguac Prairie. We listened—the sound came from the south. A few days later we ascertained that Thomas Kewney, from the Isle of Man, was erecting a log house, some over a mile from us in that direction. And during the next month we found Jonathan Austin to the southwest, Luther Olds to the west, and Alexander Martin, from "sweet Ireland," to the northwest, all in newly-erected log cabins, and all within two miles of us. About the same distance to the southeast was Deacon Solomon Case, while south of him were Hiram Holcomb, John Crumb, and Allan Willard; and thence to the east were Dr. John Beach, Joseph Stewart, Laraway, and the Morehouses. To the north was an open glade, then finely wooded openings some two miles to the territorial road. Goguac Prairie was the same distance to the northeast.

Being established in the new home, we began to cast about us for means of subsistence. As was most usual, when the pioneer reached his lands here and erected his cabin, his money was all gone. We were left to our only resource—labor. This was all the capital we had. My brothers had cut hay for the cattle from the marsh near by. But we must have winter stores for the family and corn for the cattle, and pigs and hens. The two latter yet to be procured and paid for somehow or other. The settlement on Goguac was about five years old. This was our Egypt for wheat, corn, potatoes, and other necessary supplies. There we found a chance to husk corn and dig potatoes on shares, and by dint of various kinds of labor, we secured some wheat and pork. Many things were not to be had for money or labor. Here the rich and poor were on a level.

Wheat and corn suggested a grist mill. The nearest one was at Comstock, on the west, or Marshall, on the east; some seventeen miles to either of them.

There was a primitive grist mill some quarter of a mile from our home,

in a small Indian hamlet on the banks of a rush-bordered lake. On several occasions we had noticed the squaws grinding corn at this mill. It was constructed in this manner: A long pole or sapling was pinned to a tree, like a well sweep; a smaller pole was suspended from the elevated end of the sweep, the lower part of which was pestle-shaped; the top of a stump was hollowed out, to hold the corn. The sweep was then worked up and down by one of the squaws, while another steadied and directed the pestle, which, as it came down, mashed the corn in this crude mortar. We concluded not to take our grist to this mill; and as the Battle Creek mill was not running, we went to the one at Marshall. This, with an ox team, was a two or three days' trip. As wheat was scarce, and corn was more plenty, many settlers were compelled to live on "Johnny cake."

"How are you getting along, Mr. Olds?" said my mother to a neighbor, as he called to our house. "Oh," he replied, "we ain't getting along, we are only staying; it's mighty hard living on Johnny cake. I shall thank God, if we ever live to see the day when we can have wheat bread in our family the year round; I don't know as we ever shall; it will be a sort of millenium with us, when wheat bread takes its place on our table once more." Neighbor Olds has lived to see that day, and Michigan to be one of the greatest wheat-growing states in the Union.

As there was no wheat raised the first year, this was the discouraging time with the settler. Corn was sooner raised and hence "Johnny cake," for awhile was the staff of life.

Pork was scarce from the fact that hogs were scarce. The breeds then in vogue were the "wind-splitters," the "blue-racers," and the "third or fourth row-rooters."

Beef was scarce from the simple reason that there were so few cattle in the country. Everything of the cattle kind was used—the cow for milk and butter, and the ox for labor. A cow or stout heifer was sometimes worked by the side of an ox.

In the spring of 1837 provision of every kind was very scarce and very dear. Wheat was over two dollars per bushel, corn and oats very high where they could be bought at all; potatoes were ten shillings per bushel, and it was necessary to go to Prairie Ronde, a round trip of some sixty miles, to get them at that price. We gave thirteen dollars to Frank Thomas of Goguac, for a shoat of the wind-splitter breed, weighing probably sixty pounds, dressed. It was so lean it

would not fry itself. We had to boil it in half a dozen waters, and then it would not pass as "legal tender" with any one who knew what pork was. We would occasionally kill a deer, and then venison would supply our table with meat.

My father had brought five hundred pounds of codfish from New York. This we exchanged for pork with our neighbors. This exchanging of one thing for another was called "paying in dicker," a word found in old authors, but was not heretofore used in this country. This "dicker" was all the money we had in circulation, and was of denominations so various that we cannot name them here. Each settler was a banker, and all his movable property—large and small—was his bank stock. This he threw upon the market, as money and used it as such. He paid for an ox yoke by giving for it its equivalent in so many pounds of pork. This was the first original start of trade—giving the products of one kind of labor for those of another. Dicker was all the money the settler had until paper money or specie found its way into the settlement, and then this old banking system was abandoned.

The pioneer did not take the poet's advice—"neither a borrower nor a lender be." During the first decade of his life here he "spelled his way along" with the ax and the plow. Borrowing, sometimes, was the very means that helped him out of difficulty and set his enterprise going again. Everybody borrowed and everybody lent; and by it business was kept prosperous and suffering often avoided. If the thing needed could not be borrowed or paid for in dicker, necessity then took the settler into pupilage, and taught him how to make what he wanted, from an ax-helve or plow to a house and barn. Undergoing common hardships made friends and equals of all.

For developing neighborly traits, for leveling distinctions, and for carrying out the letter and spirit of the scriptural rule—"do as you would wish to be done by"—the settling of a new country is unsurpassed. It was here that a man went for what he was worth; not for his station or his wealth; whether American, Scotch, Irish, or what not, the man was taken into account—not the mantle.

If a settler went to mill he lent of his grist to every one who wished to borrow, at the log cabins he passed, on his road home. Sometimes, on reaching his house, of a large grist he would have but little left.

A shed constructed of logs, covered with marsh hay, answered for shed

and barn. The first crop of wheat, cut with the old hand-cradle, was bound, drawn and stacked near the shed. Near the stack a spot of earth was cleared and made smooth and hard for a threshing floor. On this floor the wheat was threshed, with the old flail. It was then cleaned of chaff by the old hand fan. In process of time, Dickey, of Marshall, made fanning mills, and the threshing machine made its appearance. Then, much labor was saved by their use.

During the winter and spring, when fodder became scarce, trees were cut down, and the cattle were driven to the tree-tops to browse on the buds and tender parts of the limbs. By this means, and sometimes only by this, the cattle were carried through the winter and spring.

In the sunny glade hard by the stream that ran through the farm was an Indian cornfield. The corn hills, with the stubble yet standing in them, marked the spot where the previous year Mr. "Lo" had been engaged in corn planting. The little mounds of earth showed where they had buried their corn. Their favorite camping ground was on the banks of the little lake above mentioned. This lake was made by the beavers. The dam, of their construction, was at its head. But the Indians, years gone by, had captured all the beavers and sold their skins to the French fur traders. The beavers had been succeeded by those other builders, the muskrats, who in turn took possession of this lake, and, erecting their houses, increased in numbers and flourished for many years.

The Indians getting their whisky at Angell's distillery, would come to their wigwams, here by the lake, and have their pow-wows. We could hear them yell and whoop, and see them dance and go through with their wild and grotesque antics. They would also engage in sports of the turf. Mounting their ponies they would ride with whip and yell, and wild halloo, and exulted in genuine Indian style over the pony that came out ahead. We remember no depredations they committed. A cold morning in winter one came to our house. He was tall and savage looking, with painted face, tomahawk and scalping knife in his belt, and gun in his hand. He "booshooed" himself into the house, and began in deep, guttural utterances, and fierce gesticulations, to tell about "che-mo-ko-man's"—pointing to the northwest—getting the deer he had shot. The Indian had shot a deer, and a settler finding it, ere the Indian came up, took it home. The red man tracked the settler to his cabin, where,

in the loft overhead, he found his deer secreted, and claimed it. The settler unheeding his claim, turned him out of doors. This act, and the injustice of taking his deer, made the Indian mad. For a time we all feared there would be a tragical end to this affair. But there was nothing more heard of it.

At another time a squaw came to the house, and seeing a small jug in the corner eagerly took it up, and cried out "whis-kee." My mother told her it was vinegar; she, shaking the jug, retorted: "You lie—whis-kee." The broomstick would have hit the squaw's head if she had not dodged and ran out of doors.

My brother was splitting rails alone in the woods one day, when an Indian, coming up behind him, saluted him with a boo shoo so unexpectedly, that he turned around to strike, with his beetle, some animal, he supposed, when he was confronted by a tall Pottawattomie; and the next thing he said was, "sam-mock-me-sam-mock," meaning tobacco. Giving him the only plug of tobacco he had, the Indian took it, bit off a piece, and putting the rest in his pocket, walked away. "That was cool," thought my brother, "and I five miles from another plug of tobacco."

'Tis said one of the old fur traders was accustomed to weigh the furs he bought of his Indian customers in the following manner: Putting the furs on one side of the scales he would say, "little finger weigh so much; two fingers, so much; one hand, so much; two hands, so much, and so on, bearing down on the scale with one finger or two, or with the hand, as the case might be.

During the winter of 1836, my brothers went to an evening party on Goguac Prairie. About midway through the woods they met a large bear directly in their path. Seeing that he was not disposed to get out of the way, they advanced toward him swinging their hats and yelling at the top of their voices. He grumblingly moved aside, and they passed on, well satisfied to get on so easily.

Heroic But Ineffectual Struggle of Verona to Outstrip Battle Creek.

By A. D. P. Van Buren.

Gen. Ezra Convis of Silver Creek, Chautauqua county, New York, in company with Nedebliah Angell, visited Michigan some time in 1832. They examined the location at Battle Creek and prospected about the county and returned to their homes well pleased with their new land. Mr. Convis' brother Samuel came the same season

and made a permanent location at Battle Creek.

Early in the spring of 1833 his family, together with the families of Nathaniel Barney and Nedebliah Angell, came to Battle Creek, occupying the block-house that Guernsey had built and which stood near the site of the late William M. Campbell's residence. Gen. Convis himself came in July, 1834.

He at once became interested in the affairs of the young colony, and took an active part in its enterprises. He, in connection with Mr. Barney, his father-in-law, became owner of one-half of what is known as the "Guernsey purchase," a tract of over eight hundred acres of land lying within the present limits of the city of Battle Creek. Here was a new and inviting field for one of Mr. Convis' active turn of mind, and he began the work in earnest. He also cast about him to see in what kind of a country he had pitched his tent. In taking views afoot of the region about his new home, he found a desirable location some mile and a half above the mouth of the Battle Creek, which included the rapids in the stream at that point. Here he at once saw that a water-power could be obtained, and also in this locality there was the making of a town. He consequently selected eight acres of land covering the water-power, and congratulated himself that in this purchase he was buying a prospective village. He bought other lands in the vicinity and in other parts of the territory. He also, with Gov. Ransom, Sands McCamly, and Moses and Tolman W. Hall, purchased a tract of land now covered by the village of Augusta. They afterward dug the canal that constitutes the water-power there, erected mills, and thus really founded the town.

Gen. Convis, in 1835, sold out his one-half interest in the Guernsey property to Jonathan Hart and his brothers-in-law, Abraham, Joseph and Isaac Merritt, and gave his interest in the water-power at Battle Creek to Sands McCamly, provided he would improve it.

He now turned his entire attention to building up a town on his former purchase north of Battle Creek. Under his management he soon began to see the village that he had in contemplation, actually springing up about him.

Let us contrast the busy scene going on there in 1838, under his supervision, with the one going on some mile and a half down the stream at the same time. They had then at Battle Creek, a saw-mill, grist mill, blacksmith shop, tavern, and two stores;

with a doctor, lawyer, and various mechanics. They had very much the same at the rival town, Verona. Deacon David N. Salter was running the saw-mill; Col. Stewart had built the grist mill; William Stewart was hammering iron at his forge; Willard Mills and Ashley worked at tailoring; and the mechanics at their trades; David Caldwell kept the tavern and he and his brother John had a cabinet shop; David H. Daniels, Sylvester Mills, and Jeremiah Teed were selling dry goods; Brown and Brigham were doing the same; Dr. Rhodes was attending the sick; and Felix Duffie and Gillispie did the pettifogging. The above-named persons and their families, with a number of other families constituted the inhabitants of Verona. Battle Creek had the most houses and may have had the most trade.

But for awhile Verona was its rival, and it was thought, that had Gen. Convis lived, he, through his influence in the legislature, would have secured the railroad for his own town, thus depriving his rival neighbor of that great aid in building up a place. But his death in the winter of 1837-38 changed the course of affairs at Verona. The town never grew much after that. Battle Creek got the railroad and soon became the busy, thriving town, growing rapidly year after year, as the country became more and more settled, till it became a flourishing city. In the meanwhile its old pioneer competitor, Verona, that had started life here in the woods, about the same time, and under circumstances fully as favorable, now found herself left behind in the race for wealth and preferment. For it was soon apparent that Battle Creek was the business center of the surrounding country, and the once ambitious Verona lost all hopes of ever being a rival or a large town, and finally gave up the struggle; and gradually falling back, it disappeared from the list of villages. Gen. Convis was elected, in 1835, a member of the lower house of our first legislature, and was made the first speaker of that house. He was re-elected a representative for the second term. It was during the winter of 1837-38 while attending the legislature in Detroit, he, with a number, was invited by Mr. Ten Eyck, the famous old landlord, to attend the wedding of his daughter, at his well known tavern, some ten miles from the city. The party went to the wedding in sleighs. It was while on their way back to Detroit that the sleigh upset and Gen. Convis was seriously injured, I think in the side. He was taken to the city, and his wife sent for, but he never recovered.

The first party in Battle Creek was at Gen. Convis' house, on "New Year's Eve," in 1836. He is thus spoken of at this time: "The gentlemanly and courteous host presided at the table, with his accustomed ease and dignity." Gen. Ezra Convis has left a good record, which will ever retain a prominent place in the early history of Battle Creek. He was a most worthy and honorable man. Mrs. John VanArman, his daughter, lives in Chicago, his sons, Albert and Ezra, live in other parts of the country.

The following is quoted from "Oak Openings," by J. Fenimore Cooper, as descriptive of this section of Michigan just prior to its settlement:

The region was, in one sense, wild, though it offered a picture that was not without some of the strongest and most pleasing features of civilization. The country was what is termed "rolling," from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean when it is just undulating with a long "groundswell." Although wooded, it was not as the American forest is wont to grow, with tall, straight trees towering towards the light, but with intervals between the low oaks that were scattered profusely over the view, and with much of that air of negligence that one is apt to see in grounds where art is made to assume the character of nature. The trees, with very few exceptions, were what is called the "burr oak," a small variety of a very extensive genus; and the spaces between them, always irregular, and often of singular beauty, have obtained the name of "openings;" the two terms combined giving their appellation to this particular species of native forest, under the name of "Oak Openings."

These woods, so peculiar to certain districts of country, are not altogether without some variety, though possessing a general character of sameness. The trees were of very uniform size, being little taller than pear-trees, which they resemble a good deal in form; and having trunks that rarely attain two feet in diameter. The variety is produced by their distribution. In places they stand with a regularity resembling that of an orchard; then, again, they are more scattered and less formal, while wide breadths of the land are occasionally seen in which they stand in copses, with vacant spaces, that bear no small affinity to artificial lawns, being covered with verdure. The grasses are supposed to be owing to the fires lighted periodically by the Indians in order to clear their hunting grounds.

Towards one of these grassy glades,

which was spread on an almost imperceptible acclivity, and which might have contained fifty or sixty acres of land, the reader is now requested to turn his eyes. Far in the wilderness as was the spot, four men were there, and two of them had even some of the appliances of civilization about them. The woods around were the then unpeopled forest of Michigan, and the small winding reach of placid water that was just visible in the distance was an elbow of the Kalamazoo, a beautiful little river that flows westward, emptying its tribute into the vast expanse of Lake Michigan. Now, this river has already become known, by its villages and farms, and railroads and mills; but then, not a dwelling of more pretension than the wigwam of the Indian, or an occasional shanty of some white adventurer, had ever been seen on its banks. In that day the whole of that fine peninsula, with the exception of a narrow belt of country along the Detroit river, which was settled by the French as far back as near the close of the seventeenth century, was literally a wilderness. If a white man found his way into it, it was as an Indian trader, a hunter, or an adventurer in some other of the pursuits connected with border life and the habits of the savages.

Of this last character were two of the men on the open glade just mentioned, while their companions were of the race of the aborigines. What is much more remarkable, the four were absolutely strangers to each other's faces, having met for the first time in their lives only an hour previously to the commencement of our tale. By saying that they were strangers to each other, we do not mean that the white men were acquaintances, and the Indians strangers, but that neither of the four had ever seen either of the party until they met on that grassy glade, though fame had made them somewhat acquainted through their reputations. At the moment when we desire to present this group to the imagination of the reader, three of its number were grave and silent observers of the movements of the fourth. The fourth individual was of middle size, young, active, exceedingly well formed, and with a certain open and frank expression of countenance that rendered him at least well-looking, though slightly marked with the smallpox. His real name was Benjamin Boden, though he was extensively known throughout the northwestern territories by the sobriquet of Ben Buzz—extensively as to distances, if not as to people. By the voyageurs, and other French of that region, he was almost universally styled Le Bour-

don, or the "Drone;" not, however, from his idleness or inactivity, but from the circumstance that he was notorious for laying his hands on the products of labor that proceeded from others. In a word, Ben Boden was a "bee-hunter," and as he was one of the first to exercise his craft in that portion of the country, so was he infinitely the most skillful and prosperous. The honey of Le Bourdon was not only thought to be purer and of higher flavor than that of any other trader in the article, but it was much the most abundant. There were a score of respectable families on the two banks of the Detroit who never purchased of any one else, but who patiently waited for the arrival of the capacious bark canoe of Buzz, in the autumn, to lay in their supplies of this savory nutriment for the approaching winter. The whole family of griddle cakes, including those of buckwheat, Indian, rice, and wheaten flour, were more or less dependent on the safe arrival of Le Bourdon for their popularity and welcome. Honey was eaten with all; and wild honey had a reputation, rightfully or not obtained, that even rendered it more welcome than that which was formed by the labor and art of the domesticated bee.

The dress of Le Bourdon was well adapted to his pursuits and life. He wore a hunting-shirt and trowsers, made of thin stuff, which was dyed green, and trimmed with yellow fringe. This was the ordinary forest attire of the American rifleman; being of a character, as it was thought, to conceal the person in the woods, by blending its hues with those of the forest. On his head Ben wore a skin cap, somewhat smartly made, but without the fur; the weather being warm. His moccasins were a good deal wrought, but seemed to be fading under the exposure of many marches. His arms were excellent; but all his martial accoutrements, even to a keen, long-bladed knife, were suspended from the rammer of his rifle; the weapon itself being allowed to lean, in careless confidence, against the trunk of the nearest oak, as if their master felt there was no immediate use for them.

Not so with the other three. Not only was each man well armed, but each man kept his trusty rifle hugged to his person, in a sort of jealous watchfulness; while the other white man, from time to time, secretly, but with great minuteness, examined the flint and priming of his own piece. This second pale-face was a very different person from him just described. He was still young, tall, sinewy, gaunt, yet springy and strong, stooping and round-shouldered, with a face that car-

ried a very decided top-light in it, like that of the notorious Bardolph. In short, whiskey had dyed the countenance of Gershom Waring with a tell-tale hue, that did not less infallibly betray his destination than his speech denoted his origin, which was clearly from one of the states of New England. But Gershom had been so long at the Northwest as to have lost many of his peculiar habits and opinions, and to have obtained substitutes.

Of the Indians, one, an elderly, wary, experienced warrior, was a Potawatamie, named Elksfoot, who was well-known at all the trading-houses and "garrisons" of the Northwestern Territory, including Michigan, as low down as Detroit itself. The other red-man was a young Chippewa, or Ojebway, as the civilized natives of that nation now tell us the word should be spelled. His ordinary appellation among his own people was that of Pigeonwing; a name obtained from the rapidity and length of his flights. This young man, who was scarcely turned of five-and-twenty, had already obtained a high reputation among the numerous tribes of his nation as a messenger or "runner."

Accident had brought these four persons, each and all strangers to one another, in communication in the glade of the Oak Openings, which has already been mentioned, within half an hour of the scene we are about to present to the reader. Although the rencontre had been accompanied by the usual precautions of those who meet in a wilderness, it had been friendly so far; a circumstance that was in some measure owing to the interest they all took in the occupation of the bee-hunter. The three others, indeed, had come in on different trails, and surprised Le Bourdon in the midst of one of the most exciting exhibitions of his art—an exhibition that awoke so much and so common an interest in the spectators as at once to place its continuance for the moment above all other considerations. After brief salutations, and wary examinations of the spot and its tenants, each individual had, in succession, given his grave attention to what was going on, and all had united in begging Ben Buzz to pursue his occupation, without regard to his visitors. The conversation that took place was partly in English, and partly in one of the Indian dialects, which luckily, all the parties appeared to understand. As a matter of course, with a sole view to oblige the reader, we shall render what was said, freely, into the vernacular.

"Let's see, let's see, stranger," cried Gershom, emphasizing the syllable

we have put in italics, as if especially to betray his origin, "what you can do with your tools. I've heer'n tell of such doin's, but never see'd a bee lined in all my life, and have a desp'rate fancy for larnin' of all sorts, from 'rithmetic to preachin'."

"That comes from your Puritan blood," answered Le Bourdon, with a quiet smile, using surprisingly pure English for one in his class of life. "They tell me you Puritans preach by instinct."

"I don't know now that is," answered Gershom, "though I can turn my hand to anything. I heer'n tell, across at Bob Ruly (Bois Brule), of sich doin's, and would give a week's keep at Whiskey Centre to know how 't was done."

"Whiskey Centre" was a soubriquet bestowed by the fresh-water sailors of that region, and the few other white adventurers of Saxon origin, firstly on Gershom himself, and secondly on his residence. These names were obtained from the intensity of their respective characters in favor of the beverage named. L'eau de mort was the place termed by the voyageurs, in a sort of pleasant travesty on the eau de vie of their distant, but still well-remembered manufactures on the banks of the Garonne. Ben Boden, however, paid but little attention to the drawling remarks of Gershom Waring. This was not the first time he had heard of "Whiskey Centre," though the first time he had ever seen the man himself. His attention was on his own trade, or present occupation; and when it wandered at all, it was principally bestowed on the Indians; more especially on the runner. Of Elk's foot, or Elksfoot, as we prefer to spell it, he had some knowledge by means of rumor; and the little he knew rendered him somewhat more indifferent to his proceedings than he felt towards those of the Pigeonwing. Of this young red-skin he had never heard; and while he managed to suppress all exhibition of the feeling a lively curiosity to learn the Chippewa's business was uppermost in his mind. As for Gershom, he had taken his measure at a glance, and had instantly set him down to be what in truth he was, a wandering, drinking, reckless adventurer, who had a multitude of vices and bad qualities, mixed up with a few that, if not absolutely redeeming, served to diminish the disgust in which he might otherwise have been held by all decent people. In the mean while, the bee-hunting, in which all the spectators took so much interest, went on. As this is a process with which most of our readers are probably unacquainted

it may be necessary to explain the *modus operandi*, as well as the appliances used.

The tools of Ben Buzz, as Gershom had termed these implements of his trade, were neither very numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small, covered wooden pail like those that artisans and laborers are accustomed to carry for the purpose of conveying their food from place to place. Uncovering this, Le Bourdon had brought his implements to view, previously to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small covered cup of tin; a wooden box; a sort of plate, or platter, made also of wood; and a common tumbler, of a very inferior, greenish glass. In the year 1812 there was not a pane, nor a vessel, of clear, transparent glass made in all America! Now, some of the most beautiful manufactures of that sort known to civilization are abundantly produced among us, in common with a thousand other articles that are used in domestic economy. Blurred, and of a greenish hue, the glass was the best that Pittsburg could then fabricate, and Ben had bought it only the year before, on the very spot where it had been made.

An oak, of more size than usual, had stood a little remote from its fellows, or more within the open ground of the glade than the rest of the "orchard." Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, twisting off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. Several fragments of the body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the bee-hunter. Of the stump Ben had made a sort of table, first leveling its splinters with an axe, and on it he placed the several implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession.

The wooden platter was first placed on this rude table. Then Le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece of honey-comb that was circular in shape and about an inch and a half in diameter. The little covered tin vessel was next brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured from its spout into the cells of the piece of comb until each of them was about half filled. The tumbler was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined, by holding it up before the eyes of the bee-hunter. Certainly there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the glass in order to see what was going on in its interior.

Having made these preliminary arrangements, Buzzing Ben—for the sou-briquet was applied to him in this form quite as often as in the other—next turned his attention to the velvet-like covering of the grassy glade. Fire had run over the whole region late that spring, and the grass was now as fresh and sweet and short as if the place were pastured. The white clover, in particular, abounded, and was then just bursting forth into the blossom. Various other flowers had also appeared, and around them were buzzing thousands of bees. These industrious little animals were hard at work, loading themselves with sweets, little foreseeing the robbery contemplated by the craft of man. As Le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visitors, the eyes of the two red-men followed his smallest movement, as the cat watches the mouse; but Gershom was less attentive, thinking the whole curious enough, but preferring whiskey to all the honey on earth.

At length Le Bourdon found a bee to his mind, and watching the moment when the animal was sipping sweets from a head of white clover, he cautiously placed his blurred and green-looking tumbler over it, and made it his prisoner. The moment the bee found itself encircled with the glass, it took wing and attempted to rise. This carried it to the upper part of its prison, when Ben carefully introduced the unoccupied hand beneath the glass, and returned to the stump. Here he set the tumbler down on the platter in a way to bring the piece of honey-comb within its circle.

So much done successfully, and with very little trouble, Buzzing Ben examined his captive for a moment, to make sure that all was right. Then he took off his cap and placed it over tumbler, platter, honey-comb, and bee. He now waited half a minute, when cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive came over it, had lighted on the comb, and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap altogether, the head, and half of the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole attention being bestowed on this unlooked-for hoard of treasure. As this was just what its captor wished, he considered that part of his work accomplished. It now became apparent why a glass was used to take the bee, instead of a vessel of wood or of bark. Transparency was necessary in order to watch the movements of the captive, as darkness was necessary in order to induce it to

cease its efforts to escape, and to settle on the comb.

As the bee was now intently occupied in filling itself, Buzzing Ben, or Le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and to make another captive, which he placed over the comb, and managed as he had done with the first. In a minute, the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near.

"There they are, hard at work with the honey," he said, speaking in English, and pointing at the bees. "Little do they think, as they undermine that comb, how near they are to the undermining of their own hive! But so it is with us all. When we think we are in the highest prosperity we may be nearest to a fall, and when we are poorest and humblest, we may be about to be exalted. I often think of these things, out here in the wilderness, when I'm alone, and my thoughts are actyve."

Ben used a very pure English, when his condition in life is remembered; but, now and then, he encountered a word which pretty plainly proved he was not exactly a scholar. A false emphasis has sometimes an influence on a man's fortune, when one lives in the world; but it mattered little to one like Buzzing Ben, who seldom saw more than half a dozen human faces in the course of a whole summer's hunting. We remember an Englishman, however, who would never concede talents to Burr, because the latter said, a l'Americaïne, European, instead of European. (Accent on the "o" in the first instance, and on the "e" in the last.)

"How hive in danger?" demanded Elksfoot, who was very much of a matter-of-fact person. "No see him, no hear him—else got some honey."

"Honey you can have for the asking, for I've plenty of it already in my cabin, though it's somewhat 'arly in the season to begin to break in upon the store. In general, the bee-hunters keep back till August for they think it better to commence work when the creatures,"—this word Ben pronounced as accurately as if brought up at St. James's, making it neither "creatur'" nor "creatoore"—"to commence work when the creatures have had time to fill up, after their winter's feed. But I like the old stock, and, what is more, I feel satisfied this is not to be a common summer, and so I thought I would make an early start."

As Ben said this, he glanced his eyes at Pigeonswing, who returned

the look in a way to prove there was already a secret intelligence between them, though neither had ever seen the other an hour before.

"Waal!" exclaimed Gershom, "this is cur'ous, I'll allow that; yet, it's cur'ous—but we've got an article at Whiskey Centre that'll put the sweetest honey bee ever suck'd altogether out o' countenance!"

"An article of which you suck your share, friend, I'll answer for it, judging by the sign you carry between the windows of your face," returned Ben, laughing; "but hush, men, hush. That first bee is filled, and begins to think of home. He'll soon be off for Honey Centre, and I must keep my eye on him. Now stand a little aside, friends, and give me room for my craft."

The men complied, and Le Bourdon was now all intense attention to his business. The bee first taken had, indeed, filled itself to satiety, and at first seemed to be too heavy to rise on the wing. After a few moments of preparation, however, up it went, circling around the spot, as if uncertain what course to take. The eye of Ben never left it, and when the insect darted off, as soon it did, in an air-line, he saw it for fifty yards after the others had lost sight of it. Ben took the range, and was silent fully a minute while he did so.

"That bee may have lighted in the corner of yonder swamp," he said, pointing, as he spoke, to a bit of low land that sustained a growth of much larger trees than those which grew in the "opening" if it has not crossed the point of the wood, and struck across the prairie beyond, and made for a bit of thick forest that is to be found about three miles farther. In the last case, I shall have my trouble for nothing."

"What t'other do?" demanded Elksfoot, with very obvious curiosity.

"Sure enough; the other gentleman must be nearly ready for a start, and we'll see what road he travels. 'Tis always an assistance to a bee-hunter to get one creature fairly off, as it helps him to line the next with greater sartainty."

Ben would say actyve and sartain, though he was above saying creatoore, or creatur'. This is the difference between a Pennsylvanian and a Yankee. We shall not stop, however, to note all these little peculiarities in these individuals, but use the proper or the peculiar dialect, as may happen to be most convenient to ourselves.

But there was no time for disquisition, the second bee being now ready for a start. Like his companion, this insect rose and encircled the stump

several times ere it darted away towards its hive, in an air-line. So small was the object, and so rapid its movement, that no one but the bee-hunter saw the animal after it had begun its journey in earnest. To his disappointment, instead of flying in the same direction as the bee first taken, this little fellow went buzzing off fairly at a right angle! It was consequently clear that there were two hives, and that they lay in very different directions.

Without wasting his time in useless talk, Le Bourdon now caught another bee, which was subjected to the same process as those first taken. When this creature had filled itself, it rose, circled the stump as usual, as if to note the spot for a second visit, and darted away, directly in a line with the bee first taken. Ben noted its flight most accurately, and had his eye on it until it was quite a hundred yards from the stump. This he was enabled to do by means of a quick sight and long practice.

"We'll move our quarters, friends," said Buzzing Ben, good-humoredly, as soon as satisfied with this last observation, and gathering together his traps for a start. "I must angle for that hive, and I fear it will turn out to be across the prairie, and quite beyond my reach for today."

The prairie alluded to was one of those small, natural meadows, or pastures, that are to be found in Michigan, and may have contained four or five thousand acres of open land. The heavy timber of the swamp mentioned jutted into it, and the point to be determined was, to ascertain whether the bees had flown over these trees, towards which they had certainly gone in an air-line, or whether they had found their hive among them. In order to settle this material question, a new process was necessary.

"I must 'angle' for them chaps," repeated Le Bourdon; "and if you will go with me, strangers, you shall soon see the nicest part of the business of bee-hunting. Many a man who can 'line' a bee can do nothing at an 'angle.'"

As this was only gibberish to the listeners, no answer was made, but all prepared to follow Ben, who was soon ready to change his ground. The bee-hunter took his way across the open ground to a point fully a hundred rods distant from his first position, where he found another stump of a fallen tree, which he converted into a stand. The same process was gone through with as before, and Le Bourdon was soon watching two bees that had plunged their heads down into the cells of the comb. Nothing could exceed the gravity and attention of the

Indians all this time. They had fully comprehended the business of "lining" the insects towards their hives, but they could not understand the virtue of the "angle." The first bore so strong an affinity to their own pursuit of game as to be very obvious to their senses; but the last included a species of information to which they were total strangers. Nor were they much the wiser after Le Bourdon had taken his "angle;" it requiring a sort of induction to which they were not accustomed, in order to put the several parts of his proceedings together, and to draw the inference. As for Gershon, he affected to be familiar with all that was going on, though he was just as ignorant as the Indians themselves. This little bit of hypocrisy was the homage paid to his white blood; it being very unseemly, according to his view of the matter, for a pale-face not to know more than a red-skin.

The bees were some little time in filling themselves. At length one of them came out of his cell, and was evidently getting ready for his flight. Ben beckoned to the spectators to stand farther back, in order to give him a fair chance, and, just as he had done so, the bee rose. After humming around the stump for an instant, away the insect flew, taking a course almost at right angles to that in which Le Bourdon had expected to see it fly. It required half a minute for him to recollect that this little creature had gone off in a line nearly parallel to that which had been taken by the second of the bees, which he had seen quit his original position. The line led across the neighboring prairie, and any attempt to follow these bees was hopeless.

But the second creature was soon ready, and when it darted away, Le Bourdon, to his manifest delight, saw that it held its flight towards the point of the swamp, into or over which two of his first captives had also gone. This settled the doubtful matter. Had the hive of these bees been beyond that wood, the angle of intersection would not have been there, but at the hive across the prairie. The reader will understand that creatures which obey an instinct, or such a reason as bees possess, would never make a curvature in their flights without some strong motive for it. Thus, two bees taken from flowers that stood half a mile apart would be certain not to cross each other's tracks, in returning home, until they met at the common hive; and wherever the intersecting angle in their respective flights might be, there would that hive be also. As this repository of sweets was the

game Le Bourdon had in view, it is easy to see how much he was pleased when the direction taken by the last of his bees gave him the necessary assurance that its home would certainly be found in that very point of dense woods.

CHAPTER II.

How skillfully it builds its cell,

How neat it spreads the wax,

And labors hard to store it well,

With the sweet food it makes.

—Watts's Hymns for Children.

The next thing was to ascertain which was the particular tree in which the bees had found a shelter. Collecting his implements, Le Bourdon was soon ready, and with a light, elastic tread he moved off towards the point of the wood, followed by the whole party. The distance was about half a mile, and men so much accustomed to use their limbs made light of it. In a few moments all were there, and the bee-hunter was busy in looking for his tree. This was the consummation of the whole process, and Ben was not only provided for the necessities of the case, but he was well skilled in all the signs that betokened the abodes of bees.

An uninstructed person might have passed that point of wood a thousand times, without the least consciousness of the presence of a single insect of the sort now searched for. In general the bees flew too high to be easily perceptible from the ground, though a practiced eye can discern them at distances that would almost seem to be marvelous. But Ben had other assistance than his eyes. He knew that the tree he sought must be hollow, and such trees usually give outward signs of the defect that exists within. Then, some species of wood are more frequented by the bees than others, while the instinct of the industrious little creatures generally enables them to select such homes as will not be very likely to destroy all the fruits of their industry by an untimely fall. In all these particulars, both bees and bee-hunter were well versed, and Ben made his search accordingly.

Among the other implements of his calling, Le Bourdon had a small spy-glass; one scarcely larger than those that are used in theatres, but which was powerful and every way suited to its purposes. Ben was not long in selecting a tree, a half-decayed elm, as the one likely to contain the hive; and by the aid of his glass he soon saw bees flying among its dying branches, at a height of not less than seventy feet from the ground. A little further search directed his attention to a knot-hole, in and out of which

the glass enabled him to see bees passing in streams. This decided the point; and putting aside all his implements but the axe, Buzzing Ben now set about the task of felling the tree.

"Stranger," said Gershom, when Le Bourdon had taken out the first chip, "perhaps you'd better let me do that part of the job. I shall expect to come in for a share of the honey, and I'm willing to 'arn all I take. I was brought up on axes, and jackknives, and sich sort of food, and can cut, or whittle, with the best chopper, or the neatest whittler, in or out of New England."

"You can try your hand if you wish it," said Ben, relinquishing the axe. "I can fell a tree as well as yourself, but have no such love for the business as to wish to keep it all to myself."

"Waal, I can say, I like it," answered Gershom, first passing his thumb along the edge of the axe, in order to ascertain its state; then swinging the tool with a view to try its "hang."

"I can't say much for your axe, stranger, for this helve has no tarve to 't, to my mind; but sich as it is, down must come this elm, though ten millions of bees should set upon me for my pains."

This was no idle boast of Waring's. Worthless as he was in so many respects, he was remarkably skillful with the axe, as he now proved by the rapid manner in which he severed the trunk of the large elm on which he was at work. He inquired of Ben where he should "lay the tree," and when it came clattering down it fell on the precise spot indicated. Great was the confusion among the bees at this sudden downfall of their long cherished home. The fact was not known to their enemy, but they had inhabited that tree for a long time; and the prize now obtained was the richest he had ever made in his calling. As for the insects, they filled the air in clouds, and all the invaders deemed it prudent to withdraw to some little distance for a time, lest the irritated and wronged bees should set upon them and take an ample revenge. Had they known their power, this might easily have been done, no ingenuity of man being able to protect him against the assaults of this insignificant-looking animal, when unable to cover himself, and the angry little heroes are in earnest. On the present occasion, however, no harm befell the marauders. So suddenly had the hive tumbled, that its late occupants appeared to be astounded, and they submitted to their fate as men yield to the power of tempests and earthquakes. In half an hour most

of them were collected on an adjacent tree, where, doubtless, a consultation on the mode of future proceedings was held, after their fashion.

The Indians were more delighted with Le Bourdon's ingenious mode of discovering the hive than with the richness of the prize; while Ben, himself, and Gershom, manifested most satisfaction at the amount of the earnings. When the tree was cut in pieces and split, it was ascertained that years of sweets were contained within its capacious cavities, and Ben estimated the portion that fell to his share at more than three hundred pounds of good honey—comb included—after deducting the portions that were given to the Indians, and which were abstracted by Gershom. The three last, however, could carry but little, as they had no other means of bearing it away than their own backs.

The honey was not collected that night. The day was too far advanced for that; and Le Bourdon—certainly never was name less merited than this soubriquet, as applied to the active young bee-hunter—but Le Bourdon, to give him his quaint appellation, offered the hospitalities of his own cabin to the strangers, promising to put them on their several paths the succeeding day, with a good store of honey in each knapsack.

"They do say there ar' likely to be troublesome times," he continued, with simple earnestness, after having given the invitation to partake of his homely fare; "and I should like to hear what is going on in the world. From Whiskey Centre I do not expect to learn much, I will own, but I am mistaken if the Pigeonswing here has not a message that will make us all open our ears."

The Indians ejaculated their assent; but Gershom was a man who could not express anything sententiously. As the bee-hunter led the way towards his cabin, or shanty, he made his comments with his customary freedom. Before recording what he communicated, however, we shall digress for one moment in order to say a word ourselves concerning this term "shanty." It is now in general use throughout the whole of the United States, meaning a cabin that has been constructed in haste, and for temporary purposes. By a license of speech, it is occasionally applied to more permanent residences, as men are known to apply familiar epithets to familiar objects. The derivation of the word has caused some speculation. The term certainly came from the West,—perhaps from the Northwest,—and the best explanation we have ever heard of its derivation is to suppose "shan-

ty," as we now spell it, a corruption of "chiente," which it is thought may have been a word in Canadian French phrase to express a "dog-kennel." "Chenil," we believe, is the true French term for such a thing, and our own word is said to be derived from it—"mente" meaning "a kennel of dogs," or "a pack of hounds," rather than their dwelling. At any rate, "chiente" is so plausible a solution of the difficulty that one may hope it is the true one, even though he has no better authority for it than a very vague rumor. Curious discoveries are sometimes made by these rude analogies, however, though they are generally thought not to be very near akin to learning. For ourselves, now we do not entertain a doubt that the soubriquet of "Yankees," which is in every man's mouth, and of which the derivation appears to puzzle all our philologists, is nothing but a slight corruption of the word "Yengeese," the term applied to the "English" by the tribes to whom they first became known. We have no other authority for this derivation than conjecture and conjectures that are purely our own; but it is so very plausible as almost to carry conviction of itself.

The "chiente," or shanty of Le Bourdon, stood quite near to the banks of the Kalamazoo, and in a most beautiful grove of the burr oak. Ben had selected the site with much taste, though the proximity of a spring of delicious water had probably its full share in influencing his decision. It was necessary, moreover, that he should be near the river, as his great movements were all made by water, for the convenience of transporting his tools, furniture, etc., as well as his honey. A famous bark canoe lay in a little bay, out of the current of the stream, securely moored, head and stern, in order to prevent her beating against any object harder than herself.

The dwelling had been constructed with some attention to security. This was rendered necessary, in some measure, as Ben had found by experience, on account of two classes of enemies—men and bears. From the first, it is true, the bee-hunter had hitherto apprehended but little. There were few human beings in that region. The northern portions of the noble peninsula of Michigan are somewhat low and swampy, or are too broken and savage to tempt the native hunters from the openings and prairies that then lay, in such rich profusion, farther south and west. With the exception of the shores, or coasts, it was seldom that the northern half of the peninsula felt the footstep of man.

With the southern half, however, it was very different; the "openings" and glades and water-courses offering almost as many temptations to the savage as they have since done the civilized man. Nevertheless, the bison, or the buffalo, as the animal is erroneously, but very generally termed throughout the country, was not often found in the vast herds of which we read, until one reached the great prairies west of the Mississippi. There it was that the red-man most loved to congregate; though always bearing, in numbers, but a trifling proportion to the surface they occupied. In that day, however, near as to the date, but distant as to the events, the Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, kindred tribes, we believe, had still a footing in Michigan proper, and were to be found in considerable numbers in what was called the St. Joseph's country, or along the banks of the stream of that name; a region that almost merits the lofty appellation of the garden of America. Le Bourdon knew many of their warriors, and was much esteemed among them; though he had never met with either of those whom chance now had thrown in his way. In general, he suffered little wrong from the red-men, who wondered at his occupation, while they liked his character; but he had sustained losses, and even ill treatment, from certain outcasts of the tribes, as well as from vagrant whites, who occasionally found their way to his temporary dwellings. On the present occasion, Le Bourdon felt far more uneasiness from the circumstance of having his abode known to Gershom Waring, a countryman, and fellow Christian, in one sense, at least, than from its being known to the Chippewa and the Pottawattamie.

The bears were constant and dangerous sources of annoyance to the bee-hunter. It was not often that an armed man—and Le Bourdon seldom moved without his rifle—has much to apprehend from the common brown bear of America. Though a formidable looking animal, especially when full grown, it is seldom bold enough to attack a human being; nothing but hunger or care for its young ever inducing it to go so much out of the ordinary track of its habits. But the love of the bear for honey amounts to a passion. Not only will it devise all sorts of bearish expedients to get at the sweet morsels, but it will scent them from afar. On one occasion, a family of Bruins had looked into a shanty of Ben's that was not constructed with sufficient care, and consummated their burglary by demolishing the last comb. That disaster al-

most ruined the adventurer, then quite young in his calling; and ever since its occurrence he had taken the precaution to build such a citadel as should at least set teeth and paws at defiance. To one who had an axe, with access to young pines, this was not a difficult task, as was proved by the present habitation of our hero.

This was the second season that Le Bourdon had occupied "Castle Meal," as he himself called the shanty. This appellation was a corruption of "Chateau au Miel," a name given to it by a wag of a voyageur, who had aided Ben in ascending the Kalamazoo the previous summer, and had remained long enough with him to help him put up his habitation. The building was just twelve feet square, in the interior, and somewhat less than fourteen on its exterior. It was made of pine logs, in the usual mode, with the additional security of possessing a roof of squared timbers, of which the several parts were so nicely fitted together as to shed rain. This unusual precaution was rendered necessary to protect the honey, since the bears would have unroofed the common bark coverings of the shanties with the readiness of human beings, in order to get at stores as ample as those which the bee-hunter had soon collected beneath his roof. There was one window of glass, which Le Bourdon had brought in his canoe; though it was a single sash of six small lights that opened on hinges; the exterior being protected by stout bars of riven oak securely let into the logs. The door was made of three thicknesses of oaken plank, pinned well together, and swinging on stout iron hinges so secured as not to be easily removed. Its outside fastening was made by means of two stout staples, a short piece of ox-chain, and an unusually heavy padlock. Nothing short of an iron bar, and that cleverly applied, could force this fastening. On the inside, three bars of oak rendered all secure when the master was at home.

"You set consid'able store by your honey, I guess, stranger," said Gershom, as Le Bourdon unlocked the fastenings and removed the chain, "if a body may judge by the kear (care) you take on! Now, down our way, we an't half so partic'lar; Dolly and Blossom never so much as putting up a bar to the door, even when I sleep out, which is about half the time, now the summer is fairly set in."

"And whereabouts is 'down our way,' if one may be so bold as to ask the question?" returned Le Bourdon, holding the door half opened, while he turned his face towards the other, in expectation of the answer.

"Why, down at Whiskey Centre, to be sure, as the v'y'gerers and other boatmen call the place."

"And where is Whiskey Centre?" demanded Ben, a little pertinaciously.

"Why, I thought everybody would a' known that," answered Gershom; "sin' whiskey is as drawin' as a blister. Whiskey Centre is just where I happen to live; bein' what a body may call a travelin' name. As I'm now down at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, why Whiskey Centre's there, too."

"I understand the matter, now," answered Le Bourdon, composing his well-formed mouth in a sort of contemptuous smile. "You and whiskey, being sworn friends, are always to be found in company. When I came into the river, which was the last week in April, I saw nothing like whiskey, nor anything like a Centre at the mouth."

"If you'd a' be'n a fortnight later, stranger, you'd a' found both. Travelin' Centres, and stationary, differs somewhat, I guess; one is always to be found, while t'other must be s'arched a'ter."

"And pray who are Dolly and Blossom; I hope the last is not a whiskey blossom?"

"Not she; she never touches a spoonful, though I tell her it never hurt mortal! She tries hard to reason me into it that it hurts me; but that's all a mistake, as anybody can see that jest looks at me."

Ben did look at him; and, to say truth, came to a somewhat different conclusion.

"Is she so blooming that you call her 'Blossom?'" demanded the bee-hunter, "or is she so young?"

"The gal's a little of both. Dolly is my wife, and Blossom is my sister. The real name of Blossom is Margery Waring, but everybody calls her Blossom; and so I gi'n into it, with the rest on 'em."

It is probable that Le Bourdon lost a good deal of his interest in this flower of the wilderness as soon as he learned she was so nearly related to the Whiskey Centre. Gershom was so very uninviting an object, and had so many palpable marks that he had fairly earned the nick-name which, as it afterwards appeared, the western adventurers had given him, as well as his abode, wherever the last might be, that no one of decently sober habits could readily fancy anything belonging to him. At any rate, the bee-hunter now led the way into his cabin, whither he was followed without unnecessary ceremony, by all three of his guests.

The interior of the chiente, to use the most poetical if not the most accurate word, was singularly clean for

an establishment set up by a bachelor, in so remote a part of the world. The honey, in neat, well-constructed kegs, was carefully piled along one side of the apartment, in a way to occupy the minimum of room, and to be rather ornamental than unsightly. These kegs were made by Le Bourdon himself, who had acquired as much of the art as was necessary to that object. The woods always furnished the materials; and a pile of staves that was placed beneath a neighboring tree sufficiently denoted that he did not yet deem that portion of his task completed.

In one corner of the hut was a pile of well-dressed bear skins, three in number each and all of which had been from the carcasses of fallen foes within the last two months. Three more were stretched on saplings, near by, in the process of curing. It was a material part of the bee-hunter's craft to kill this animal, in particular; and the trophies of his conflicts with them were proportionately numerous. On the pile already prepared he usually slept.

There was a very rude table, a single board set up on sticks; and a bench or two, together with a wooden chest of some size, completed the furniture. Tools were suspended from the walls, it is true; and no less than three rifles, in addition to a very neat double-barreled "shot-gun," or fowling piece, were standing in a corner. These were arms collected by our hero in his different trips, and retained quite as much from affection as from necessity or caution. Of ammunition there was no very great amount visible; only three or four horns and a couple of pouches being suspended from pegs; but Ben had a secret store, as well as another rifle, carefully secured in a natural magazine and arsenal at a distance sufficiently great from the chiente, to remove it from all danger of sharing in the fortunes of his citadel, should disaster befall the last.

The cooking was done altogether out of doors. For this essential comfort Le Bourdon had made very liberal provision. He had a small oven, a sufficiently convenient fire-place, and a store-house, at hand,—all placed near the spring and beneath the shade of a magnificent elm. In the store-house he kept his barrel of flour, his barrel of salt, a stock of smoked or dried meat, and that which the woodsman, if accustomed in early life to the settlements, prizes most highly, a half-barrel of pickled pork. The bark canoe had sufficed to transport all these stores, merely ballasting handsomely that ticklish craft; and its owner relied on the honey to perform the same

office on the return voyage, when trade or consumption should have disposed of the various articles just named.

The reader may smile at the word "trade," and ask where were those to be found who could be parties to the traffic. The vast lakes and innumerable rivers of that region, however, remote as it then was from the ordinary abodes of civilized man, offered facilities for communication that the active spirit of trade would be certain not to neglect. In the first place, there were always the Indians to barter skins and furs against powder, lead, rifles, blankets, and unhappily "fire-water." Then the white men who penetrated to those semi-wilds were always ready to "dicker" and to "swap," and to "trade" rifles and watches, and whatever else they might happen to possess, almost to their wives and children.

But we should be doing injustice to Le Bourdon were we in any manner to confound him with the "dickering" race. He was a bee-hunter quite as much through love of the wilderness and love of adventure as through love of gain. Profitable he had certainly found the employment or he probably would not have pursued it; but there was many a man who—nay, most men, even in his own humble class in life—would have deemed his liberal earnings too hardly obtained when gained at the expense of all intercourse with their own kind. But Buzzing Ben loved the solitude of his situation, its hazards, its quietude, relieved by passing moments of high excitement; and, most of all, the self-reliance that was indispensable equally to his success and his happiness. Woman, as yet, had never exercised her witchery over him, and every day was his passion for dwelling alone, and for enjoying the strange but certainly most alluring pleasures of the woods, increasing and gaining strength in his bosom. It was seldom, now, that he held intercourse even with the Indian tribes that dwelt near his occasional places of hunting; and frequently had he shifted his ground in order to avoid collision, however friendly, with whites who, like himself, were pushing their humble fortunes along the shores of those inland seas, which, as yet, were rarely indeed whitened by a sail. In this respect Boden and Waring were the very antipodes of each other; Gershom being an inveterate gossip, in despite of his attachment to a vagrant and border life.

The duties of hospitality are rarely forgotten among border-men. The inhabitant of a town may lose his natural disposition to receive all who offer at his board, under the pressure

of society; but it is only in most extraordinary exceptions that the frontier man is ever known to be inhospitable. He has little to offer, but that little is seldom withheld, either through prudence or niggardliness. Under this feeling, we might call it habit also, Le Bourdon now set himself at work to place on the table such food as he had at command and ready cooked. The meal which he soon pressed his guests to share with him was composed of a good piece of cold boiled pork, which Ben had luckily cooked the day previously, some bear's meat roasted, a fragment of venison steak, both lean and cold, and the remains of a duck that had been shot the day before, in the Kalamazoo, with bread, salt, and what was somewhat unusual in the wilderness, two or three onions, raw. The last dish was highly relished by Gershom, and was slightly honored by Ben; but the Indians passed it over with cold indifference. The dessert consisted of bread and honey, which were liberally partaken of by all at table.

Little was said by either host or guests until the supper was finished, when the whole party left the chiente to enjoy their pipes, in the cool evening air, beneath the oaks of the grove in which the dwelling stood. Their conversation began to let the parties know something of each other's movements and characters.

"You are a Pottawattamie, and you a Chippewa," said Le Bourdon, as he courteously handed to his two red guests pipes of theirs that he had just stuffed with some of his own tobacco, "I believe you are a sort of cousins, though your tribes are called by different names."

"Nation, Ojebway," returned the elder Indian, holding up a finger, by way of enforcing attention.

"Tribe, Pottawattamie," added the runner, in the same sententious manner.

"Baccy, good," put in the senior, by way of showing he was well contented with his comforts.

"Have you nothin' to drink?" demanded Whiskey Centre, who saw no great merit in anything but "fire-water."

"There is the spring," returned Le Bourdon, gravely; "a gourd hangs against the tree."

Gershom made a wry face, but he did not move.

"Is there any news stirring among the tribes?" asked the bee-hunter, waiting, however, a decent interval, lest he might be supposed to betray a womanly curiosity.

Elksfoot puffed away sometime, before he saw fit to answer, reserving a

salvo in behalf of his own dignity. Then he removed the pipe, shook off the ashes, pressed down the fire a little, gave a reviving draught or two, and quietly replied,—

"Ask my young brother—he runner—he know."

But Pigeonswing seemed to be little more communicative than the Pottawattamie. He smoked on in quiet dignity, while the bee-hunter patiently waited for the moment when it might suit his younger guest to speak. That moment did not arrive for some time, though it came at last. Almost five minutes after Elksfoot had made the allusion mentioned, the Ojebway, or Chippewa, removed his pipe also, and looking courteously round at his host, he said with emphasis,—

"Bad summer come soon. Pale-faces call young men togedder, and dig up hatchet."

"I had heard something of this," answered Le Bourdon, with a saddened countenance, "and was afraid it might happen."

"My brother dig up hatchet too, eh?" demanded Pigeonswing.

"Why should I? I am alone here on the Openings, and it would seem foolish in me to wish to fight."

"Got no tribe—no Ojebway—no Pottawattamie, eh?"

"I have my tribe, as well as another, Chippewa, but can see no use I can be to it nere. If the English and Americans fight, it must be a long way from this wilderness, and on or near the great salt lake."

"Don't know—nebber know, 'til see. English warrior plenty in Canada."

"That may be; but American warriors are not plenty here. This country is a wilderness, and there are no soldiers hereabouts to cut each other's throats."

"What you t'ink him?" asked Pigeonswing, glancing at Gershon, who, unable to forbear any longer, had gone to the spring to mix a cup from a small supply that still remained of the liquor with which he had left home. "Got pretty good scalp?"

"I suppose it is as good as another's; but he and I are countrymen, and we cannot raise the tomahawk on one another."

"Don't t'ink so. Plenty Yankee, him!"

Le Bourdon smiled at this proof of Pigeonswing's sagacity, though he felt a good deal of uneasiness at the purport of his discourse.

"You are right enough in that," he answered; "but I'm plenty of Yankee, too."

"No—don't say so," returned the Chippewa; "no, mustn't say dat. Eng-

lish; no Yankee. Him not a bit like you."

"Why, we are unlike each other, in some respects, it is true, though we are countrymen, notwithstanding. My Great Father lives at Washington, as well as his."

The Chippewa appeared to be disappointed; perhaps he appeared sorry, too; for Le Bourdon's frank and manly hospitality had disposed him to friendship instead of hostilities, while his admissions would rather put him in an antagonistic position. It was probably with a kind motive that he pursued the discourse in a way to give his host some insight into the true condition of matters in that part of the world.

"Plenty Breetish in woods," he said, with marked deliberation and point. "Yankee no come yet."

"Let me know the truth at once, Chippewa," exclaimed Le Bourdon. "I am but a peaceable bee-hunter, as you see, and wish no man's scalp, or any man's honey, but my own. Is there to be a war between America and Canada, or not?"

"Some say yes; some say no," returned Pigeonswing, evasively. "My part, don't know. Go, now, to see. But plenty Montreal belt among redskins; plenty rifle; plenty powder, too."

"I heard something of this as I came up the lakes," replied Ben; "and fell in with a trader, an old acquaintance, from Canada, and a good friend, too, though he is to be my enemy, accordin' to law, who gave me to understand that the summer would not go over without blows. Still, they all seemed to be asleep at Mackinaw (Michillimackinac) as I passed there."

"Wake up pretty soon. Canada warrior take fort."

"If I thought that, Chippewa, I would be off this blessed night to give the alarm."

"No—t'ink better of dat."

"Go, I would, if I died for it the next hour!"

"T'ink better—be no such fool, I tell you."

"And I tell you, Pigeonswing, that go I would, if the whole Ojebway nation was on my trail. I am an American, and mean to stand by my own people, come what will."

"T'ought you only peaceable bee-hunter, just now," retorted the Chippewa, a little sarcastically.

By this time Le Bourdon had somewhat cooled, and he became conscious of his indiscretion. He knew enough of the history of the past to be fully aware that, in all periods of American history, the English, and, for that matter, the French, too, so long as

they had possessions on this continent, never scrupled about employing the savages in their conflicts. It is true that these highly polished, and, we may justly add, humane nations (for each is out of all question entitled to that character in the scale of comparative humanity as between communities, and each, if you will take its own account of the matter, stands at the head of civilization in this respect) would, notwithstanding these high claims, carry on their American wars by the agency of the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the brand. Eulogies, though pronounced by ourselves on ourselves, cannot erase the stains of blood. Even down to the present hour a cloud does not obscure the political atmosphere between England and America that its existence may not be discovered on the prairies by a movement among the Indians. The pulse that is to be felt there is a sure indication of the state of the relations between the parties. Every one knows that the savage, in his warfare, slays both sexes and all ages; that the door-post of the frontier cabin is defiled by the blood of the infant whose brains have been dashed against it; and that the smouldering ruins of log houses, oftener than not, cover the remains of their tenants. But what of that? Brutus is still "an honorable man," and the American who has not this sin to answer for among his numberless transgressions, is reviled as a semi-barbarian! The time is at hand when the Lion of the West will draw his own picture, too; and fortunate will it be for the character of some who will gather around the easel, if they do not discover traces of their own lineaments among his labors.

The feeling engendered by the character of such a warfare is the secret of the deeply-seated hostility which pervades the breast of the Western American against the land of his ancestors. He never sees the "Times," and cares not a rush for the mystifications of the "Quarterly Review;" but he remembers where his mother was brained, and his father or brother tortured; aye, and by whose instrumentality the foul deeds were mainly done. The man of the world can understand that such atrocities may be committed, and the people of the offending nation remain ignorant of their existence, and, in a measure, innocent of the guilt; but the sufferer, in his provincial practice, makes no such distinction, confounding all alike in his resentments, and including all that bear the hated name in his maledictions. It is a fearful thing to awaken the anger of a nation; to excite in it

a desire for revenge; and thrice is that danger magnified when the people thus aroused possess the activity, the resources, the spirit, and the enterprise of the Americans. We have been openly derided, and that recently, because in the fullness of our sense of power and sense of right language that exceeds any direct exhibition of the national strength has escaped the lips of legislators, and, perhaps justly, has exposed them to the imputation of boastfulness. That derision, however, will not soon be repeated. The scenes enacting in Mexico, faint as they are in comparison with what would have been seen had hostilities taken another direction, place a perpetual gag in the mouths of all scoffers. The child is passing from the gristle into the bone, and the next generation will not even laugh, as does the present, at any idle and ill-considered menaces to coerce this republic; strong in the consciousness of its own power, if any future statesman should be so ill-advised as to renew them, with silent indifference.

Now Le Bourdon was fully aware that one of the surest pulses of approaching hostilities between England and America was to be felt in the far West. If the Indians were in movement, some power was probably behind the scenes to set them in motion. Pigeonswing was well known to him by reputation; and there was that about the man which awakened the most unpleasant apprehensions, and he felt an itching desire to learn all he could from him, without betraying any more of his own feelings, if that were possible.

"I do not think the British will attempt Mackinaw," Ben remarked, after a long pause and a good deal of smoking had enabled him to assume an air of safe indifference.

"Got him, I tell you," answered Pigeonswing, pointedly.

"Got what, Chippewa?"

"Him—Mac-naw—got fort—got so'gers—got whole island. Know dat, for been dere."

This was astounding news, indeed! The commanding officer of that ill-starred garrison could not himself have been more astonished when he was unexpectedly summoned to surrender by an enemy who appeared to start out of the earth, than was Le Bourdon at hearing this intelligence. To Western notions, Michillimackinac was another Gibraltar, although really a place of very little strength, and garrisoned by only one small company of regulars. Still, habit had given the fortress a sort of sanctity among the adventurers of

that region; and its fall, even in the settled parts of the country, sounded like the loss of a province. It is now known that, anticipating the movements of the Americans, some three hundred whites, sustained by more than twice that number of Indians, including warriors from nearly every adjacent tribe, had surprised the post on the 17th of July, and compelled the subaltern in command, with some fifty odd men, to surrender. This rapid and highly military measure on the part of the British completely cut off the post of Chicago at the head of Lake Michigan, leaving it isolated on what was then a very remote wilderness. Chicago, Mackinac, and Detroit were the three grand stations of the Americans on the upper lakes, and here were two of them virtually gone at a blow!

ATHENS.

Hiram Doubleday, from Yates county, New York, was among the early settlers, coming about 1833. Peter Beisel arrived about the same time, from Pennsylvania.

Lot Whitcomb came in 1832, from Vermont. He, in company with Peter Beisel, built the first saw mill in 1835. The first store in the township was kept by Mr. Underdunk as early as 1838. The first female child born in Athens was Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lot Whitcomb, in 1832, and the first male child was a son of Ambrose Nichols, also born in 1832.

The first township meeting convened April 6, 1835. Henry C. Hurd was elected supervisor; Benjamin F. Ferris, town clerk; George Clark, Granville Beardsley and William Adams, assessors.

ALBION.

The site of Albion at once attracted the attention of early explorers, who foresaw in this spot the ultimate establishment of a business center by enterprising millers and manufacturers. That the valuable water-power has been utilized, and that those explorers were not deceived in judgment, is verified today in the existence of a thriving and populous village.

The south half of the northeast quarter of section 2, entered Oct. 16, 1830, by Ephraim Harrison, was the first land transaction in the township of Albion. In 1831, Darius Pierce of Washtenaw county, Michigan, entered the northwest quarter of the same section, the same being known as the "Forks of the Kalamazoo," and now occupied by the main part of Albion village.

In 1837 a saw mill was built by Elijah Green and Zenas Stowell on sec-

tion 1. A store was kept by Lucas Horton in a building which occupied the present site of Dr. Steve's residence. The first crop of wheat was sown by Charles Blanchard, upon land now covered by the seminary buildings.

The incorporation of the village of Albion was effected in 1856. At the first village election the following names were chosen: George Hannahs, president; George J. Piphany, recorder; W. H. Johnson, treasurer; Marcus H. Crane, marshal; Alvin Peck, attorney.

THE CITY OF BATTLE CREEK.

Written in 1878.

In June, 1831, Sands McCamly and George Redfield viewed the spot where Battle Creek now stands, and liking the appearance of it decided to secure it to themselves. Arrived at the land office at White Pigeon they found that J. J. Garnsey and two government surveyors were ahead of them. The surveyors were bought off, and it was agreed that Garnsey should enter 837 acres where the city now stands, at the junction of the Kalamazoo river and the Battle Creek; Sands McCamly and Daniel G. Garnsey to be allowed to buy of him, each a one-third interest. They were to meet in Detroit the next October and settle the matter and then come on, each placing \$2,000 in bank as a fund for founding and developing a city. Their plans all fell through; but this is given to show that Battle Creek was marked for cityhood before the white man disturbed the soil.

Meanwhile settlers began to locate in this county round about, and in 1831 Daniel, Jonathan, and Isaac Thomas, John Stewart and his four sons and two daughters, and Josiah Goddard and family settled on Goguac Prairie. In 1832 Samuel Convis, Moses Hall, Polodore Hudson, Roswell Crane, John Conway and the Langley brothers came into the present city limits; but Mr. Hudson was the only one who remained at that time, Messrs. Hall and Convis not bringing their families till the next year, and the others settling finally in other parts of the county. In 1833 Nathaniel Barney and the family of Ezra Convis and Nedebiah Angell came in, and in 1834 Judge Tolman W. Hall, Ezra Convis, Warren B. Shepard, Josiah Gilbert, Joseph Farnsworth and Deacon David Salter. In 1835 there were important accessions to the little colony. Among those who came in that year are: William H. Coleman, and David H. Daniels, the pioneer merchants; Rev. Robert Adams, the first

Baptist preacher; John Marvin, the first blacksmith; and Judge Sands McCamly, who first began to develop the water-power. The list need not be extended further. The history is that of all histories of early settlements in this section; the settlers' weapons were axes, which they wielded against the trees of the forest, and the foes with which they had the bitterest struggles were fever and ague. The Indians were friendly and even helpful, and no trouble with them is on record since the row which gave the name to the stream for which the city was christened. The story goes that in the winter of 1823-24, when the survey of the state under Col. John Mullett, was being made in this section, the Indians did all they could to hinder the work. One day when the surveyors were at work in the woods, two very large Indians attacked the two men left in charge of the camp with intent to rob them. A fight followed, in which one of the Indians snatched up Mullett's rifle and sent a ball from it through a coat worn by one of the whites. The Caucasian wrested the gun from the red man and broke his skull with it, and badly hurt his companion. When the rest of the party learned of the affair they thought it best to run away, and went to Detroit. General Cass settled the matter and the survey was resumed in the spring. This scuffle took place at the juncture of Battle Creek and the Kalamazoo, and is the battle which gave the creek its name.

A more romantic story, but not so well authenticated, has it that, many generations ago, two strong tribes of Indians fought here all day long, until the limpid waters of the stream ran red, like frothing wine, and the Indians named it Waupokisco, "River of Battle," or "River of Blood." This is said to be confirmed by traditions of Canadian Indians.

The first log house in Battle Creek was built for Daniel Garnsey, by Sherman Cornings of Toland Prairie, in September, 1831. The first frame house was built in the Gardner settlement in 1834, by John V. Henry, five miles from the city, and was moved in 1836 upon the spot where the American hotel now is. Judge T. W. Hall put up the first frame house, built in the city in 1837, and it is now a part of the Bristol (Halladay) house. The first brick house was built in 1846 by Jonathan Hart, on Maple-st.

In 1834 the first school district was organized and a tax of \$60 was levied to build a school house. The house, a log one, was put up the same year on the corner of Main and East Canal

streets. Warren B. Shepard was the first teacher.

The Methodists were first on the ground here, and formed a class on Gogiac Prairie in 1833. Daniel Thomas and wife, their son Aranthus, and their daughter Parthenia, and a nephew Jonathan Thomas, were the members. The church first held its services in the log school house. Its first church was built in 1841. It was a small frame and was sold to the colored Baptists in 1859. The present church edifice was built in 1859.

The first store was opened by William H. Coleman in 1835, and was kept in a log house on the site of James L. Whitcomb's block, corner of Main and Jefferson streets.

The Michigan Central railroad was completed to Battle Creek in December, 1845, and great was the rejoicing when the "Battle Creek" first woke the echoes in the city.

The postoffice was established in Battle Creek when Andrew Jackson issued a commission as postmaster to Polodore Hudson; and the office was located in Mr. Hudson's log house. His successors were Nathaniel Barney, Sands McCamly, John L. Holcomb, Alonzo Noble, two terms; Leon H. Stewart, William S. Pease, William M. Campbell, George Mead, T. W. Hall, Edward Van DeMark, Chandler Ford, James S. Upton, D. V. Bell and William Wallace.

The village of Battle Creek was platted in 1836, and chartered in 1850. William Brooks was its first president and Isaac C. Mott, first clerk. It was incorporated as a city February 3, 1859, and the first city election was held in the ensuing April. E. W. Pendill was its first mayor, and Wm. F. Neale, first recorder.

BEDFORD.

Bedford was organized in 1838. At the first town meeting, held in April, 1839, Caleb Kirby was elected supervisor, John Meacham, town clerk and justice of the peace. The first entry of lands in this town was on April 19, 1832—John Bertram, 160 acres; also July 19, 1832, John Bertram, 80 acres; 685 acres were entered in the year 1833. John Bertram purchased the land before named as a matter of speculation. He resided in the township of Marshall a few years, then went south, where he was unfortunate in business, and finally returned to England, his native land.

Settlements were made at several different points in this town at an early day, and by men of some means and great worth. Many of them were Quakers, who illustrated by their in-

dustrious habits, their scrupulous integrity, and staid deportment, the principles they professed.

The first saw mill put in operation in this town was in the fall of 1837. A stage and mail route was established in and through Bedford enroute from Battle Creek to Hastings in 1842. A postoffice had been opened in 1840 at Bedford Centre, E. R. Wattles, postmaster. The first grist mill was erected by H. M. Marvin, and went into operation in 1856. This mill is the nucleus of the village of Bedford. In 1840 some missionaries laid out the village of Harmonia, and built a large school building where the children of spiritualistic parents were to be educated, etc. Nothing is left of this magnificent enterprise but heart burnings and a dilapidated exchequer. The town is rather rolling, in many places beautiful, and produces wheat and other grains, and is a good wheat growing town. There are three places of worship, and three or four organized religious societies in Bedford.

The mail carrier between Marshall and White Pigeon, in 1835, was Nathaniel Barney, who also carried passengers in a small and cheap way. Mr. Barney resided in Battle Creek, and many anecdotes are told of his numerous deputy carriers, it not always being convenient for him to leave home. Upon one occasion John Meacham, Esq., was deputed for that purpose, and to please the fastidious postmaster at Marshall, he was sent to Polodore Hudson, justice of the peace, who administered the oath, which conferred upon Mr. Meacham authority to carry the United States mail, which probably at that time contained one or two letters, and possibly the mail bag, at times, was entirely empty.

John Meacham, Esq., came into the county of Calhoun in August, 1835, and settled in the township of Milton, since called Bedford. He was the first town clerk of Bedford, and was annually elected to the office up to 1846, when he was elected county clerk, which office he held for four years. He has been a justice of the peace, also, in Bedford and Battle Creek, and in every official position he has discharged his duties with great fidelity and usefulness. His quiet, amiable manners indicate an early training among the Quakers of Philadelphia, his native city.

BURLINGTON.

Burlington was organized in 1837, and held its first township meeting April 3 of that year, electing Justus Goodwin, supervisor; O. C. Freeman,

town clerk; Justus Goodwin, Zebesia Sanders and Moses S. Gleason, justices of the peace; Levi Haughtailing, constable and collector. Established six road districts; voted \$100 to build a bridge across the St. Joseph river; and \$50 for bridging the Notawa creek. Voted \$50 for common schools and \$5 bounty for wolf scalps.

Forty votes were cast for representative in place of Ezra Convis.

Sands McCamly received 39. At an election held August 21, 1837, Isaac E. Crary received 20 votes, and Hezekiah G. Wells 13 votes for representative in congress.

CLARENDON.

Clarendon was organized in 1838. For four years prior thereto it constituted an important part of the township of Homer. The following persons located lands in this township as follows:

March 5, 1832, John Kennady, 146 acres. April 2, 1832, Anthony Doolittle, 160 acres. May 17, 1832, Barnes Kennady, 160 acres. June 21, 1832, T. J. Rosoman, 67 acres. July, 1832, Enos and Keep, 160 acres.

CONVIS.

Convis held its first township meeting at the house of James Lane, April 3, 1837, and elected Elisha Brace, supervisor; Thomas S. Vangenson, town clerk; Ashael Hawkins, Ira H. Ellsworth, assessors; Elisha Brace and Ashael Hawkins, S. D. Barden, justices of the peace; Levi Rowley, constable and collector. Resolved to pay \$5 bounty for each scalp of a wolf, killed in the town this year. Five school districts were organized. There is in town one postoffice, one tavern, two saw mills, one church edifice, one organized church.

The Peninsular railway crosses the northwest corner of the town. Surface rolling, in some locations rather hilly. Marshall is the market town. Pioneers are Ashael Hawkins, Elisha Brace, James Lane, John King, Joseph Bentley. All these persons, except Elisha Brace, are now highly respected residents of the county, and all in easy circumstances. There is no record of lands entered in this town in 1830-1-2.

Ashael Hawkins and family were residents of the town before its organization, and were in virtue of their intelligence and thrift, a leading family. For 30 years or more Mr. Hawkins held important town offices. He was postmaster until the office was removed. A daughter and son of Mr. Hawkins are supposed to be the first white children born in the town. One

of the sons, who was a lawyer by profession and practice, died some years since in Iowa. Mr. Hawkins resides upon the old homestead.

The town was named after Gen. Ezra Convis, who was in the legislature and introduced the bill for its organization, but died before the act was passed.

PINCKNEY, NOW CLARENCE.

Was organized in 1839, and elected the following persons, to-wit: Andrew Bell, supervisor; Cook Tyler, town clerk; A. M. Green, treasurer; W. B. Noble, C. W. Clapp, Samuel Sellers, A. P. Bell, justices of the peace; O. S. Bell, collector; W. B. Noble, C. W. Clapp, Norris Barnes, school inspectors.

At the general election held in this town in November, 1839, Elon Farnsworth and William Woodbridge received each 15 votes for governor. Thomas Fitzgerald and J. Wright Gordon received each 15 votes for lieutenant governor. John Ball received 16 votes for senator, and P. Bridge 14 votes for the same.

Andrew L. Hays and Harris C. Goodrich received each 15 votes for representative. Jonathan Hart and Henry Cook received each 15 votes for representatives. No political party seems to have led at this election. Whole number of votes cast, 30. At the next general election held in November, 1840, 46 votes were cast for presidential electors, designated Whig 26, Democratic 16.

The town re-elected the officers of the preceding year at its next town meeting. As a matter of history, indeed natural history, I transcribe literally the following entry from the town record: "Received fifteen dollars, it being the avails of the sale of a pony taken up as a stray by A. I. Swain which was sold on the 17 day of Dec. 1840."

The first town meeting in the township of Clarence was held April 5, 1841. The town is broken, abounds in lakes and marshes, but is nevertheless healthy and productive. The timber is principally oak of a good quality. Beach and maple is found in the north part of the town. The products are wheat, pork, wool, and apples, which are sold at Albion and a near station on the railroad in Springport, Jackson county. Mrs. A. M. Green was the first white woman who crossed Rice creek in this town. Indians, game and fish were abundant. The patriotic citizens celebrated the Fourth of July, 1838,, at the south end of Duck lake—the whole number of men, women and children just a dozen

souls. The Declaration of Independence was read by C. W. Clapp. Cook Tyler, Esq., read an interesting "Essay of the Future Development of the Surrounding Country."

The statistics of the town were as follows: One doctor, one resident minister, one town house, eight district schools, one saw mill, three organized churches.

Duck lake is a large, beautiful sheet of water, and abounds in fine fish. The late Jesse Crowell of Albion, built and operated a steam saw mill near the north border of this lake, around which clustered a few residences and shops. From this saw mill, great quantities of lumber were sent to all the surrounding country, rendering the mill and Duck lake famous. Rice creek rises at Springport, Jackson county, runs through the towns of Clarence, Sheridan, Marengo, and Marshall, and empties into the Kalamazoo river in the city of Marshall. It affords a moderate amount of water power. It traverses quite a number of small lakes, but does not lose its identity.

Battle Creek is the outlet of Duck lake, which emerges from the north end, in section number nine, soon passing into Eaton county, and enters this county in the town of Convis, thence through Pennfield and across the northwest corner of Emmett, and finally empties into the Kalamazoo river in the city of Battle Creek. This is a large stream and affords an abundant water-power. The Indian name of this stream was Waupakisco, the "River of Blood." A not well-authenticated legend is, that Battle Creek derived its name from the supposed fact that a bloody fight occurred on its banks between the Indians and a party of engineers.

The following named persons were pioneers in the town of Clarence, viz: Theoran Hamilton, A. M. Green, B. R. Gillet, Y. M. Hatch, Andrew Bell, J. R. Palmer, Cook Tyler, Norris Barnes, C. W. Clapp, etc.

ECKFORD.

Oshea Wilder entered 80 acres of land in this town in 1831. In 1832 Oshea Wilder, E. S. Rogers, Chas. K. Palfer and others entered 1,705 acres.

Names of pioneers: Oshea Wilder, Chas. Olin, Joel B. Marsh, Thos. J. Walker, Eli T. Chase, Elijah Cook, Jr., Joseph Otis, Joseph I. Ehle, Daniel Dunnakin.

EMMETT.

Emmett, formerly called Casey, was organized in 1838. Some years previ-

ous the following lands were located, to-wit:

June 17, 1831, John J. Gurnsey, 404 acres; Estes Rich, 160 acres; Jeremiah Gardner, 160 acres; Michael Spencer, 160 acres; Sylvester Sibley, 18 acres.. July 27, 1831, John V. Henry, 160 acres. July 25, 1831, Benj. F. Dwinnell, 322 acres. February 2, 1832, John Bertram, 474 acres. April 10, 1832, Henry L. Dwinnell, 80 acres. August 6, 1833, Royal Stiles, 259 acres. August 7, 1833, John Harper, 134 acres. June 21, 1834, Robert Wheaton, 149 acres.

FREDONIA.

Fredonia held its first township meeting at the house of Ebby Hyde, April 2, 1838. John Houston was the moderator, and James Winters and A. H. Blakeley, clerks. The election resulted as follows: Solomon Platner, supervisor; James Winters, town clerk; Putnam Root, collector. At this first meeting one hundred dollars was raised for schools, and fifty dollars for the relief of the poor. This particular fifty dollars was deposited for safe keeping against the time of need, in Calhoun County bank, which long since became itself a pauper. At a special town meeting held January 7, 1839, Ebby Hyde was elected supervisor. At the second annual election John Houston was elected supervisor; Putnam Root, town clerk; David Aldrich, town treasurer.

The corn lands of the Indians, whose home was between South Fish and Pine lake, were distinctly visible in 1836, and the finding of Indian curiosities, so-called, was by no means uncommon. The first school house, built of logs, was in the neighborhood of David Aldrich, and the first teacher was Miss Janette Baldwin.

HOMER.

In the spring of 1832 two brothers, Henry and Richard McMurtrie, and Powell Grover, single men, came from Pennsylvania and entered land, built log houses, and inaugurated the settlement of the township.

Milton Barney is justly entitled to the credit of having the village. In 1832 he built a saw and grist mill, and in 1833, a store.

Homer held its first township meeting at the house of Milton Barney, first Monday of April, 1834; Henry Cook, moderator; Oshea Wilder, clerk. Elected Stephen S. Powers, supervisor;; Chauncey C. Lewis, town clerk.

LEROY.

Leroy was organized in 1838, and at a town meeting held April 2, 1839, D.

N. Bushnell was elected supervisor; J. C. Molhollen, town clerk; Joshua Robinson, treasurer; Polodore Hudson, H. M. Burdic, Silas Kelsey, T. B. Barnum, justices of the peace; Polodore Hudson, D. N. Bushnell, C. L. Newark, school inspectors.

The only lands entered in this town in 1832-3 were as follows:

August 15, 1832, William A. Bishop, 88 acres. April 17, 1833, William A. Bishop, 79 acres.

LEE.

Lee held its first township meeting April 6, 1840, and elected John Weaver supervisor; Frederick Garfield, town clerk; Jesse Ackley, treasurer; Benjamin Thomas, collector. Whole number of votes polled, twelve. No public lands entered in this town prior to 1834. One town house (at Lee Centre) five organized churches, no church edifice, no mills, one doctor no lawyer, one clergyman.

MARENGO.

Marengo, from its immediate proximity to Marshall may be said to have had a simultaneous growth with it. In 1831 3,621 acres of land were entered in this town. On the 16th of June of that year, the following persons entered lands, to-wit: Elijah Crane, 135 acres; Seeley Neale, 400 acres; Ashael Warner, 80 acres; Horace P. Wisner, 87 acres; Augustus Dustain, 49 acres. The only prior entries were as follows: June 7, 1831, Solomon M. Allen, 40 acres; Erastus Kimball, 80 acres.

Nathan Pierce, by his purchase of 843 acres, made him the owner of the greatest amount of land in this town in this year.

The following persons purchased lands and became honored residents of the town in the year 1831: Thomas Chisholm, Col. John Amsley, Deacon Elijah A. Bigelow, Erastus Kimball, Francis Phillips, Reuben Abbott.

The first town meeting was held at the house of Joseph Ames on the first Monday of April, 1833, and the election resulted as follows, to-wit: Seeley Neale, supervisor; Harmon Neale, town clerk; Alfred Killham, Reuben Abbott, Seeley Neale, assessors; Joseph Ames, Seeley Neale, Benjamin Wright, commissioners of highways.

"Resolved, That a bounty of \$3 be paid for every wolf killed in this town by any inhabitant thereof the coming year."

At the second township meeting, Horace Brace was elected supervisor and Loren Maynard, town clerk. Repealed the wolf bounty this year, but renewed it in 1836, increasing the

bounty to \$5 a head or scalp. The town ceased to offer this bounty in 1839. At the fifth town meeting 91 votes were polled.

MARSHALL.

The village of Marshall was first incorporated Oct. 28, 1837. At the meeting held for deciding the question of incorporation, Dr. A. S. Hays and Sidney S. Alcott were judges of the election, and David L. Johns the clerk. Henry Hewitt, a justice of the peace, administered the oath of office to the officials. There were thirty-seven votes polled, Sidney S. Alcott receiving thirty-five of them for president of the corporation, and Dr. Hays, David L. Johns, Chas. T. Gorham, Chas. D. Smith, John Hutchinson, and Luther W. Hart were elected trustees, and Cyrus Hewitt, recorder. These officials were in no haste to assume their brief authority, as they did not qualify by taking the oath of office until Jan. 6, 1838, Esquire Hewitt "swearing them in." On the 19th of July following, the president and Trustees Johns and Hays were appointed a committee to draft a code of by-laws and ordinances for the government of the board and its officials. Household-ers were directed, under rigorous penalties to keep their sidewalks clear and take special care of their ashes. Grocers were prohibited from selling their "wet groceries" on the Sabbath day, and exhorted vigorously to prevent "loafing" about their premises on the same day, and to prevent all unnecessary noise thereon.

PENNFIELD.

The first step towards the settlement of this township was taken in 1831, by Albert H. Smith, who, on the 10th of that year, entered a tract of land on section 29. Mr. Smith never became an active settler, being an early settler and then a resident of Climax. In 1834, Avery Lamb and Ezra Convis entered land in this township, and the year following the first active settlement was made by Estes Rich, who was undoubtedly the first white settler in the township.

Samuel Convis purchased the Rich place this year. We give the names of some of the most prominent of the pioneers: Jabez Lamb, Samuel D. Moon, Charles McMurray, Isaac Bodine, Henry Parsons, W. K. Adams and son John, Barnabas Newton, John S. Halladay, Stephen Aldrich, Samuel P. Wells, Asa Weave, J. P. Markham, Anson Sharpsteen, Warren Joy, Mason Morey. The year following Eli Morey, John S. Gifford and Rufus Wells came.

The first wedding ceremony performed in the township was at the house of Anson Sharpsteen in the fall of 1837, William G. Wheaton and Amanda Parker being the happy couple.

The first female birth was that of Palmyra Wells in February, 1836. The first death was that of Emeline Weare, who died in the fall of 1836.

The first sermon preached in the town was by Elder Elijah Crane, at the house of George Lowree.

The tenant house of John Wolf was used as the first school house and the school was kept by Miss Lucy Y. Hicks.

NEWTON.

Newton held its first township meeting at the house of Eleazer Donnelly on the first Monday of April, 1838, and elected Eleazer Donnelly, supervisor; Stephen Graham, town clerk, and David Merrill, justice of the peace.

Twenty-five dollars was raised for highway, and five dollars for causeway purposes, at this meeting.

January 1, 1833, Granville Beardsley entered 160 acres of land in this town, being the first lands entered therein.

The religious and educational interests of the settlers were successfully looked after by Prof. Eastman, Deacon Daniel Merrill, Benjamin Chamberlain, Granville Beardsley, L. L. Downs and others.

SHERIDAN.

Sheridan held its first township meeting at the house of Reuben Abbott, April 5, 1836, and elected Chandler M. Church, supervisor; Howell Bidwell, town clerk and collector; Orris Clapp, William C. White, and Reuben Abbott, assessors; William M. Pearl, Daniel Rossetter, Martin Tichnor and Howell Bidwell, justices of the peace. In a log house located on the territorial road in the west part of the town, Reuben Abbott started the first tavern, it was long a landmark for westward bound travelers. The town offered a wolf bounty of \$5.

TEKONSHA.

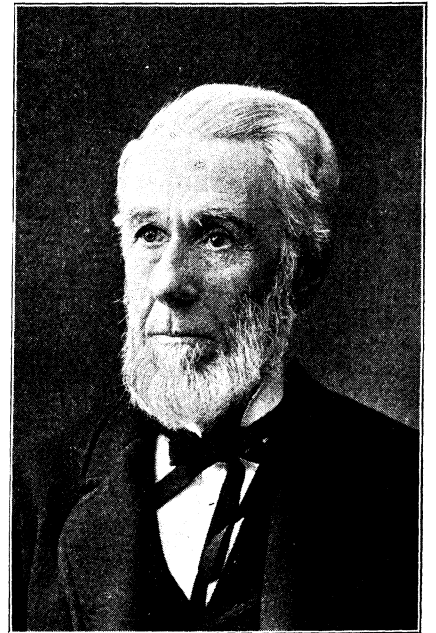
Tekonsha held its first township meeting April 13, 1837, and elected Eli Stone, supervisor, and John A. Rice, town clerk. The first lands of record are as follows: May 29, 1832, Darius Pierce, 320 acres. In 1833 the entries only amounted to 440 acres.



BIOGRAPHIES OF Prominent Citizens.

HON. B. F. GRAVES.—Hon. Benjamin Franklin Graves, formerly a judge of the supreme court, was born at Gates, near Rochester, N. Y. His boyhood was spent in the common schools and working on a farm. He was fond of study and took much pleasure in reading, but his means for gratifying this taste were very limited. During early childhood he was quite delicate, but as no other life opened to him, he was obliged to engage in manual labor. In the winter of 1837 he was attacked by a dangerous illness, and was sick many weeks. During his convalescence he learned from his physician that he could not continue physical labor without great risk to his life, and he at once decided to study law. He was not ignorant of his great lack of physical culture and mental discipline, nor unmindful of the severity and duration of the task before him. He saw clearly how much he had to accomplish without pecuniary help or the aid of influential friends. In the spring of 1837 with the assistance of an uncle-in-law, he obtained a place in the law office of Curtis & Thomas of Albion, New York. They were gentlemen of character and learning and at once gave him all possible help and encouragement. He remained with them until fall, and at that time was enabled to change his situation for another in which he could make small earnings. He accordingly entered the office of Mortimer F. Delano, at Rochester. Mr. Delano then held the office of Surrogate in connection with Addison Gardner, who was judge and vice-chancellor of the great western circuit of the state. In the course of a few months Judge Gardner resigned, and formed a law partnership with Mr. Delano. Mr. Graves became a student with the firm and with some intermission continued until his own admission to the bar; this took place at Rochester in October, 1841. The supreme court was then composed of Messrs. Nelson, Cowen and Bronson. Mr. Graves gratefully remembers the kindness he received from his preceptors and their families, especially the cordiality and encouragement of Judge Gardner, in whose family he resided many months. In the winter succeeding his admission to the bar, Mr. Graves was invited by Mr. Elwood, who was then

clerk of the state senate to accept the position of journalizing clerk for that season. He accordingly went to Albany, and acted until the legislature adjourned. As he did not find an agreeable opening for practice in New York, Mr. Graves turned his attention toward Michigan. After some inquiry



Hon. B. F. Graves.

he was led by representations of friends toward Battle Creek, then a small hamlet, but containing the germ of a prosperous and thrifty town. Reaching the place in the spring of 1843, he immediately commenced practice, which he continued until 1857, a period of fourteen years. In the meantime he was appointed master in chancery and was three times elected magistrate. His business was never extensive. His taste led him to prefer judicial service, and to evade indiscriminate practice. The legislature of 1857 provided for an independent supreme court, to supersede, from the beginning of 1858, the old supreme court, composed of the circuit judges whose terms expired in 1857. The new supreme court was to consist of four judges, to be elected at the time of the election of the circuit judges, but by the vote of the people at large. The full term was fixed at eight years, and the first term was ordered to begin January 1, 1858. Judge Graves was elected circuit judge of the fifth judicial circuit, which at that time, comprised the counties of Eaton, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Allegan, and Van Buren. In the next session of the legislature, Allegan was taken off and united with other counties to form the ninth circuit. Until that time there had been but six circuits. Hon. Abner

Pratt resigned his position as judge of the circuit in June, 1857, and Judge Graves was immediately appointed to fill the vacancy. He was, accordingly, judge of the old supreme court during the rest of its existence. When his term as circuit judge expired, he was re-elected, receiving, quite generally, the votes of both parties. His labors were heavy; he was required to hold sixteen circuits a year, eight of which were held in the populous counties of Calhoun and Kalamazoo. He was exceedingly strict and firm in matters of practice, and the bar soon learned to understand his methods and act accordingly. In the winter of 1866, from overwork in badly ventilated rooms, he was threatened with an attack of paralysis. He was compelled to allow suspensions of service, and to discontinue for most part, night sessions. Finally, becoming convinced that entire rest was necessary, he sent in his resignation to take effect July 1, 1866.

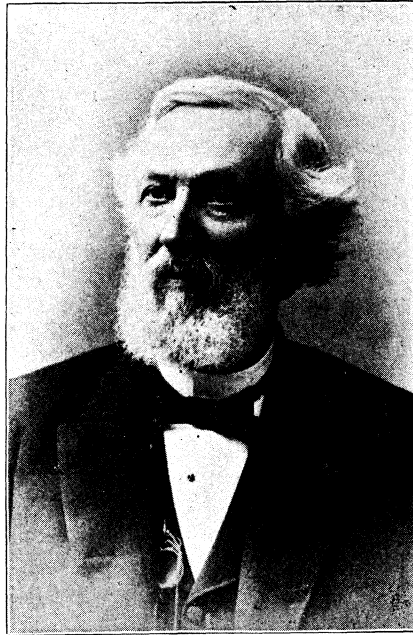
He then made a journey to the east with his family. After returning in the fall, he engaged in counsel business, and acted occasionally as referee. He had sold his homestead and purchased a small farm which he proceeded to improve. He was then elected justice of the supreme court, his term to begin January 1, 1868. At the expiration of that term, he was re-elected by the unanimous vote of both parties.

He was originally a member of the democratic party, but early became dissatisfied with its course in regard to matters of slavery. He favored the position taken by Van Buren and Adams in 1848, believing that it would help to check all sentiments opposed to the right and duty of congress to forbid slavery in the western territories. Mr. Graves voted for Mr. Van Buren and was steadfast in the views which actuated that vote, but he was reluctant to sever fully his early party connections until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the efforts made to enforce the entrance of slavery into Kansas. That act decided him. He voted for Fremont against Buchanan, and has since continued with the republican party.

Judge Graves has a large library of all the leading law publications. He is pleasant and social in manner and highly esteemed.

DR. SIMEON STARKWEATHER FRENCH, M. D.—The first maxim among philosophers is, that merit only makes distinction. This being true, Dr. French may well be called a distinguished citizen of Battle Creek, as his conduct, both in business and pri-

vate life, during several decades of residence here has been in a high degree meritorious. He has held various positions of public responsibility and trust, has had much to do with political questions in this section and has attained a high standing in the ranks of the medical profession. We are



Dr. S. S. French.

pleased to present to our readers a portrait of this pioneer and prominent citizen, without whose biography our souvenir would be incomplete.

Luther French, father of our subject, was a physician and surgeon who served in his professional capacity in the war of 1812, and who died at the early age of 39 years, leaving a large practice. His wife, formerly Lucy Park, to whom he was married in 1811, survived him, living to be 83 years of age. Both the French and Park families had a natural bent toward the profession of medicine. The brothers of Mrs. French and their sons in turn being physicians. Probably the influence of these relations combined with the revered memory of his father, were potent factors in leading our subject to make a choice of the same calling. Dr. French has Revolutionary blood in his veins, his grandfather, Ebenezer French, having joined the Colonial army immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill, when but 19 years old. Although wounded at the crossing of the Delaware, he survived the long struggle and years of colonial life, living to be 87 years and 6 months old.

The natal day of Dr. S. S. French was August 25, 1816, his birthplace Otisca, Onondaga county, N. Y., where his father died before the lad was five years old. Early in life he was thrown

upon his own resources and secured an education entirely by his unaided exertion. He began teaching at the early age of 18 years. He completed his literary studies at Onondaga Academy and in January, 1842, was graduated with honors from the Geneva Medical College, N. Y. He immediately began practice at Onondaga, but subsequently came to Battle Creek, where he has been entirely engaged in professional work for these many years. In his private practice he has successfully performed many delicate surgical operations and the Surgical History of the Rebellion reports a number of intricate operations performed by him during his connection with the army. During the first year of the Civil War Dr. French was appointed assistant surgeon of the 6th Michigan Infantry, and the ensuing year became surgeon of the 20th Michigan Infantry. He traveled in eleven states and was present at many bloody engagements. He was constantly on the operating staff and a portion of the time acted as brigade and division doctor. After three years of faithful attention to the duties devolving upon an army surgeon, ill-health compelled his resignation. Since the war he has been examining surgeon, both single or a member of the board, for several years. He is a member of various medical societies, and has been honored by being made president of the State Medical Society, a position he filled with credit. Dr. French was originally a whig in politics. To him belongs the honor of reading the first resolutions which resulted in the forming of the present Republican party. The first meeting held was in Battle Creek, an account of which was published by W. W. Woolnough, and subscribed to by Dr. French, W. W. Woolnough, Orlando Moffatt, Charles S. May and Chandler Ford. The proceedings were published by other papers and resulted in the great mass meeting under the oaks in Jackson, when the party was fully organized and put in motion.

Dr. French was united in marriage, July 18, 1842, with Ruth A. Cox, a sister of Dr. Edward Cox, one of the physicians of the state. Their union was blessed by the birth of two children, a daughter and a son. The latter, Edward, was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan in the class of 1872. The daughter passed from earth February 28, 1887, less than two years after the demise of the mother, which occurred in October, 1885.

The doctor was a second time married June 28, 1887, choosing as his wife, Mrs. Libbie Jackson, and they

have become the parents of one child, Theresa, born August 28, 1889. The family is highly esteemed in the social circles of the community and in their charming home their many friends are wont to gather and pass pleasant hours in the companionship of the genial host and hostess.

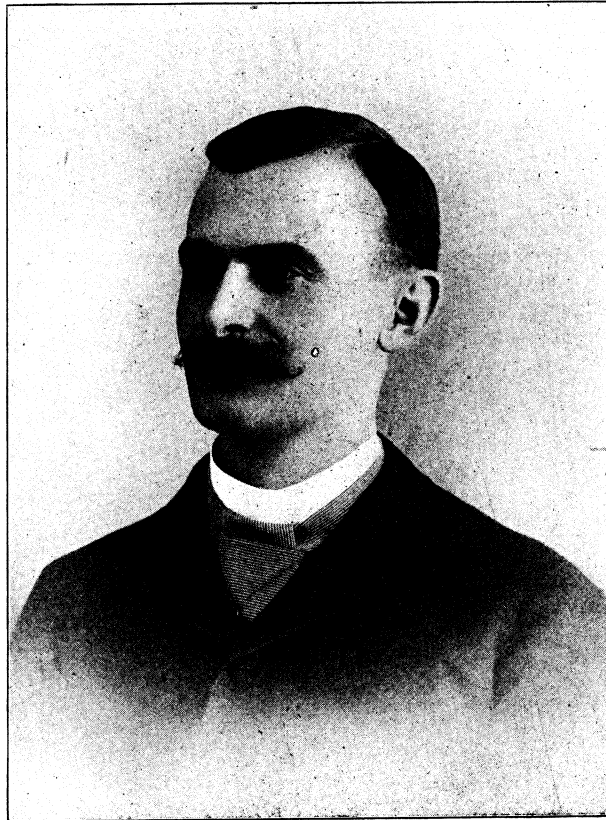
Dr. French has been a member of the Odd Fellows fraternity since 1848, and has received all the honors in the gift of the state, having been elected grand patriarch and grand representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. He was township superintendent of schools while living in the Empire state and in Battle Creek has been a member of the school board for several years.

In 1847, partly through his efforts, the different districts in and adjoining Battle Creek were united and the first union or graded school in the state was formed. In 1843, while superintendent of schools in Onondaga, N. Y., where the Onondaga tribes of Indians are located, and by the order of the school authorities he established what is supposed to have been the first public school for the Indians in the United States.

The doctor has served as mayor of Battle Creek two terms, as alderman one term, supervisor several terms, and health officer fourteen terms. His religious membership is in the Independent Congregational church. He enjoys the full confidence of his fellow citizens and is most highly esteemed where he is best known, being kind and courteous at all times and under all circumstances. Possessed of warm sympathies and generous impulses, and noted by his high sense of honor and his ready response to the call of his work.

LEON M. GILLETTE, M. D.—The calling of a physician is an arduous and responsible one, and brings into play some of the most important characteristics of man. A successful practitioner must have a broad knowledge of the construction and needs of the body, keen perceptions and a thorough understanding of the principles upon which therapeutic science is based. The best success cannot be attained without a generous sympathy and tender regard for the suffering whom it is the province of the physician to relieve. His extensive practice and many friends attest to the professional skill and popularity of our subject.

Leon M. Gillette was born Oct. 20, 1860, in Lexington, Mo., came to Battle Creek when a boy and through his perseverance and indomitable will power has worked his way up to the



Dr. L. M. Gillette, Mayor.

honors which his fellow men have bestowed upon him.

He graduated from the high school in 1880, spent two years in the literary department of the University of Michigan, and graduated from the medical school of the same institution in 1887. He began his practice here and met with marked success. In 1891 he took a post-graduate course in the New York Polyclinic school.

Not only in the field of medicine has Battle Creek recognized Dr. Gillette's merit, but the populace has honored him by selecting him as an officeholder. He was coroner for four years, during which time, in 1893, was the memorable Grand Trunk disaster, and his clear-headed management won him admiration from all. In 1898 he was chosen to represent the third ward in the city council and in that capacity he did not disappoint his people, for in every way he proved that he was the right man in the right place. Dr. Gillette was called to the position of health officer for a year, and met the duties thereof in a manner satisfactory to the city.

In educational matters Dr. Gillette has ever taken a deep interest, and when nominated for a member of the school board he was elected by a large majority, and during his term of office he strongly favored all lines of pro-

gression. He had the honor of being president of the board of education for one year, and the thoroughness which ever characterized his work was manifested in a marked degree.

The city of Battle Creek sought Dr. Leon M. Gillette as mayor in 1900, and as he had the interests of the city at heart, which was shown by the judicious expenditures of public money, he was again honored by being re-elected in 1901, and by the magnificent plurality of 998, which, in itself, stands out as a pre-eminent endorsement for his first year's mayorship. When he was elected last year there was an overdraft of nearly \$27,000 in the city's funds, and in a year has been completely wiped out, while there is now a balance on hand of \$4,000 or thereabouts in the city's strong box. Then, too, an extra \$2,000 was appropriated to the sewer fund, when needed, during the past year. In addition to this, ten thousand dollars in city bonds maturing during the year, was paid. Dr. Gillette has not sought office, but he has honored the positions to which his city has called him. He has manfully met his duties as a citizen, and his administration has been a notable one in the annals of the city.



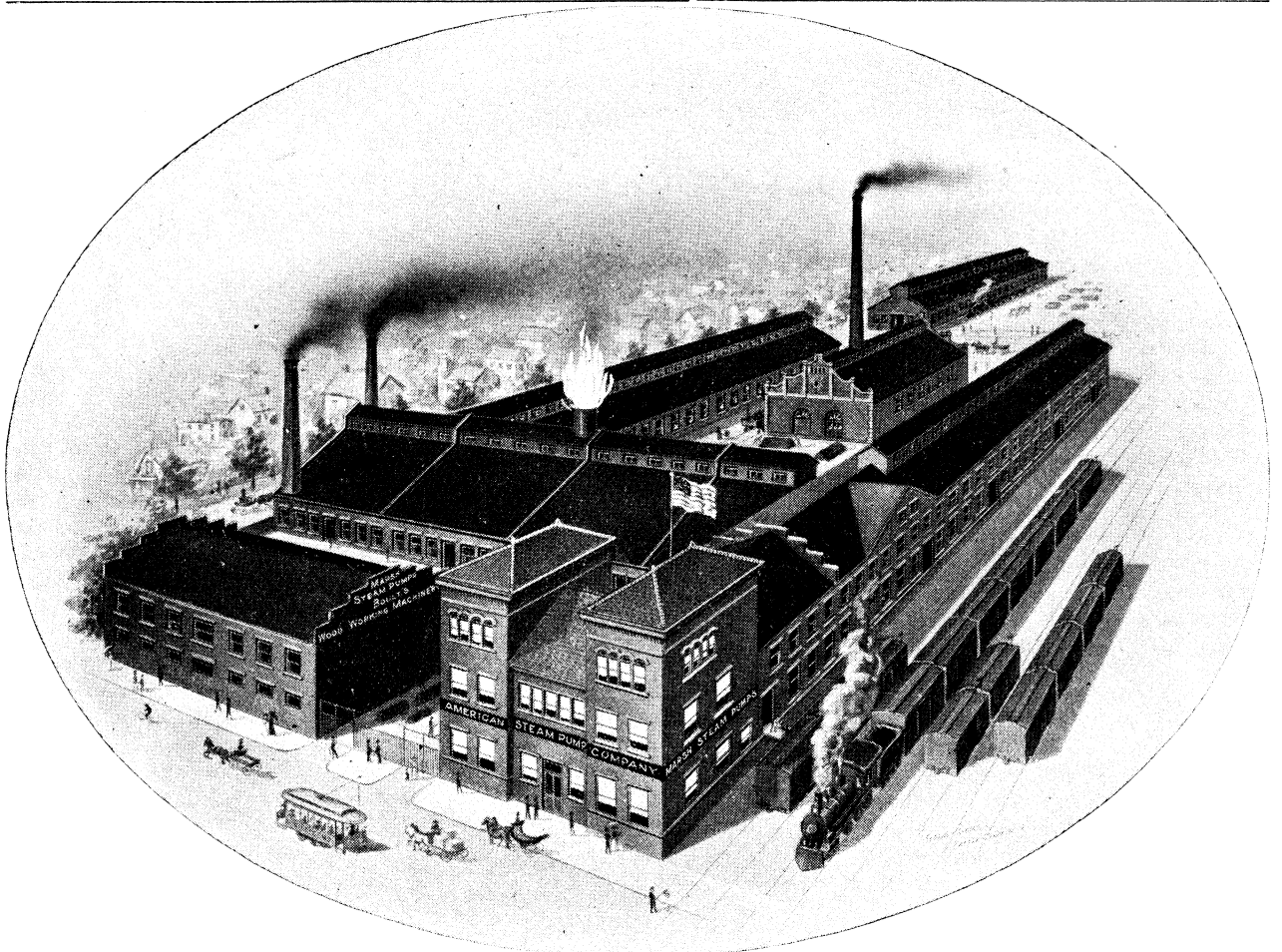
THE AMERICAN STEAM PUMP CO.

Among the industrial enterprises of note in the city of Battle Creek none are more entitled to a place of prominence than the American Steam Pump Company. While this concern has been heralding the industrial fame of Battle Creek abroad it has in its growth and progress been instrumental in bringing about the prosperity which marks the condition of our leading industries at the present time. From a very small beginning in 1873

can Steam Pump Co., and as such it is recognized in the local and wider industrial world. The officers are: William H. Mason, president; Joseph M. Ward, vice president; Edward C. Hinman, secretary and treasurer; Albert C. Perkins, assistant secretary, all of whom, with Leopold Werstein constitute the directorate of the company. The capital stock of the company is \$400,000.

Since the inauguration of the pres-

lished agencies in all the prominent cities of the United States, and in nearly all of the foreign countries. As to their exportations their business is extensive, as fifty per cent. of their orders are beyond the borders of this country. During 1899 the company did 120 per cent. more business than in the year 1897, and 55 per cent. more than in 1896. During January, 1900, they handled 100 per cent. more business than they did in the correspond-



Office and Works of the American Steam Pump Company.

this establishment has evolved to its present large proportions. Originally the plant was a small one, its first incorporation dates from the year 1873, when it took the name of Battle Creek Machinery Co. In 1891 the ownership and management came into the hands of its present officers, and since that time the development and prosperity of the company has been marked. In 1899 the company was incorporated under its present name, as the Ameri-

ent management in 1891, the company has rebuilt and re-equipped its entire plant, making extensive improvements and additions in every department. These improvements have enabled them to keep pace with the latest methods of manufacture, and to greatly enlarge the scope of their operations. At the present time they are manufacturing steam pumps designed for every manner of service to which pumps can be put. They have estab-

lished agencies in all the prominent cities of the United States, and in nearly all of the foreign countries.

The demands of the constantly increasing trade has been so great that in order to meet them extensive improvements to the plant have been added. These include a large addition to the machine shop, and the installation of a new power-plant, for which a new building and equipment throughout has been provided.

The location of the American Steam Pump Co. is of the best, being at a

point very near the center of the city, between the Michigan Central R. R. tracks and North Jefferson and Division streets. Private tracks connect the yards of the company with the Michigan Central, affording ample facilities for the receiving and shipping of goods. The buildings are of red brick, substantial and modern in style.

The third floor is used for supplies, and the basement for storage purposes. Three elevators are in the main building.

During the fall of 1900 the company built their new power house, facing on Monroe street north. The building is of brick, has 16-inch walls, with tile roof and steel frame. The chimney is round, 115 feet high, with a flue

kind in Michigan, if not in the north-west.

The company has had the forethought to establish a private system for fire protection, including fire alarm boxes in every room throughout the plant, and public fire alarm box as well. The plant is connected with the public mains, but has its private mains, water supply, pumps and sev-



Interior Views American Steam Pump Co.

The plant, which occupies ground with a frontage of 157 feet and extending 531 feet to the rear, comprises an office, two machine shops, core room, foundry, store house, detached warehouse, engine room, boiler room and testing room, all on the main floor. On the second floor are located the drafting room, repair department, pattern room, machine and stock room.

52 inches in diameter, contains 75,000 brick, and has ample capacity for 400-horse power.

The company have not spared either thought or money in the effort to make this power house complete in every detail. We understand it is up-to-date in every particular, and taken as a whole, is the finest equipment of the

eral hundred feet of hose, all of which can be used in case of fire. A private telephone system extends throughout the plant.

The handsome offices are perfect in their appointments. On the main floor there is an ante-room, a general office and private office; on the second floor is the drafting room and stock-keeper's office, the wood work

and furniture of all is of oak, the ceilings are of steel, the whole comprising model business apartments.

The main building is 157x246 feet in dimension, including the central court, and contains a number of distinct departments which may be mentioned as follows: In the machine shop there is the latest improved machinery and appliances required for the manufacture of the special products of the company, which includes planers, shapers, lathes, etc., they having a tool room for this purpose.

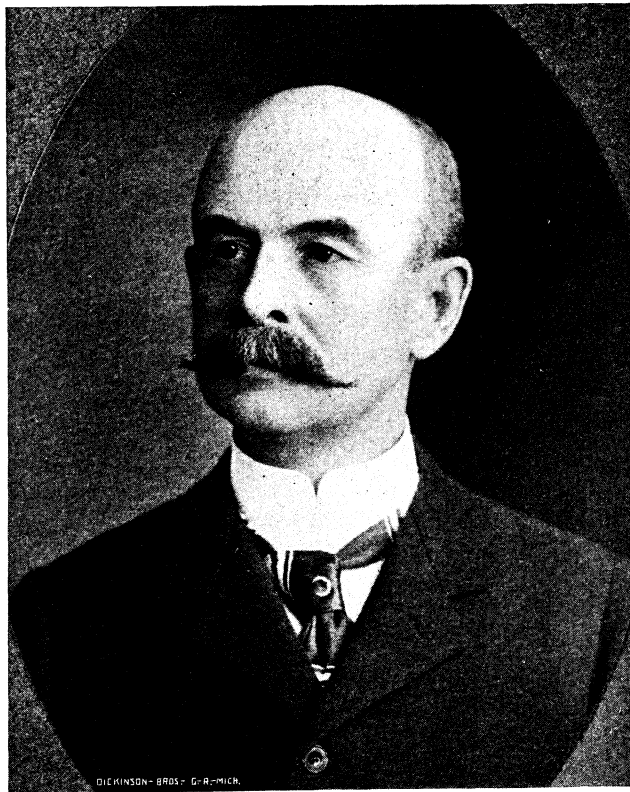
From their thoroughly equipped blacksmith shop they forge the tools used in the plant, and turn out the tools for wood-working as well. In their immense foundry is located a large core oven, a cupola for iron and furnaces for brass and aluminum casting. All the materials needed in the making of its pumps are manufactured from the raw materials by the company. A track system, fitted with two 5-ton traveling cranes operated by compressed air, are used in the foundry for handling heavy castings.

An overhead trolley system is employed for conveying heavy castings from one room to another. The tracks extend through the plant, and by this system the various parts are carried to the erecting room, where they are put together. From this room they are carried to the testing department, where every pump is given a thorough test in actual operation before it is allowed to pass to the paint shop. From the shipping room the pumps can be loaded directly on the cars.

In the brass working department are located the bolt cutters, and various brass working machinery, including a machine for separating brass and iron chippings, in order that the brass thus saved may be sent to the furnace for recasting.

The electric lighting plant supplies the current for the 600 incandescent lamps used in the plant. The four boilers in the engine room are batteries of 100-horse power, fitted for either coal or oil, and a 200-horse power compound Buckeye engine which supplies the power for the plant.

We give below a list of the pumps made by the establishment: Air pumps, Air and Circulating pumps, Air Compressors, Automatic Feed Pump and Receiver, Boiler Feed Pumps, Combined Air and Circulating Pumps, Combined Air and Feed Pumps, Creamery Pumps, Condensation Pumps, Compound Pumps, Dry Vacuum Pumps, Deep Well Pumping engines, Hydraulic engines, Filter Press Pumps, Fire Pumps, Hydraulic Pumps, Heavy Liquid Pumps, Marine



E. C. Hinman.

Pumps, Milk Pumps, Naptha Pumps, Sinking Pumps, Sugar House Pumps, Sweet Water Pumps, Traction Engine Pumps, Vacuum Pan Pumps, Tank Pumps, Yacht Pumps, and, in fact, all kinds of pumps, pumping outfits and pumping appliances. With every pump the company furnish a full set of wrenches, drip cocks, sight-feed lubricator, and extra packing for water piston.

EDWARD C. HINMAN.—E. C. Hinman is a son of the late John F. Hinman, one of the pioneer residents of

gan university. Soon after he was employed by the government as overseer and assistant engineer, and for six years was connected with the engineer corps on the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Later, in 1880, Mr. Hinman engaged in grain business at Port Huron. From 1882 to 1888 he was identified with Mr. F. W. Ward of this city, in the milling business. In 1891, with several others, Mr. Hinman bought into the Battle Creek Machinery Company, since which time it has been incorporated under the name of the American



Residence of E. C. Hinman.

Battle Creek. Our subject began his education in the public schools of Battle Creek, and in 1874, graduated from the literary department of the Michi-

Steam Pump Company, with Mr. Hinman as secretary and treasurer. The remarkable growth and success of this extensive plant is largely due to Mr.

Hinman's business sagacity and management, for he has a personal supervision over all departments.

Mr. Hinman is a member of the Masonic order, being a member of Blue Lodge, Chapter, Commandery, and Order of the Mystic Shrine, a member of the National Union, A. O. U. W., Elks, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Michigan Club, the Athelstan Club, and is secretary of the Battle Creek board of trade.

In politics, Mr. Hinman is a republican. In 1885-6 he served the fourth ward as alderman, and has been a member of the state central republican committee. President McKinley appointed Mr. Hinman as a member of the board of visitors to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In his church relations he is identified with the Episcopal church, being a member of the vestry of St. Thomas' Episcopal church of this city.

In 1876 Mr. Hinman married Miss Carrie L. Risdon of Ann Arbor, who died in 1887, leaving two daughters, Gertrude R., and Belle R. On June 11, 1891, Mr. Hinman married Isadore Risdon of Ann Arbor. The family residence is one of the most beautiful and attractive homes in the city, and is noted for its social gatherings as well as for true hospitality.

WILLIAM H. MASON.—The president of the American Steam Pump Company, Mr. William H. Mason, a resident of the Queen City from his birth, is a public-spirited citizen and a promoter of large enterprises, which brings him into prominence as a business man of the city.

Mr. Mason was born November 9, 1842, in the village of Battle Creek. He attended the graded school and the high school, served through the Civil War in Company C, 2d Mich. Infantry, and then entered upon a business career with Mr. Rathbun, in 1868, in the lumber business on the corner of McCamly and West Main streets. From Mason & Rathbun the firm name was changed to Mason, Rathbun & Co., by taking in a partner, who was succeeded in 1874 by Mr. James Green, who continued as a partner in the business until it was sold in January, 1899, to Rathbun & Kraft.

In 1891, when the American Steam Pump Company reorganized, Mr. Mason was chosen its president, which position he now holds. He is actively interested in the Advance Thresher Co., and is a senior member of the board of directors.

Mr. Mason has always taken an active and intelligent interest in the public affairs, and has filled a number of



William H. Mason.

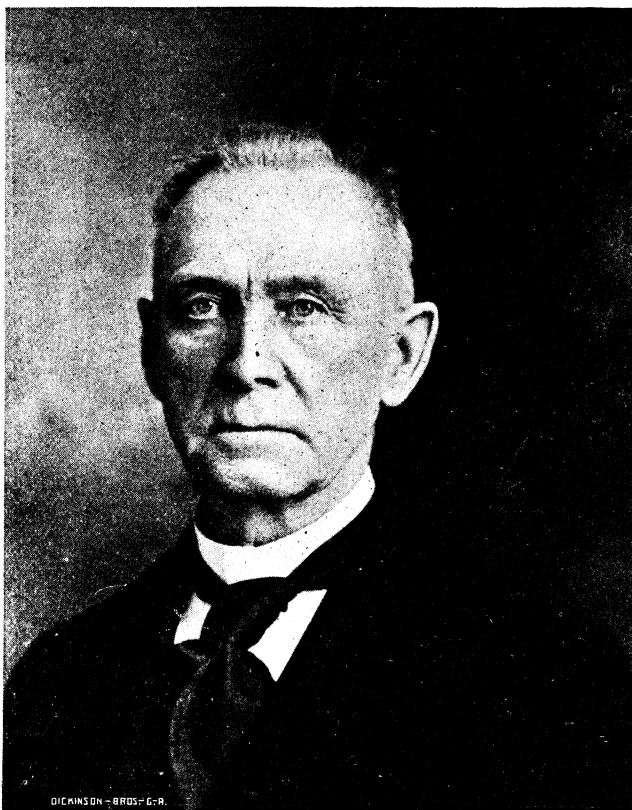
positions of trust. He has represented the second and third wards in the city council, of which body he was a member for ten years. From 1890 to 1894 he was postmaster of Battle Creek, and his administration was business-like and satisfactory. He is much interested in matters pertaining to public education and is a member of the city school board at the present time. Mr. Mason is also the president of the Battle Creek board of trade, and the Calhoun County Republican club, with which political party he has always been identified.

Mr. Mason's popularity is due to his marked affability with all classes, as well as to his interest and devotion to movements which were connected with the welfare and prosperity of the Queen City. In 1870, Mr. Mason was united in marriage with Miss Tryphena Kneeland of Montgomery county, N. Y. Their only daughter, Cora, now Mrs. H. H. Flint, resides in Chicago.

Mr. Mason is now residing temporarily in Bakersfield, Cal., where he is the manager and president of the Alma and the Black Jack Oil Companies.

J. M. WARD.—Mr. J. M. Ward, who has since become so thoroughly identified with the milling interests of this city, came here in 1845, and established himself in the livery and stage

business. From 1848 to 1860, he was engaged in the manufacture of woolen goods. In 1861 Mr. Ward bought a wooden building which stood where the office of the Ward mill does now, and turned it around so as to face Jefferson street, and here he embarked in the milling business. He fitted up the mill with a special view to custom work, the other mills paying more attention to outside orders. In addition to this, he handled farm produce, shipping in large lots to eastern cities. He soon became known to the farmers of this county and from that time to the present, no man has held a higher place in their estimation. Besides his mill at Battle Creek, he had built several elevators along the line of the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway, the one at Port Huron being second in point of size in the state. He was one of the first charter members of the Battle Creek fire company and one of the originators and first directors of the Peninsular Railway Company, now the Grand Trunk Western. Mr. Ward had charge of the building of the gas works, and was a director and president of that company, which he aided to organize, he is also a director of the City bank. He has served as alderman with credit to himself and to the advantage of the city. He is a stockholder and director of the Battle



Joseph M. Ward.

Creek Machinery Company, which has not shut down for twenty-two years except for necessary repairs. He is a large stockholder and director of the Ward Lumber Co., with mills at Whiting, Mo., and headquarters in Chicago; was one of the first members of the board of public works, and devoted much time for six years with others of the board in planning and building our excellent system of water supply of which there is no better in the state.

It is largely owing to his efforts that Battle Creek is a division point on the Grand Trunk Western railway. After the consolidation of the Peninsular Railway with the Grand Trunk system had been decided upon, E. C. Nichols, J. M. Ward, and L. D. Dibble were appointed a committee to meet the directors of the Peninsular company. Then and there through the efforts of these gentlemen, the agreement was made which brought the division headquarters to this city. Mr. Ward has three sons, all successful and honorable business men. He resides with his wife in a handsome residence owned by him on Maple street, and is situated to enjoy the fruits of his well directed industry and a life of honorable business success and attainment. That he may be spared for many years to come, to continue to take an interest in, and assist in the advancement

and prosperity of Battle Creek, with which city he is so thoroughly identified, is a wish in which we are sure that every reader of the Journal will cordially unite.

carried on business as a successful farmer, but his health becoming somewhat impaired, he concluded to take a trip to what was then, the west, and having a brother, Charles Shepard, living here, he came to Battle Creek, and being favorably impressed with this locality, decided to make it his permanent home. Having a natural taste for mechanical work and being introduced by his brother to John Nichols, he readily fell in with a proposition to go into the manufacturing machinery business with him, and after a very brief acquaintance, these two men, who had, up to this time, been perfect strangers to each other, formed a partnership which was destined to last throughout the lifetime of Mr. Nichols, and one which had a powerful influence upon the destiny of the place in which they decided to locate their then small factory. The history of the wonderful growth and prosperity of this business, in which every resident of our growing city feels pride, is given in this issue, as well as the illustration of a front view of the now extensive works of the Nichols & Shepard Company, manufacturers of the famous vibrator thresher with its world-wide reputation.

Mr. Shepard has been a quiet man who worked day by day with a steadfast determination to succeed and do all in his power to turn out from the factory in which he was interested, good, honest machinery. And if there is any one thing in which he feels pride more than another, it is the high



J. M. Ward's Residence.

DAVID SHEPARD.—Mr. Shepard was born October 1, 1820, in New York state, coming to Battle Creek when he was 29 years of age. Up to that time, he had worked on a farm and

reputation enjoyed by the Nichols & Shepard Company, for strict integrity, honorable dealing and superiority of machinery manufactured. Mr. Shepard also takes pride in the growth of the

city which he has done so much to build up.

He has a pleasant home situated on



David Shepard.

Maple street, an estimable wife, and two sons who are successful business men, and now surrounded by all that can tend to make life pleasant, he is enjoying in his later years the fruits of his well-directed industry an honorable, as well as successful business career.

SAMUEL DICKIE.—The name of Samuel Dickie is a prominent one throughout the state of Michigan, made so by the impress which he has had on the political, social, and industrial life. Born June 6, 1851, at Oxford county, Canada. His father was William Dickie, who was a native of Scotland, coming to Canada, thence settling in Ingham county near Lansing, engaging in farming.

On Dec. 22, 1872, Samuel Dickie was united in marriage with Miss Mary A. Brockway, the daughter of Hon. W. H. Brockway of Albion. To them four children have been born: Clarissa, born May 22, 1875; Ada, born June 6, 1877; Mary, born Sept. 29, 1880; William Brockway, born Aug. 29, 1891.

In 1877 Mr. Dickie accepted a position as professor at Albion College, where his powers as an instructor, his influence as a leader have been brought forth to public notice. His fame has widened as is natural to one of such remarkable resources.

For twelve years he has been chairman of the National Convention of the prohibition party, and a delegate to the same four times. That the city of Albion holds him in the highest esteem and fully relies upon his judg-

ment in municipal affairs is proved by his election to the office of mayor on the prohibition ticket, against the other active parties in the field, an office which was held to the satisfaction of all.

Prof. Dickie has won many stanch friends for himself, not alone among those of wealth and influence but among the lowly, in whose homes the temperance question means happiness or misery.

As a lecturer he has gained popularity; he is original in thought, precise in logic, terse in statements, still, his success in this line is largely due to his intense earnestness in his subject and his strong personality. Naturally a public-spirited man he has been chosen to fill many offices of trust and responsibility where tactful business co-operation was required.

At the present time Prof. Samuel Dickie is the acting president of Al-



Samuel Dickie.

bion College, president of the Musical Festival Association, president of the Albion Buggy Co., secretary of the College Corporation, treasurer of College Endowment Fund, and director of the Commercial and Savings bank.

For many years Prof. and Mrs. Dickie have been active, zealous members of the Methodist church of Albion, and in no other field of work have their interests and influence been greater and wider.

On account of his earnestness as a speaker and his power as a debater he has been called in the discussions of the great questions of the day that have agitated the country, and he never speaks for oratorical effect, but his words go like bullets to the mark. Gifted with quick perceptions, a logical mind and a ready tongue combined with a courage to advance the hon-

est convictions of his heart, even when not with the popular swaying majority. Prof. Dickie has drawn friends to himself by his determination to speak for right at all times and all places.

WILLIAM A. LANE.—Worldly goods and an influential position have been won by this gentleman, who is a native-born citizen of Calhoun county. Dr. William A. Lane was born in the township of Convis, March 1, 1845, and practically all his life has been spent here. His parents, James and Sarah Lane, who came from England in 1835, constituted one of the three first families which settled in that township. They were devoted christians and were each endowed by nature with those attributes of mind and character which, broadened by education, made them useful and valuable members of society.

William, the youngest of the five children, spent his boyhood days on the farm receiving his early education in the district school, afterwards attending Vermontville Academy and Olivet College. He then entered the University of Michigan, where he pursued a full course in medicine, and in 1867 received his degree as doctor of medicine at Philadelphia, and in later years spent several months visiting the leading hospitals and medical colleges of Europe. For thirty years he practiced his chosen profession at Homer, and was an active participant in every important public and social movement in that community.

Dr. Lane has been eminently successful, not only in his professional



Hon. William A. Lane.

career but in any and all public matters with which he has been identified. He is one of the best known men in the county.

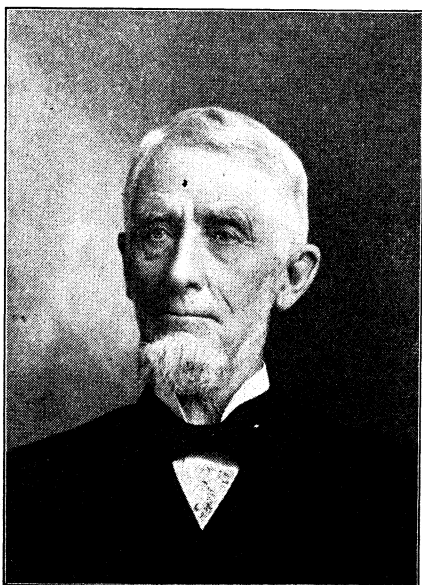
Notwithstanding Dr. Lane is a democrat, he has four times been elected president of that republican stronghold, the village of Homer, and is the first member of that party, who has been called to the position which he now holds in nearly fifty years. He was elected judge of probate of Calhoun county in 1896 by a plurality of 281. He was re-elected in 1900 by the increased plurality of 654, notwithstanding the fact that the republican presidential electors carried the county by a plurality of 763.

In all the varied work coming under his jurisdiction in the office he holds he has shown discretion, ability and a high moral purpose, which makes the right man indispensable in a position of such importance, and in all he has presided as a fearless, impartial judge, and one whose record is an honor to the county.

In religion Judge Lane is a Presbyterian, fraternally he is a member of several lodges of high order; he is a Mason, a Knight Templar, an I. O. O. F., a K. O. T. M., and an A. O. U. W.

His family consists of the wife and two daughters, Mrs. Dwight W. Knickerbocker of Marshall, and Miss Mabel I. Lane, with her parents of that city.

NELSON ELDRED.—Hon. Nelson Eldred, banker and capitalist, was born in Otsego county, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1822, and came to Michigan with his



Hon. Nelson Eldred. parents in 1831, locating on Climax prairie. The first saw mill in Kalamazoo county, which was located at Comstock, was erected by Caleb Eldred, the father of our subject. Nelson Eldred received such educational advantages as could be obtained at the common schools, subsequently taking a course at the Kalamazoo College, then

known as the "Institute." Mr. Eldred became owner of one of the finest farms of 300 acres on Climax prairie, and being in possession of strength and good health, and with habits of industry and a sturdy capacity for hard labor, he made the reputation of being one of the most successful farmers and stock raisers in the state, and one who had gained wealth by fair and honorable means.

Mr. Eldred was married in the year 1848, the bride being Miss Sarah Holden, with whom he lived fifty-two years. The golden wedding being celebrated in 1898.

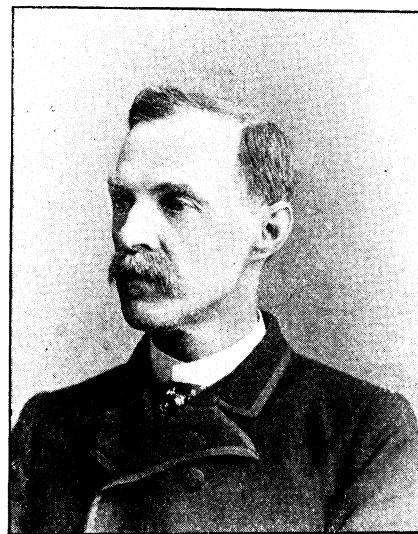
Mr. Eldred resided on his Climax farm till 1865, at which time he came to Battle Creek, engaging in the hardware business under the firm name of Eldred & Peters, until 1871, when he became connected with the City bank of which he has been the president since 1877, being the only charter stockholder now connected with the bank. The success of this bank is the best recommendation that can be mentioned of Mr. Eldred's business ability, tempered by that conservatism so necessary to the success which he and his business connections have acquired. In 1868 he was elected to the school board and in 1871, to the office of mayor of Battle Creek, and in both positions he has served his fellow men with a thoughtful prudence which has characterized his life.

Among the leading men who are identified with the growth and prosperity of the city of Battle Creek, there are few who stand out with the pre-eminence as does Hon. Nelson Eldred, the respected president of the City bank. While Mr. Eldred is a quiet and somewhat reserved man, he is one who invariably gives courteous and polite attention to all with whom he has social and business relations. He has often proved himself a friend in the hour of need, and many of our successful business men can recall the time when the financial aid of Mr. Eldred, together with sound and excellent advice have tided them over many crises in their business history, and while extending these favors to friends and patrons he has been quiet and unostentatious. He has ever been an honorable, upright business man, prompt in meeting obligations and one whose word was as good as his bond; he is one to whom it is safe to depend upon in any emergency.

After years of honorable and continued labor he is now enjoying the fruits of his well-directed industry. He is located on Maple-st, surrounded by comforts, where he has the goodwill and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

GEORGE W. GREEN.—There is no state in the Union within whose bounds a greater number of first-class physicians can be found than Michigan, and Calhoun county is the home or not a few of these skillful and earnest men, among them Dr. George W. Green, who has won for himself an enviable position as a man of learning and ability.

He is the son of Jesse M. and Zilpha (Lovell) Green. His grandfather, Jo-



Dr. G. W. Green.

seph Green, was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, enlisting at the early age of 12, and was the youngest active soldier in the service, as the records show.

Dr. Green was born on a farm in Lake county, Ohio, March 6, 1837, where he experienced all the vicissitudes incidental to pioneer farm life. His education was begun in the primitive district schools, later he entered Madison seminary for the winter months, working on the farm through the summer. At the age of 20 he entered the collegiate department of Oberlin College, spending three years on a literary course. In 1860 he became a student in the medical department of the University of Michigan, graduating in 1862. The degree of A. M. was bestowed upon him by Kalamazoo College in 1882.

In the Civil War Dr. Green served as assistant surgeon of the 28th Michigan Infantry, acting in that capacity during the entire time of the organization of the regiment, serving his country with a skill, zeal and fidelity that will be remembered by hundreds of his comrades so long as they live. At the close of the war Dr. Green settled in Hudson, Michigan, where he continued in general practice for ten years.

In 1889, having decided to specialize,

Dr. Green spent six months in post-graduate work in New York City, since which time he has limited his practice to ear, eye, and throat diseases, in which branches he has achieved a marked success.

On June 25, 1862, George W. Green, was united in marriage with Miss Nancy Bugbee. Their children are Frank, Walter, Blanche, Grace and George. The sons Frank and Walter, are dentists in Ashtabula county, O. Blanche is the wife of Gilbert Nichols of Battle Creek.

Dr. and Mrs. Green have been earnest, faithful members of the Baptist denomination for many years, and are living the principles which they profess.

In 1889, Dr. Green located in Battle Creek, where he has a beautiful residence, and one of the best business blocks in the city, in which he has his well appointed office. He is a practical optician as well as oculist, keeping a full line of spectacles and lenses.

GEORGE H. PHILLIPS.—Battle Creek has many men of prominence, and among them we find the name of George H. Phillips, who is a man of marked business ability combined with genial, affable manners. Mr. Phillips was born in Ypsilanti and spent the early part of his life at that place. In 1867 he moved to Kalamazoo, where he engaged in the music



George H. Phillips.

business, which he made a success, being specially adapted to the business. In 1889, he came to Battle Creek and purchased his present business, that of agricultural implements and carriages. His establishment at 33 Jackson street west, is excelled by none of the kind in the city; the emporium of

carriages, which includes fashionable conveyances of all styles, is a most attractive place for all lovers of handsome vehicles.

The farmers of this community find Mr. Phillips' place of business well stocked with tools and implements of a high grade, and when dealing with him they ever meet with courtesy, which accounts, in a measure, for his being one of the most popular merchants of the Queen City.

The home of Mr. Phillips is one of the handsomest in Battle Creek, in a beautiful location and commanding a fine view of the city; his family consists of a wife, who was Miss Clara Ensign, the daughter of Mr. Benson Ensign of Kalamazoo, and two daughters, Mrs. May Rorabacher and Mrs. Wayne Johnson.

The populace has recognized Mr. Phillips' tendency to progression, thereby electing him to represent his ward as alderman, a position which he fills most creditably as he is a champion of all advancing theories, and a friend to the laborer by favoring an ample compensation for a day's work. In all municipal affairs Mr. Phillips is ever known as being a staunch promoter of any theory, which means the greatest good for his fellow men and his community, therefore, he is looked upon as an up-to-date business man, a popular citizen, and a most courteous gentleman.

NIRUM LEONARD SPAULDING.

Among those intimately identified with the early growth and subsequent development of Emmett township, none deserve more honorable mention than does he of whom we write. Belonging as he does to a prominent pioneer family he has had much to do with making his vicinity a wealthy, agricultural district. His experience as a farmer and a stockman have placed him among its richest and most influential citizens.

Jacob Spaulding, the father of our sketch, was born in Lisle, Broome County, N. Y., March 3, 1790, where he resided until he with his elder brother, Lynos, went to Holland purchase, and jointly located one hundred and sixty acres, which might have continued to be his home had not the ague selected Jacob as a shaking victim, which so discouraged him that he sold to his brother and returned to his native town. There he remained till he married Miss Samantha Allen, the event being consummated Feb. 2, 1815.

Five children were born to them, viz: John A., born March 28, 1817; Rachel L., May 26, 1819; Albert N., Sept. 30, 1820; Nirum L., Aug. 23, 1824; Fannie C., Feb. 2, 1829.

In May, 1835, Jacob Spaulding came west to Calhoun county, Mich., and located one hundred and sixty acres of land in Emmett township, bringing his family the year following as far as Buffalo by team, then embarked on board the old steamer "Monroe," for Detroit, and from thence drove through to Calhoun county in three days. Here he lived till his death, Oct. 15, 1840.

The son Nirum was sixteen when his father was called hence; he worked the farm on shares for four years, when he bought eighty acres of land,



Nirum L. Spaulding.

and after winning for his bride Miss Lucy Thurstin, settled on his own farm. The marriage took place Oct. 10, 1844. In time six children gathered about their fireside: Martha M., born Oct. 1, 1845, and died Dec. 4, 1872; Emma A. and Ellen E., (twins) born Sept. 17, 1853, the former dying Nov. 29, 1856, and the latter, Sept. 20, 1853; Ida A., born Aug. 22, 1853, married Wesley Underwood of Athens, July 8, 1875; Nellie A., born Oct. 10, 1862; Eva L., Aug. 8, 1868, and was married to Alfred A. Cowles, Nov. 5, 1885.

When Mr. Nirum Spaulding began his career as a farmer he had forty-five dollars in money, a yoke of oxen, thirty-two acres of land from his father; but he and his estimable wife possessed stability of character as well as stout hearts which never failed them when the vicissitudes of life looked dark and trying.

Mr. Spaulding, by years of labor and frugality has added to his farm until he now owns four hundred and fifty acres of well improved and highly cultivated land, eighty acres of which is a much admired wood lot of the finest of forest trees. In politics he is a re-

publican. In religion, a liberal thinker, but, while believing in christianity, he has never united with any denomination. His esteemed wife and daughters are worthy members of the Baptist church.

The Spaulding home is a most interesting one, in some respects beyond the ordinary; besides being a model in furnishings, all of which bespeak cheer and comfort to all who enter its hospitable doors, it is replete with interesting curiosities, which Mr. Spaulding, himself, has

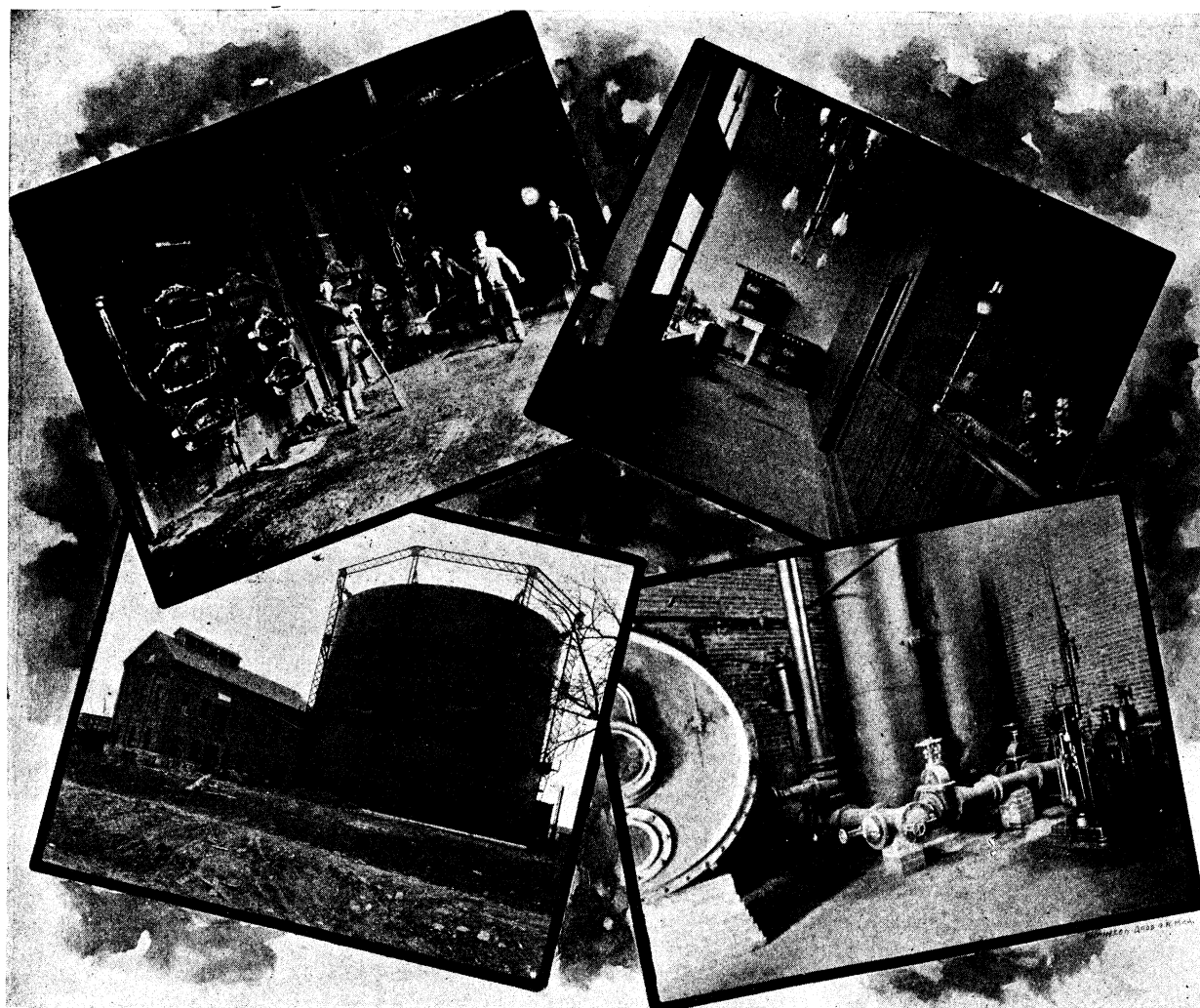
cellent housekeeping qualifications, holding with a gentle grasp the love and harmony of her household.

BATTLE CREEK GAS COMPANY.

—The Battle Creek Gas Company was incorporated September 28, 1899, being the successor to the Battle Creek Gas Light Company. The capital stock was placed at \$100,000 and the incorporators were the late David Henning and W. A. Foote. After these gentlemen became identified with the plant radical improvements were

apparatus, gas pumps, three large tanks, namely, tar extractor, scrubber, and condenser, is 100x50 feet. There are four purifying boxes 12 feet square and four feet deep. The gas passes through these and is purified. The plant has a capacity of about 250,000 feet of gas in 24 hours, and a large meter measures all the gas manufactured by the plant.

From January 1 to June 1 the company put in 350 gas stoves, and from present indications of the business, that number will be greatly exceeded



The City Gas Works.

found time to gather and is treasuring in handsome cabinets made for the purpose. He has 1,700 Indian relics, battle axes wielded by savages. One hundred different kinds of stone pipes, flints, arrow-heads, deer heads, elk horns, etc.

While Mr. Spaulding has been wielding an influence far and wide in his community as an honorable and highly successful business man, Mrs. Spaulding deserves no less praise in being a woman of fine intelligence and ex-

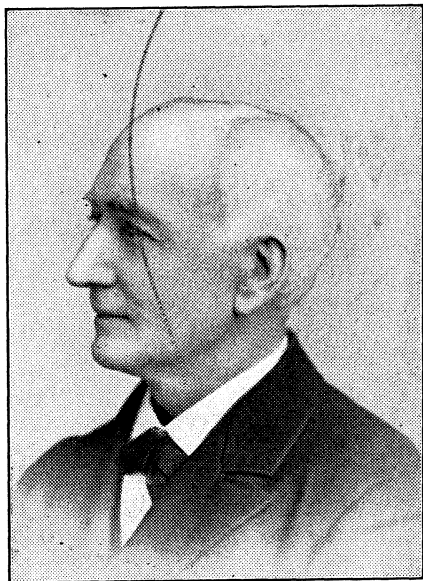
made. The plant of the Battle Creek Gas Company is located on Fountain-st east. It consists of two large holders, one a new steel tank of telescope construction, with a capacity of 100,000 feet of gas. This tank is of the latest design and holds 420,000 gallons of water. The old tank, which is still in service, has a capacity of 40,000 feet of gas. The main building of the plant is of brick construction and contains five ovens, with six retorts each. The building which contains the purifying

within the next six months. The amount of gas mains that have been laid in the new streets thus far during 1901 are about seven car loads of pipes.

The new building soon to be erected on the corner of Main and Monroe streets is to be a handsome three-story structure, and in every way fitted for the convenience of the company. The first floor will be given up to offices and the tastefully fitted up display rooms for gas fixtures,

globes, lamps, etc. On the second floor will be a private office and other apartments suited to their needs. The third floor will be devoted entirely to store rooms, while the basement will be given up to gas fitting shop. The company handles a complete line of gas fixtures, and every description of incandescent gas lamps, including the famous Welsbach light.

The officers are as follows: E. Hen-



David Henning.

ning, president; W. A. Foote, vice president; S. S. Hulbert, secretary; D. Henning Frazer, treasurer, who is also the active business manager.

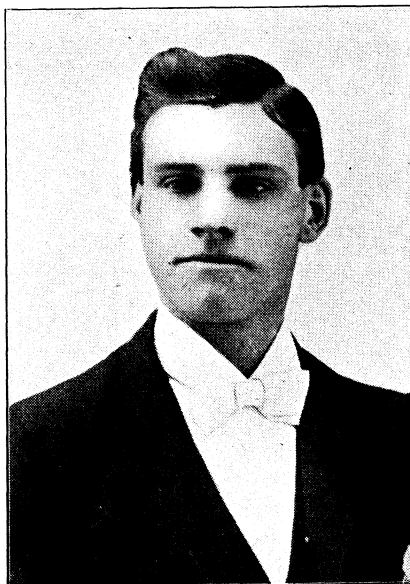
The late David Henning, who was the originator of the incorporation, was a native of Ireland, coming to this country when a boy. He became one of the most successful commission dealers in the state, and maintained shipping stations at almost every important point. Mr. Henning retired some years ago from his commission business and gave his attention to the gas plants with which he was identified, one at Springfield, Mo., Leavenworth, Kan., and to his orange grove in California, at which place he spent the winter months. Mr. Henning died in April of the present year, leaving a host of friends who will ever remember him as a thoroughgoing enterprising man, whose judgment relative to business was beyond the ordinary.

Mr. D. Henning Frazer is a native of Chicago. From Chicago, Mr. Frazer went to Springfield, Mo., where he was employed in the office of the local gas company. His connections with the Battle Creek Gas Company dates from June, 1898.

W. A. Foote is a man well known to our citizens, as he is one of the most

enterprising and progressive business men in this section of the state. He is prominently identified with a number of extensive electrical enterprises, including power plants, electric light works and electric railway companies. Mr. Foote's home is in Jackson, Mich.

CURRIE & MILLS.—Currie & Mills, successors to Weiling & Co. The attractive, well-arranged, and in every way inviting establishment of the well known bicycle firm of Currie & Mills is prominently located at 81 Main street west. This firm has been in business only about one year, but during that comparatively short time it has succeeded in building up a reputation for excellence of work, and honorable dealing in which the partners may well take justifiable pride, and which is steadily adding to the already prosperous business. The enterprising firm of Currie & Mills not only do repair work in bicycles, but are also agents for the wheels of leading manufacturers, including the celebrated Yale bicycle and also the incomparable Racycle. Of the many wheels which they have sold in the past year none have failed to give entire satisfaction to their purchaser. Their prices for the quality of the wheels sold are down to the lowest reasonable limit; any person whose wheel needs cleaning, repairing in any way



C. C. Currie.

will find that he will make no mistake if he employs the careful firm of Currie & Mills, for this firm not only sell high grade and do repair work that is unexcelled, but they also make a specialty of dealing in phonographs and repairing same. They are experts in this line of work. When young men embark in business for them-

selves and show the industry, perseverance and close attention to details as these young men have done they deserve and cannot help but win success.

Mr. C. C. Currie has resided in Battle Creek, and is well known; he was formerly in partnership with Mr. Weiling, and gives to the firm the benefit of extended knowledge. Mr. C. V. Mills has been in Battle Creek some



C. V. Mills.

years, but went to Denver, Col., and there perfected himself in his line of work, having experience as a co-worker with some of the best workmen of the west.

The firm of Currie & Mills are to be congratulated on what they have already accomplished, and we predict that they will, by a continuance of their energetic efforts along the same line of industry, integrity, and right dealing, build up for themselves a conspicuous success in the enterprising city of Battle Creek.

JOHN G. PETERSON.—Among the men engaged in the plumbing and heating business in Battle Creek, perhaps none are better known or more firmly established than Mr. John G. Peterson, the proprietor of the business at Nos. 35-37 Washington-st north. Mr. Peterson has been identified with the plumbing business in this city for some time, and is thoroughly equipped for turning out work in every department of the trade. In addition to general plumbing and steamfitting, Mr. Peterson has a well appointed machine shop, and makes a specialty of forging die work and the threading of pipe by machinery. His store is fully stocked with materials

used in the plumbing and heating business, and the entire plant is operated by steam power, is heated by the hot air blast system, and is equipped with modern machinery and tools.

Mr. Peterson contracts for all kinds

E. J. PIPER:—The accompanying cut is an interior view of the establishment, rooms 5 and 6 Hammond block, Main-st west, carried on by E. J. Piper, who is an up-to-date man in his line of business, and has built up

gained an enviable patronage in his particular line of work, that of mending and re-covering umbrellas, repairing shears, razors, lawn mowers, trunks, satchels, etc. All of which he does in first class order, giving entire satisfaction to each and every patron. Mr. Piper is a locksmith who understands his business, and for that reason is considered the official locksmith of the city.



John G. Peterson Business Block.

of plumbing, roofing, furnace heating, tinning and sheet metal work, all of which are of modern type.

John G. Peterson was born in southern Sweden, Aug. 24, 1865, where he lived until 1876, when, with his parents he moved to the United States, settling in Ford county, Illinois, where he attended the public schools and later received educational advantages in Rankin, Ill., at which place he became an apprentice in the metal working business. Later, being impaired in health, he spent some time at the Battle Creek sanitarium, and was subsequently a student at the college. For six years he was employed at the sanitarium in the capacity of electrician and machinist, then removed to Chicago, where he entered the employ of the Chicago Edison Co., devoting much time to the study of mechanical engineering. In 1893 he took his license as a plumber and returning to Battle Creek opened a store on Main-st west, but removed to his present location later in the same year.

Mr. Peterson is an enterprising man and is in every way fitted to succeed in his present business. His patrons have ever found him to be courteous and obliging, besides doing first class work at the lowest possible rates. The two-story building which he occupies on the corner of Washington-ave north and Van Buren-st west is the property of Mr. Peterson.

for himself a successful trade.

Mr. Piper was born in Battle Creek in 1862, receiving his education at the public schools in the city. He is well

LEWIS C. WOODWARD.—The subject of our sketch was born Jan. 11, 1835, in the township of Emmett, Calhoun county, where he now lives. His parents, Acle and Minerva (Harper) Woodward, came to Michigan from Batavia, New York, in the spring of 1833, settling in Marshall township. The life of the pioneer with its hardships and privations was before them and with undaunted courage Mr. Woodward and his family faced their trials and shouldered their burdens with remarkable fortitude.

On November 8, 1857, Lewis Woodward was united in marriage with Miss Catherine VanNocker, the daughter of John and Nancy (Vedder) VanNocker of Pennfield township.

Aside from being a tiller of the soil, Mr. Lewis Woodward has been a sawyer, owning and putting in operation several different machines of widely different makes. His aptitude for this



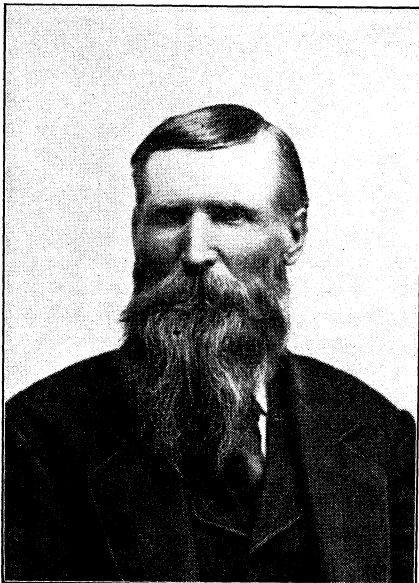
Piper's Repair.

and favorably known in the community where, by strict attention to business and careful thorough work he has

work was beyond the ordinary and was recognized in his community which is attested by the large amount

of work which he has been called upon to do.

In his church relations Mr. Woodward is liberal, taking the line that a good life is the right principle. Mrs. Woodward is a member of the Baptist



Lewis C. Woodward.

church, and has ever been an earnest, zealous worker, and one whose religion shows itself in her every day life, toward her family and neighbors.

The Woodward home contains 40 acres on which is raised some of the finest fruits produced in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodward have one child, a son born April 30, 1861, who is now in the employ of the Grand Trunk Western R. R., while his parents are quietly living in their old homestead and enjoying to the fullest the fruits of their labors. Mr. Woodward has always done his duty as a citizen, and his reputation as an honorable, upright man is of the highest. In him the republican party has found one of its firmest supporters.

MILES S. CURTIS.—Mr. Curtis is a native of Ohio, born in Ashtabula county, April 1, 1852. His early life was spent on a farm and his rudimentary education obtained in a district school. At the age of 14 he entered a select school and from this was graduated to the Austinburg Institute, where he remained for six years. At the age of 21 he came to Michigan and began the study of law in the office of W. J. Baxter of Jonesville, but he was obliged to give this up and return to farming, his father requiring his assistance. This brought him in the vicinity of Battle Creek, and there he has since lived, dividing his time between a farm on the outskirts of the city and business within

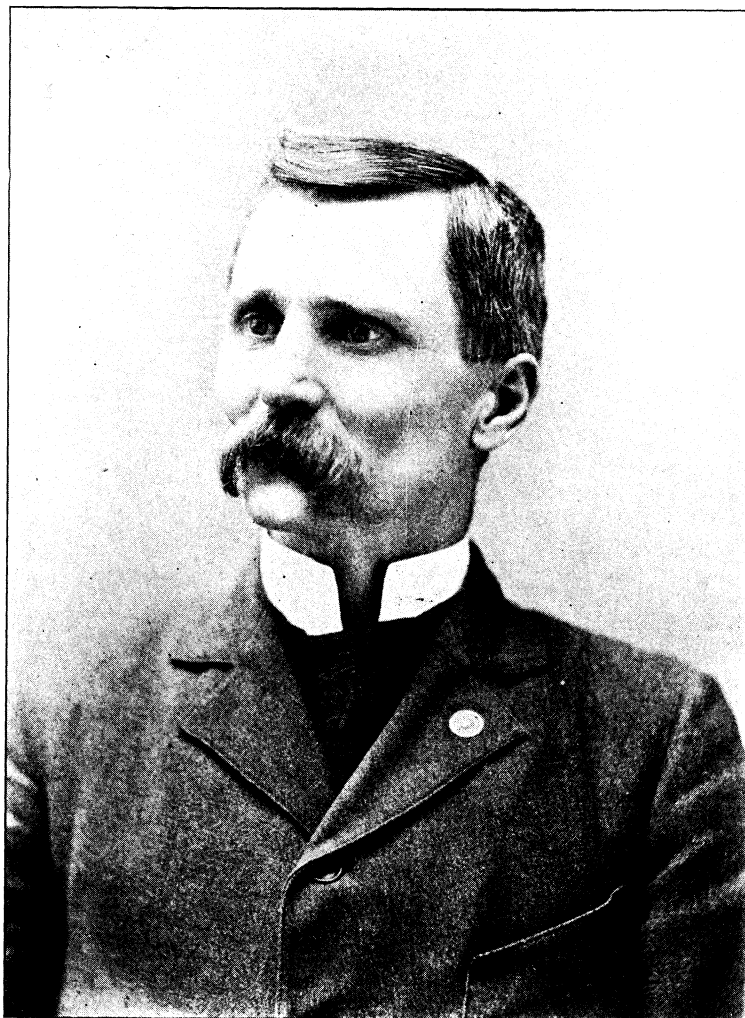
the city. Mr. Curtis was first elected supervisor of his township in 1891, and has represented his district in the state legislature, having been elected to the house of representatives in 1894, serving during the session of 1895. He was mayor of Battle Creek in 1898.

While the official positions with which he has been honored sufficiently attest the estimation in which he is held by the business and social circles of his home, Mr. Curtis is perhaps more widely known through his connection with the Knights of Pythias, of which order he has been a member since 1879. He was at once chosen as prelate, and thus became a past chancellor. He received the rank of P. C. in the grand lodge in 1880, and in 1885 was chosen as grand outer guard. By steady progress he came into the occupancy of every position in the grand lodge from grand outer guard to grand chancellor, his administration of the latter office being marked with unusual success. At the session of the grand lodge held in Kalamazoo in 1895, he was chosen for the office he

now holds, that of grand keeper of the records and seal. His unswerving devotion to the interests of his chosen brotherhood has won for Mr. Curtis the admiration and respect of the entire order throughout the state. His well-balanced mind and excellent judgment make him an efficient guide. While possessed of the courage of his convictions he has the happy faculty of differing with and yet not antagonizing his opponent. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Royal Arcanum and of the Elks.

In 1879 Mr. Curtis married Miss Mary Nye of Battle Creek. They have two sons, Lorell, a bookkeeper in the Merchants' Savings bank of Battle Creek, and Claude, a clerk in the city postoffice.

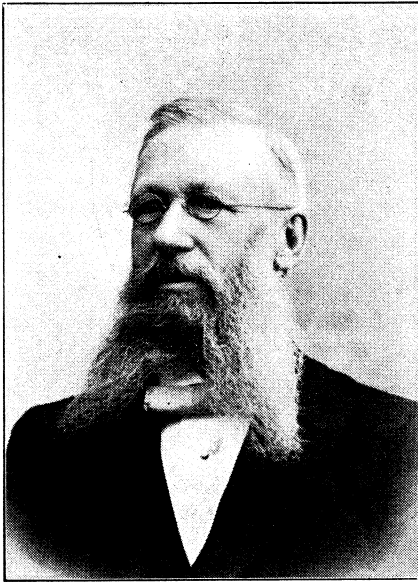
A. T. METCALF.—Abraham Tolles Metcalf, D. D. S., is the son of David and Mabelle Ball Metcalf, and was born February 26, 1831, in Whites town, N. Y. He is a lineal descendant of Rev. Leonard Metcalf, rector of the Cathedral of Tatterford, in Fakenham, Norfolk county, England. In



Miles S. Curtis.

1616, Leonard Metcalf's son Michael, renounced the faith and united with the established church. Afterwards, on account of the arbitrary decrees of Bishop Wren, and his dean, Doctor Corbett, Michael Metcalf became a dissenter. He was accused of heresy and committed to prison, from which he escaped and came to America, landing in Boston, April 13, 1637.

Dr. Metcalf received a limited education at the old academy in his na-



A. T. Metcalf.

tive place. After leaving school, he served a brief apprenticeship in his brother's establishment for the manufacture of tin, copper and sheet-iron ware. In 1848 he moved with his father's family to Battle Creek, where he remained but a few months. He returned to New York and commenced the study of dentistry, in the office of Dr. H. R. White of Utica. In 1854 he visited his father at Battle Creek, and at the solicitation of Governor Ransom, who desired his professional counsel, went to Kalamazoo. His presence and success were soon known, and his services were in such demand that in February, 1855, he gave up his practice in Utica, and settled in Kalamazoo. From the effect of the climate and severe application to business, his health soon gave way, and in December, 1857, he went to New Orleans, La. There he rapidly recovered, and associating himself with Dr. A. P. Dostie, he opened a branch office where he spent the winters in the practice of his profession, until the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. Dr. Dostie was killed in August, 1866, at the "Massacre of Mechanics Institute," while in attendance upon the Constitutional Convention, as one of the delegates. In the spring of 1861,

soon after Louisiana had passed the ordinance of secession, Dr. Metcalf was imprisoned for treason against the state. The following is a part only of the affidavit upon which he was arrested: "On the night of Monday, the 16th day of March, 1861, in the fourth district of this city, one Doctor Metcalf uttered seditious language against the government, saying that, if he were in Lincoln's place, before a single state should be allowed to go out of the Union, he would burn the city of Charleston to the ground, and, by cutting the levees, drown the city of New Orleans with the waters of the Mississippi; and using other incendiary language. All of which shows that he, Metcalf, was adhering to the enemies of the state." A New Orleans paper of April 21, 1861, had the following relating to his arrest: "Doctor Metcalf, a dental surgeon, who has enjoyed a highly respectable practice in this city for some time, and is, we believe, a native of New York state, was arrested by special officers of the chief of police, on a charge of treason against the state of Louisiana. This is the first arrest upon this charge which has been made in New Orleans within our recollection. The party accused has many friends here, but it is a serious charge. The law of our state is fully equal to the punishment of the crime, if he is guilty, and to his vindication, if he is innocent." Dr.

has been greatly interested in the welfare of the public generally. He was among the foremost in the organization of the Michigan State Dental Association, which held its first meeting in 1855. He was for several years a member of the board of education and of the board of trustees in Kalamazoo and elected president of the village in 1879. He represented the second district of Kalamazoo county in the state legislature in 1875-76, and, in that capacity, was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the College of Dental Surgery in the University of Michigan. He invented the dental engine and the dentist's annealing lamp, which was invaluable previous to the introduction of adhesive gold foil. He was also the first to introduce the preparation for filling teeth known as sponge gold. He and his brother invented the tinman's pattern sheet, an ingenious scientific device for the use of manufacturers of wares made of sheet metal. He has been a zealous and prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, having been twice elected grand master of the state. He is an active member of the supreme council thirty-third and last degree. In 1872, the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery was conferred upon him by the New Orleans Dental College.

He married, in 1857, Miss Helen E. Noble, daughter of Hon. Alonzo Noble.



The Noble and Annex Blocks.

Metcalf was released from prison on the authority of the attorney-general of the state. He has always been a zealous worker in his profession, and

Mrs. Metcalf died in Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 26, 1898.

In 1890 Dr. Metcalf became a resident of this city, and engaged in real

estate transaction and at once took an active interest in its growth and prosperity.

In the spring of 1897 Dr. Metcalf was elected mayor of the city, during which time he made many important improvements. His knowledge of parliamentary rules made him an ideal presiding officer, and during his term of office visitors from abroad who attended meetings in this city invariably were profuse in their favorable comments of his dignity when presiding. His administration was not only enterprising and progressive, but was also an economical one.

ALONZO NOBLE.—Alonzo Noble was born in Richmond, Vermont, June 3, 1809. The first twenty-seven years of his life were passed in the vicinity of his birth, and at the age of twenty-four he was united in marriage to Miss Rhoda M. Murray, with whom he lived most happily for over half a century, and who survives him.

The first three years subsequent to his marriage was devoted to mercantile business in Milton, Vt., not far from the home of his boyhood, and with a success that marked his entire business career.

In 1836 he removed with his family to this city, then village, which had not at that time completed the fourth year from its first settlement. He established himself in the mercantile business at the corner of Main and Jefferson streets, the spot where the Noble block now stands. At that time Battle Creek was still without a grist mill and Mr. Noble, in partnership with the late Almon Whitcomb, immediately took measures to supply the want, and during the first season of his residence here commenced the erection of the mill on the site of the one now occupied by Titus & Hicks, and put the same in operation in the spring of 1837.

Mr. Noble continued his business pursuits for many years and by energy and good management amassed an amount of wealth which, together with his prudent real estate investments in our city, enabled him for a number of years previous to his death in 1884, to retire from active business.

Mr. Noble was postmaster for eight years. He was trustee under the old village organization and in 1862 he was elected mayor of the city.

He was a prominent member of the Masonic order and a Knight Templar. He left behind him a record in which his descendants and surviving friends can feel pride.

GEORGE W. HAMM.—The gentleman whose likeness accompanies this sketch is the well known, genial occupant of the office of city recorder. George W. Hamm was born, of Irish parentage, in Stansted county, Quebec, Oct. 3, 1857, where he lived on a farm until his sixteenth year. After his

qualities requisite for the position to which he was elected, and still holds, that of city recorder, in the year 1899, the duties of which office he has performed with good judgment and just fairness, showing in many cases a charitableness which is not always found in a recorder's court.



George W. Hamm.

graduation from the high school at his native place he followed the occupation of teaching for two years near his home, and later in Vermont.

In 1878, Mr. Hamm came to Battle Creek on a visit and was so much impressed with the business enterprise and rapid growth of the city that in two years' time, after closing his business connections elsewhere, he returned to make this city his home. He entered the employ of the school seat factory, and later, recognizing his accuracy in business affairs and his close attention to all details, he was placed in charge of the packing and shipping department, remaining in the service of that establishment as one of the most valuable employes for ten years, when the factory was destroyed by fire. Mr. Hamm, in 1892, accepted a position with the Advance Thresher Company as shipping clerk in the retail department, a responsible position which he held satisfactorily for his sterling integrity and excellent judgment.

In April, 1898, Mr Hamm was elected to the office of alderman of the second ward, and during his term of office served as chairman of the street and bridge committee. The city of Battle Creek recognized in Mr. Hamm the

WALTER S. POWERS.—That the development of a country depends upon the energy and industry of its individual citizens cannot be better illustrated than by the career of Mr. Powers, whose picture accompanies this sketch. Indefatigable, self-reliant and persistent, with genial manners and kindness of heart, it is not



W. S. Powers.

to be wondered that his influence is great.

Walter S. Powers was born in Genesee county, New York, on January 14, 1849, and is the son of John R. and Hannah (Johnson) Powers, who came to Michigan in 1851, and lived in

Barry, and later in Calhoun county, at which place they still reside.

Our subject, having been raised on a farm had the usual experience of the farmer boy, that of working during the summer months and attending district school in the winter, till he was competent and eligible to teach school, which he did in different localities and with marked success. In 1876 he began reading law in New London, O., remaining there till he was admitted in the district court. He entered the law department at Ann Arbor, and was graduated in 1877, began practicing in Bellevue, but removed to Nashville, from which place he came to Battle Creek, in October, 1899, purchasing a fine business block on Main-st west, known as the Powers block, in which he has his well-appointed offices, conspicuous among the furnishings of which is a valuable law library.

Mr. Powers has never been an aspirant for public office, but the town of Nashville, chose him for its president for several terms, and he also acted as president of the school board, and in the management of both positions he received the admiration of his people. For 15 years he was the attorney for the village, and in that capacity it was the consensus of opinion that he was governed by a fair judiciary mind rather than by personal prejudices.

On May 24, 1877, Mr. Powers was united in marriage with Miss Julia Geer of Pennfield township. They have two children, namely: Blanche and Aubra S. Mr. Powers owns one of the pleasant homes on North-ave. He and his family attend the Methodist church. Walter S. Powers is a man deserving of great praise, for it is by his own exertions that he has reached the social, financial, and professional position which he now enjoys. As a lawyer he is gifted with keen perceptions, a logical mind and a ready tongue; his words are never uttered for oratorical effect, but carry weight and force. In politics, Mr. Powers is a democrat, and has ever been a loyal friend to the party.

EDWARD AUSTIN.—It would be impossible in the space allotted to give full credit for the exemplary and business-like way that County Clerk Austin has discharged the duties of the office, which he has held since 1896. He is not only one of the most popular men in the county, but one of the most popular officials, having a host of friends in all parties.

Although at present residing in Marshall in the discharge of his official duties, Mr. Austin's home is in the

city of Battle Creek. He is a native of Ontario county, N. Y., where he was born April 8, 1861, removing with his parents to Michigan in 1866, locating on a farm near Battle Creek. He enjoyed the usual country school advantages available to a farmer boy until he was 15 years of age, when he entered the high school, graduating therefrom in 1879. He spent two years at the University of Michigan in the literary department. Upon leaving school Mr. Austin took charge of the home farm, handling stock and running a dairy in an extensive and successful manner.

Mr. Austin has ever been a friend to fraternal organizations, is a member of the Masons, being a Knight Tem-

ticket elected, and was again re-elected in 1900. Mr. Austin is a man who entered the political arena, not for the sake of place or position, but with an honest desire to benefit his fellow citizens; and even those who disagree with him politically, feel bound to respect his honest and sincere efforts for a reform which he believes is necessary for the public good.

JOHN GEISEL.—Those who bore a part in the labors by which Calhoun county has been robbed of its primitive wilderness and made into a fruitful expanse, are certainly deserving of the respect and gratitude of those who are enjoying the result of their



Edward Austin.

plar and a member of Marshall Commandery, No. 17, also a member of the Knights of the Maccabees and the Modern Woodmen.

Mr. Austin was elected town clerk when he was 21 years of age and afterwards to all the minor offices of the township: he was a delegate from the Farmer's Alliance to St. Louis in 1892, when the peoples' party was organized, was a delegate-at-large to the Omaha convention in 1892, when James B. Weaver was nominated for president, and a delegate from that district to St. Louis convention in 1896 when Bryan was endorsed, and was one of Michigan's five delegates that stood for Bryan from the beginning. In 1896 he was elected county clerk of Calhoun county and re-elected in 1898, being the only democrat on the

ticket. The portrait accompanying this sketch is one who has labored long and well in connection with the development of Tekonsha township.

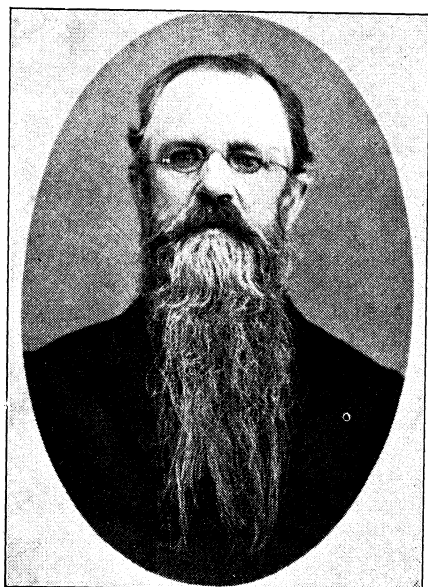
John Geisel was born in Germany on June 24, 1822, coming to America with his parents, arriving at Monroe, Mich., in 1842, spending some years in that region and surrounding country, where he learned the trade of wheelwright and became a skilled mechanic. Later, he spent part of one year in Coldwater and came to Tekonsha May 19, 1854.

On May 13, 1854, he was united in marriage with Miss Christine Eisenman, to whom nine children have been born, namely:

Minnie, born Sept. 1, 1858, is now the wife of William Kramer, residing in Coldwater; Mame, born Nov. 1,

1858, is at home with her parents; Henry C., born Nov. 5, 1860, resides at Farlow, Ind.; Carolyn, born Dec. 29, 1862, is a medical student in Battle Creek, and a prominent worker in the W. C. T. U. society. She is a woman of large resources and firmness of character. Mattie, born Dec. 9, 1864, and died March 31, 1888; Fred C., born Sept. 24, 1868, now living in the village of Tekonsha; Lulu, born Jan. 16, 1871, living at home.; Alice, born July 18, 1873, also living with her parents.

Mr. Geisel is a man who has derived great pleasure in the study of biblical history and is so well versed that he is considered authority on scriptural subjects, and is one of those citizens who, by the exercise of unflagging industry, wise economy,



John Geisel.

coupled most assuredly with the assistance of his estimable wife, he has secured a comfortable home and a competence. Mr. Geisel has always been a great reader of the best literature; a fact which goes to show that "where there's a will there's a way" of storing the mind with useful knowledge even when the duties of life are pressing.

When Mr. Geisel moved in the township of Tekonsha his entire capital consisted of good health, clear conscience and a strong heart. He is now enjoying the fruits of his labors, and for his blameless, useful life he is worthy of the high respect in which he is held by all who know him.

He and his family attend the Presbyterian church and are zealous active members of the same.

REV. THOMAS LYON.—Among the representative men of Homer we give Thomas Lyon a prominent place. In

fact there is no citizen who is more deserving of credit for his enterprise and public spiritedness than our subject. As banker and capitalist he is well and widely known through southern Michigan, and was a most important factor in the development of Homer township, and village. His wealth, accumulated wholly by his own efforts, has been the means of starting various useful enterprises which have tended to develop the natural resources of the county. In all worthy objects tending to progress the name of Thomas Lyon has ever been found among the largest subscribers, and to the man in business who needed ready means in times when currency was scarce he seemed to delight in reaching out a helping hand.

Coming to this state in its pioneer days he proved to be the man needed to aid a struggling organization to get and keep a footing. His judgment was soon sought on public as well as private matters; he soon became a counselor for both young and old.

His parents were Thomas and Lois (Holmes) Lyon, and the time of his birth was May 22, 1819, in Bethel, Sullivan county, N. Y.; he was the youngest of eight children, only one of whom is living, a brother in New York, who is ninety-one years of age.

The father of our subject came to New York from Fairfield, Conn., in May, 1808; he made the journey to Bethel in an ox-cart accompanied by his wife and three children, with a cow following the load.

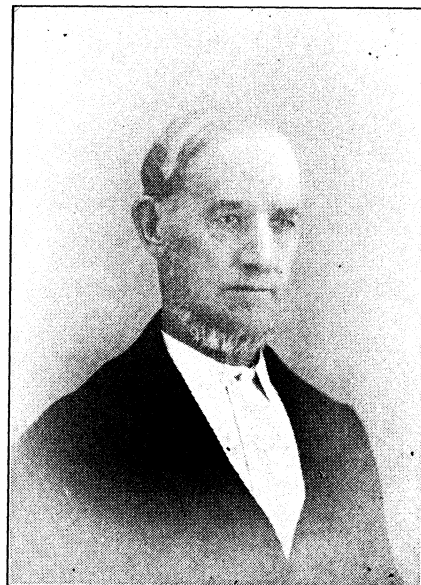
In 1842 he was summoned as supervisor to witness the first hanging in Sullivan county. He built the first saw mill in 1845, and lived to see several sets of milling machinery worn out and replaced by new. When he moved to New York the state was a wilderness except the valleys of Hudson and Mohawk. Mr. Lyon choose a farm in the unimproved region, cleared it, and made a home for his family.

Thomas Lyon attended the common school and finished his education with a year at Armenia Seminary, New York, after which he engaged in teaching for several years. In 1850 he came to Washtenaw county, Mich. Following in the line of his puritanical ancestry it is no wonder that he listened to a mandatory voice which called him to preach the gospel, a calling he followed for twenty-eight years, eighteen years of his ministerial work being in this state, joining the Michigan conference in September, 1854. As a pastor and presiding elder he was faithful, zealous and earnest, dispatching all duties with a conscientiousness which has ever characterized his life. In 1869 he was compelled

to leave the ministry owing to a throat difficulty.

In March, 1870, Mr. Lyon settled in Homer and opened the Exchange bank in a little wooden building on Sophia street. Later, he erected a three-story business block at the corner of Main and Sophia streets, which contains three stores and the postoffice. Here he continued his banking business until he erected in 1887, a building expressly for banking purposes, which is said to be one of the finest bank buildings in Calhoun county, owned by its occupants.

Mr. Lyon has been twice married; his first wife was Miss Susan Brown, a noble woman, beloved by all, who knew her. Her death occurred Jan. 20, 1884. His second choice was Miss



Rev. Thomas Lyon.

Lottie L. Rice, an estimable woman who, as to business qualifications, is far beyond the ordinary, managing her financial affairs most judiciously; one child was born to them, a son.

The last twenty-eight years of Mr. Lyon's life was spent in Homer, interested and active to the last in church and social duties, his death occurring March 30, 1898.

NORTH & STRONG.—The firm of North & Strong occupies a prominent place in the lumber trade of the city, having an extensive and well established business with every facility for the handling of lumber and builders' materials in large quantities. Both members of the firm are men of wide practical experience in this line of trade, and with a thoroughly established reputation for business ability and integrity.

These enterprising men located at 149 Jefferson-ave south, in Febru-

ary, 1889, at which time the present proprietors, E. L. North and J. E. Strong, bought out the business of Piper & Estell.

Success has followed the exertions of North & Strong; they have built

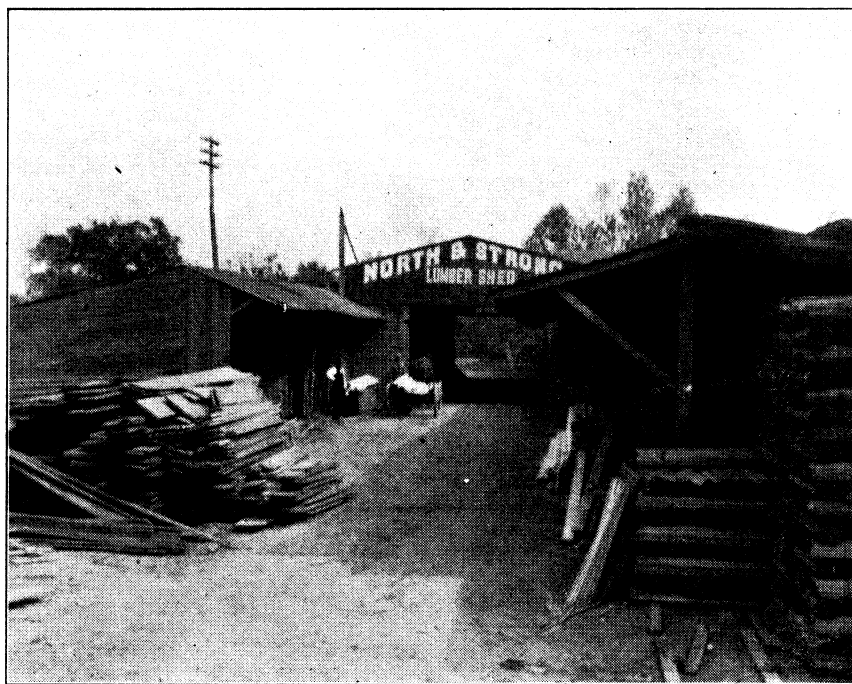
WILLIAM T. DAVIS & CO.—Among the industrial enterprises of the Queen City is the firm of William T. Davis & Co., situated on Hamblin-ave and Putnam-st. where the company has a completely equipped machine shop,

he started a shop on Barney street for the manufacture of engines, where he remained three years, removing in 1890 to his present location on Hamblin-ave, where he purchased two acres of ground and erected the machine shop he now occupies.

Mr. William T. Davis was born July 15, 1857, in the town of North Burwick, York county, Maine. As our subject spent the early part of his life in the New England states he came naturally by the thrifty energetic traits common to the "Yankee," which has been the secret of his success in business. With shrewd insight he is ever on the lookout for improvements in his business. Mr. Davis is a man who stands well in the estimation of his fellow citizens, being upright in his dealings.

The success achieved by Mr. Davis in his chosen line of work has been one by earnest and persistent effort. He has attended to his business day by day, allowing himself no time for pleasure or relaxation, and this intense application and industry has, together with the natural ability, forced Mr. Davis to the front in his line and we are sure that our readers will unite with the Journal in hearty congratulations upon the substantial success which he has achieved during the 15 years in which he has been established in our city.

JOHN R. ALLEN.—Every one comes within the observation of others, and the impress of character is unconsciously received, not alone by personal association but by record of existence. Hence the advantage



North & Strong's Mill.

up a large trade, as both are thoroughly business-like and conduct their affairs on their established principles. The yards on Jefferson-ave south occupy an acre of ground, are well equipped with sheds and every facility to meet their requirements. The Cincinnati Northern tracks are connected with their yards, by which means they reach the other railroads of the city, giving them ample shipping facilities.

Their business comprises lumber, shingles, doors, sash and mouldings and such materials as are used by builders generally.

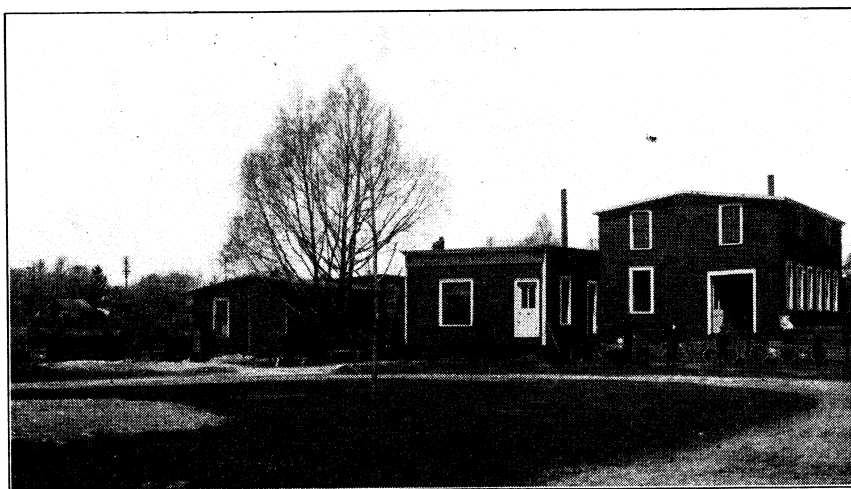
Mr. E. L. North was born October 31, 1847, near Sturgis, St. Joseph county, Michigan. At Burr Oak he spent 12 years in the lumber business, but since 1889 he has been identified with his present business.

Mr. J. E. Strong is the junior partner of the firm. He was born December 23, 1863, his early life being spent on a farm, but subsequently he was engaged in the lumber business in Kalamazoo.

Teams are employed in the delivery of lumber to the local trade, the business of the firm being largely in Battle Creek, however, they have built up a flourishing trade with surrounding towns, and its substantial success is certainly well merited.

steam power plant, etc. The company is a flourishing one in manufacturing engines, engine governors, boilers and other special machinery, besides dealing in new and second hand engines.

Mr. Davis, in 1876, went into business for himself as a manufacturer



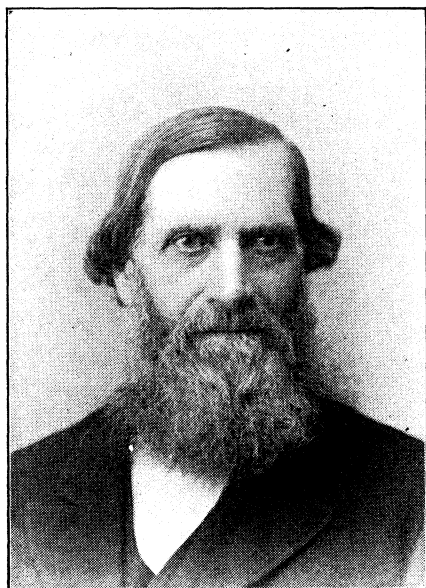
William T. Davis & Co.

and dealer of guns, sporting goods, etc. After two years he removed his shop to larger quarters and again as business prospered he was forced to enlarge his accommodations. In 1887

of extending the field of biographic research and entrancing examples, not among the opulent and entitled, but among the conservative and substantial middle class.

A fit subject in this connection is found in the life and service of John R. Allen, son of Truman Allen, born March 22, 1821, in the state of New York, coming to Calhoun county, Michigan, township of Emmett, with his parents, in 1836. The family endured their share of the hardships common to the pioneers of the state, full of the arduous toils consequent upon clearing up heavily-timbered farms, and checkered with the incidents that unavoidably attend life in a new and wild country. It certainly calls for more bravery than the rising generation realize to face the dangers and privations of life in a new country.

The grandfather of our subject, John Allen, was a well-to-do farmer near Bennington, Vermont. He served



John R. Allen.

for some time in the Revolutionary war. His wife was Rachel (Hendricks) Allen, a descendent of John Rogers of New London, Conn.

John R. Allen on Oct. 5, 1851, married Charlotte Eliza Collins, the second child of Gilbert and Sarah (Whitney) Collins.

Mrs. Allen came from a family of teachers, her mother acting in that capacity in the schools at Stillwater, N. Y., for some years, and Mrs. Allen herself, before her marriage, was following that branch of employment. We cannot speak too highly of a woman who gives up her time to conscientiously instruct the young which are put in her charge; she not only teaches from their text books but a careful, thoughtful woman has the manners and morals of her pupils at interest. Such a teacher was Mrs. Allen, but romance came her way and she was persuaded to take up her

life's work by the side of the man of her choice.

Mr. Allen casts his vote with the republicans, and is loyal to the party, and yet, although interested in public affairs he has never taken active part in politics, preferring to devote his time to the interests of his home and family.

His life has been a busy and useful one; by labor and frugality he has acquired his pleasant home, which he enjoys to the fullest extent, and welcomes friends and neighbors under its hospitable roof. Mr. Allen is a member of the Congregational church, but holds that right living has more weight than church creed.

MRS. JAMES M'NEIL.—The fine farm owned and occupied by Mrs. James McNeil gives evidence of the care bestowed upon its culture and improvement. It consists of 138 acres in Leroy township, whereon may be seen a good dwelling standing on a slight eminence and surrounded by flowers from spring till the month of snow. The other buildings are substantial and ample in size and number for the convenience of the farmer, and with the adornment of fruit and shade trees, shrubs, and vines that so fittingly accompany a rural residence. Neatness and order prevail everywhere, and careful tillage is the rule on every part of the estate.

Mrs. McNeil is a daughter of the late Alfred Jay and Paulina (Jeffrey) Hathaway. She was born Feb. 9, 1843, in Niagara county, N. Y., and has lived on the farm she now owns for 53 years. On August 22, 1867, she became the bride of Alonzo H. Beebe, with whom she lived happily for 26 years, he being called hence on Jan. 23, 1893, the demise taking place in Louisiana. Mrs. Beebe was married the second time to Mr. James McNeil, the marriage being solemnized Oct. 14, 1895. Whereas Mrs. McNeil has never become a mother she has ever fostered the homeless, and given love and cheer to the hearts of the little ones who would otherwise have felt the want of a mother's care. Miss Fanny Pippin, a niece of our subject, lived with her for 21 years, became the wife of Mr. Trethrick, but when life was fullest of bright hopes relentless death took her from the midst of loved ones. Another child, Miss Rose Robinson, grew to womanhood under the careful guidance of Mrs. McNeil, was married to Mr. Coleman, dying some time ago to be mourned by many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. McNeil have within their home two children from the state school at Coldwater, who are receiv-

ing home instructions by their caretakers.

Mrs. McNeil's father, after engaging in the occupation of farming for many years, entered the ministry at the age of 58, and continued in his earnest, zealous work until his death, March 1, 1888. His son, Daniel E. Hathaway, was educated at Oberlin, O., and was also a Congregational minister. He died in Crete, Neb., Dec. 16, 1888.

Mrs. James McNeil was educated at North Leroy school and at Oberlin, O. She is a woman who is known by her good works as her words and deeds of kindness can be recalled by many who are less fortunate. She is held in the highest esteem by all in her community where she has been for many years a type of christian womanhood. She is a working member of



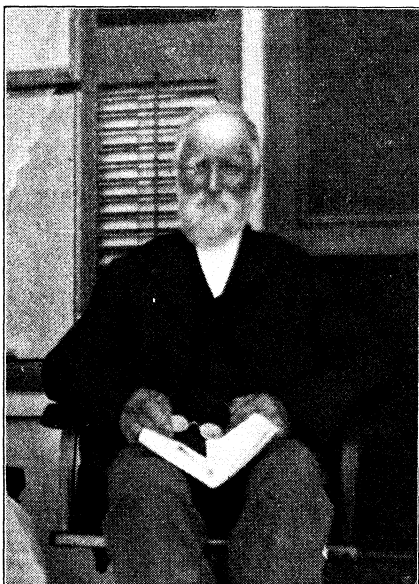
Mrs. James McNeil.

the W. C. T. U., and of the M. E. church, has been the recording secretary of the Missionary society, press superintendent of the W. C. T. U., and a member of the Royal Neighbors of America, and twice a delegate to the county convention from the W. C. T. U.

Mrs. McNeil can recall seeing copies of the Battle Creek Journal during its first year of publication, and has not only been an interested reader but has contributed the Leroy notes to its columns for some years, which have been greatly appreciated by both press and reader.

JABEZ MORGAN.—When contemplating the present condition of this state and noting the wonderful development of its resources, and growth of its civilization, due credit should be given to those who stood in the van guard and bore many privations which

we of the present generation find it hard to realize. Jabez Morgan was born in Kent county, England, and the date of the event was Nov. 2, 1821. His parents, whose names were William and Susan (Crook) Morgan, were both born in England, near the city of Liverpool. Having determined to establish a home in the New World the parents set out on what proved a tedious voyage of six weeks, and after landing at New York City proceeded to Rochester, staying there but a year when they set out to Chautauqua county with an ox team. There they purchased a small piece of land in the dense woods, built a primitive house and moved into the same before the doors were hung or the windows set. They lived there for many years, but later moved to Ripley in the same county, afterwards to Erie, Pa., where



Jabez Morgan.

they lived until 1868, when they came to Michigan, Calhoun county, both dying in Leroy township. They reared a family of six children to useful pursuits. Their names are: J. Jabez, Mrs. Susan Hyde, Mrs. Rebecca Hyland, Miss Mary Morgan, William and Benjamin, all of whom live in this vicinity and are highly respected citizens.

Jabez Morgan won for his bride Miss Mariam Winter, their marriage being solemnized Oct. 16, 1846. Five children were born to them: George B., Delos L., Eugene A., Jared B., and Lillie M. The peaceful happiness of the abode was broken by the death of the wife which occurred Jan. 28, 1857. Mr. Morgan's second marriage was with Miss Elizabeth Winter, but death again entered the Morgan home, taking his companion from his side, Aug. 5, 1858.

The true-hearted woman whom Mr. Morgan was so fortunate as to win for his third wife bore the maiden name of Anna Lederer, and their happy union was blessed by the birth of four children, viz: Alfred J., born April 25, 1860; Owen T., born Sept. 11, 1864; Ernest, born Sept. 8, 1867; Eliza, born Aug. 15, 1871.

Mr. Morgan owns a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in Leroy township, which is a most productive one and one of the most desirable in his locality. It is supplied with neat and substantial buildings; its well cultivated fields yield fine harvests, and its pastures are well stocked. Mr. Morgan has raised grain and stock, paying about equal attention to each. Although he has not made a specialty of stock raising, yet he has marketed many sheep and cattle, and in that branch of his occupation has taken delight.

He identified himself with the republican ranks many years ago in which he has held an unflinching course to the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are honorable and zealous members of the Methodist Episcopal church, and have given liberally to its support. In fact they give aid to any worthy cause, and hospitality is so prominent a characteristic of the family that it cannot pass unnoticed. They have an attractive home that is replete in comfort where their friends often gather to enjoy the charming hospitalities extended by so gracious a hostess and so genial a host.

JEROME W. JOURDAN.—Conspicuous among the prominent farmers of Battle Creek township we have the name of Jerome W. Jourdan, a man who has had varied experiences compared to the routine of the life of a farmer. His father was John Anderson Jourdan, born in Pennsylvania, Feb. 10, 1835, came to Michigan with his family, a wife and five children, of which our subject is the third.

Nov. 20, 1877, was the day on which the nuptials of Jerome Jourdan and Emma A. Beckley were solemnized, the bride was a daughter of Ira and Betsey (Nowland) Beckley, and was born in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. Jourdan has always cast his vote with the republican party, but has not taken an active part in politics, not through lack of interest, however, but his farm of one hundred acres, which he has cultivated thoroughly and well, has occupied his entire time and attention.

During the fall of '97 Mr. Jourdan became so imbued with thought of the Klondyke, and feeling sure that riches

were to be had for those who persevered he joined a party of Battle Creek men, among whom were A. J. White, Charles Earl and Cassius Richardson, well known men in the community, and taking all the necessary equipments for the hardships which he knew were to be met he set out with the party on Jan. 31, 1898. The severe trials which the party experienced has been related over again, but through it all our subject was the life of the party; naturally of a hopeful disposition he was the one who urged them on when at times to press onward seemed inevitable death. His buoyancy upheld him when his own spirits were flagging, and his ambition was an example which enthused his companions to move forward with the hope that the reward they sought was before them.



Jerome W. Jourdan.

Mr. Jourdan met success as the result of his perseverance, for his mine in the Alaskan region is said to be a yielding one, which is the reward our subject reaps for having faced the perils of snow, ice and possible starvation.

We are pleased to state that our subject is again in our community, and we have hopes that it will be his judgment to give Battle Creek with its industrial pursuits the benefit of the wealth which is sure to be his.

C. H. IVES.—The subject of this sketch is an intelligent, practical member of the farming population of this county that has contributed so largely to its prosperity. He is the proprietor of one of the well improved farms of Leroy township, and is rightfully considered one of the most trustworthy citizens of his community. His father

was Abijah Ives, who was a carpenter in Rome, N. Y., but later lived in Vicksburg. Charles H. Ives was born in Rome, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1829, came to Michigan Nov. 22, 1865, settling in Leroy township.

On Sept. 25, 1856, Mr. Ives married Caroline S. Covell, the third child of Lorenzo Riley and Adaline (Thompson) Covell. Mrs. Ives is an estimable woman and understands well the art of making home pleasant and comfortable. Her wedded life has brought her one child, a son, Willard H., by name, born Oct. 18, 1858, in Rome, N. Y., who lives on the homestead and whose interests are identified with those of his parents. On Jan. 10, 1886, he married Miss Dora Jacobs, the daughter of Robert and Helen (Monks) Jacobs.

The Ives homestead is one of 80 acres, which is under good cultivation, buildings and fences in good condition, in fact the entire surroundings speak of prosperity.

Whereas, Mr. Ives has been a republican for years, and is interested in public affairs he has not entered partisan strife, preferring rather the quiet of a home life to a public one.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives united with the



C. H. Ives.

Congregational church in 1878 since which time they have been untiring in their zeal to advance religious principles, and have ever been citizens of high moral worth and integrity, whose examples might well be followed by the younger generation.

CHARLES F. BOCK.—The success which rewards the patient efforts of mankind in any department of labor is nowhere better exemplified than in the life and business career of Mr.

Bock, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, and will be recognized as that of one of Calhoun county's most illustrious citizens, and who is especially prominent in Battle Creek, having been in business here since 1861. He is now senior member of the firm of Bock & Son, whose "Housekeeper's Palace" is one of the business institutions of the city that attracts the attention of every stranger, and is the source of supplies to many a housekeeper.

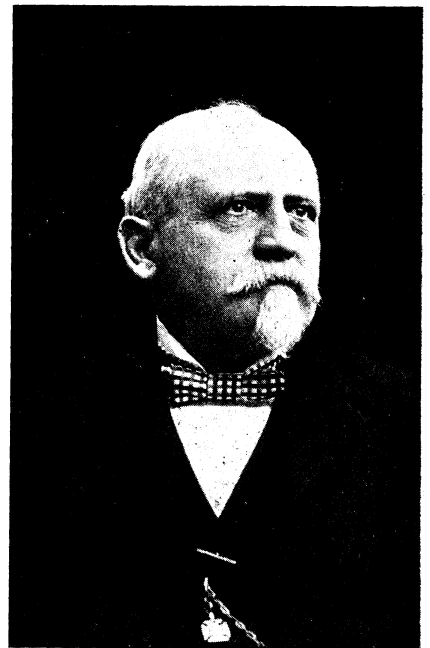
The parents of our subject were Frederick C. and Harriet Bock, natives of Prussia, from whence they came to America in 1833. Both died of cholera in 1854. The father had followed the business of blacksmithing in Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Charles Bock was born Dec. 23, 1836, and was the eldest of ten children.

When Mr. Bock was eighteen years of age he entered the employ of Pratt & Co., hardware dealers in his native place and with them thoroughly learned the business. In 1861 he came to Battle Creek and for a time served in the capacity as clerk for V. P. Collier. Later, he became senior partner in the firm of Bock, Arnold & Co., a firm which carried on successful business for four years. When this firm dissolved Mr. Bock formed another partnership under the name of Bock & Peters, and continued in his line of trade for fourteen years. In 1884 he sold out his interests to his partner and in more spacious quarters he opened the largest establishment in hardware that he had ever handled, under the name of Bock & Son. Long years of honorable dealing have firmly established his reputation in business circles, and throughout the community he is known as an up-to-date progressive merchant.

In Batavia, N. Y., on Dec. 28, 1858, Mr. Bock and Miss Harriet Hagelbarger were united in marriage. They have two children, Frank, who is of the firm of Bock & Son, and Kate, wife of G. G. Tanner, a member of the wholesale hardware firm of Tanner & Sullivan, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Bock served his people in the capacity of alderman for four years. He is a Mason and has been commander of the Commandery, High Priest and Worshipful Master. In religion he is an Episcopalian and in no avenue of helpfulness has Mr. Bock's best efforts been directed than in connection with his church. He has ever been a most interested, zealous and generous member. He is senior warden of St. Thomas' parish, and manifests the interest in all details of the office which ever characterized him in the performance of his duties.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument which adorns our city reminds us daily of the perseverance and indefatigable energy of our fellow-townsmen, Charles F. Bock, who, more than any other one man, was instrumental in its purchase and erection. In fact, it can truthfully be said that Battle Creek has no citizen who has put forth such untiring efforts toward the advancement of any municipal enter-



Charles F. Bock.

prise which tended toward the betterment of his city than has Mr. Bock. He stands today as one of the most influential and respected men of the city for which he has aided so materially in its development.

HENRY O. COOK.—It gives us great pleasure to place upon the pages of this volume, dedicated to the citizens of the county, a brief record of this honored man, who for years has been actively identified with farming interests and is one of the most successful, but who is now living in honorable retirement in their beautiful home on Main-st west, of the village of Homer.

April 6, 1851, was the time of the birth of Henry O. Cook, in the township of Clarendon, Calhoun county. His early days were spent on the home farm with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Cook. The father born Oct. 25, 1816, and the mother, Lucy A. (Oliver) Cook, born Dec. 27, 1819, in North Hero, Grand Island county, Vt. The nuptials were celebrated March, 1840.

Mr. Henry O. Cook attended school in Homer until he was fitted for higher branches than the village school afforded, then spending two profitable

years at the State Normal, in Ypsilanti, following with a year at the University in Ann Arbor.

On May 2, 1877, he was united in marriage with Miss Libbie A., the accomplished daughter of Hon. George Ingersol of Marshall. Their domestic happiness was darkened by the shadow of the reaper who comes noiselessly and unbidden. Mrs. Cook died Feb. 28, 1880.

After mourning his loss for two years Mr. Cook won for his bride, Miss Jennie E. Church, a lady of rare intelligence, the daughter of Cyrus and Lidia Church; the marriage being consummated Oct. 10, 1882. Four children came to gladden their parents' hearts and brighten the hearthstone: Libbie I., born April 6, 1884; Helen O., born May 6, 1887; Clara J., born May 28, 1893; William C., born Feb. 16, 1901, the latter though young seems to be the autocrat of the house, showing no respect to age or grey hairs.

Mr. Cook is one of the extensive land-owners of the county, owning at present between three and four hundred acres of the famous Cook Prairie, which was bought by Henry Cook, May 7, 1832, the grandfather of our subject. Mr. Henry Cook came from Aurelius, Cayuga county, N. Y., to Michigan in 1831, and settled in Saline, Washtenaw county. He was a man remarkable for his energy and push, and when such qualities are united with a public spirit, the township and county have a man whose influence is felt far and wide, and such



Henry O. Cook.

a man was Mr. Cook. He was instrumental in organizing the Congregational church on the prairie, which has since merged in to the Presbyterian church of Homer village, organized 1838, at which time he was elected deacon, a position he filled honorably and well till his death, Sept. 14, 1874. He and his estimable wife were united in their religious faith, and gave liberally to any organization which pertained to truth and right.

As in his early days in Michigan, when his home was a forest one, by perseverance he made the inert forces of nature succumb to the animate

forces of man, the wilderness was turned into fertile fields of grain and fruit-teeming orchards, and he has shown the same spirit in all work which pertained to the advancement of education and religion.

He was an extensive owner in real estate, controlling at one time twelve hundred acres of land, and at the time of his death was one of the wealthiest men of the section.

Mr. Cook was the father of twelve children, Sylvanus, the father of our subject, being the third.

Mr. Sylvanus Cook, with his family, removed to the village of Homer in 1859, where they lived for thirty-two years in the sunshine of their old homestead, where he died in 1890. For nearly half a century they have been members of the Presbyterian church, and their lives have been helpful in many ways to the advancement of all good work. Mr. Cook holding official positions to the satisfaction of all for many years. A faithful worker in Christ's vineyard.

Mr. Henry O. Cook has had much to speak for him; an honorable grandfather, who won a place in the hearts and minds of his church and community; an enterprising, public-spirited father, commanding the respect and esteem of all who were associated with him, and he, Henry O. Cook, has proved himself worthy of his ancestors, by being a man with unimpeachable integrity, a stirring citizen in his community, an active, influential member of its church, with a kind



McCamly Park.

word for all, and a loving husband and father.

He has acted as elder in his church for fifteen years, village councilman for six years, serving those in his vicinity to their entire satisfaction, and on the school board for six years, aiding to decide all questions pertaining to educational matters wisely and well.

In politics he has always voted the republican ticket, and was twice elected supervisor of Homer township, and although interested in the questions of the day, has never been led into partisan strife.

Mrs. Cook is a woman of superior qualifications and womanly ways; is in full possession of the knowledge, love and tact that commends her to her neighbors and acquaintances, and makes her the central figure in a happy home. With her cheerful disposition she holds the bands that bind the household together with love and harmony with a gentle grasp.

FRANK H. LATTA.—Battle Creek's popular and efficient postmaster, Mr. Frank H. Latta, was born in Lewiston, New York, July 18, 1851. His father, Alfred Latta, a native of New York, moved with his family to Kalamazoo, where the subject of this sketch attended the public school till his family moved near Ceresco, subsequently coming to Battle Creek. Mr. Latta graduated from the high school in 1873, then spent one year at Olivet College. After leaving school he spent one year in Chicago and one in Kansas, where he engaged in the cattle business. Upon returning to Battle Creek in the spring of 1875, he opened a repository for the sale of carriages and farm implements, which business he conducted successfully until the winter of 1898-9, when, in order to give his individual attention to his official duties, he disposed of the business.

Aside from his business career Mr. Latta has manifested a public spirit in many enterprises affecting the welfare and prosperity of the city, and has found a congenial field in politics. He is a staunch republican, but has always subordinated personal prejudices to the good of his party; his interest is not confined to local politics, but extends to state and national affairs, always attending the state conventions and nearly always as a delegate. Two years as an alderman of his ward is the only elective political office that he ever held.

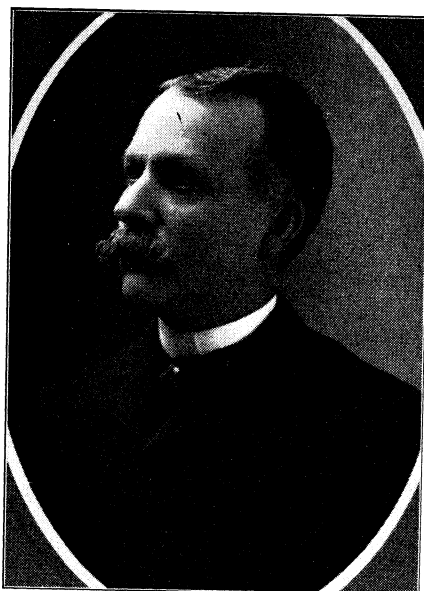
Mr. Latta has been enthusiastic in his efforts to add to the facilities and convenience of the postoffice, and has worked earnestly to secure rural delivery in this section of the country,

and his efforts are greatly appreciated by the many patrons who are benefited by the delivery.

He is still working to further add to the rural routes, and in the near future the results of his efforts in this direction will materialize.

Mr. Latta has also used his influence to obtain for Battle Creek a government postoffice building, and we trust such a building will be secured.

Mr. Latta has taken no small interest in military affairs. He was for four years aide on Governor Rich's staff, with the rank of colonel, and while serving was instrumental in obtaining the acceptance of the local military company into the state service as Co. L, the quota of state troops being otherwise full at the time. During the Spanish war, Mr. Latta devoted both time and money in enlisting re-



Frank H. Latta.

cruits, personally conducting one squad to Island Lake. He was a member of the executive board of the State Agricultural Society for eight years, is president of the local branch of the Standard Building and Loan Association of Detroit, and also a member of the Battle Creek Board of Trade.

In 1898 his business ability and his party fealty were recognized by President McKinley by his appointment as postmaster at Battle Creek, in which position he is doing a service to the public and an honor to himself.

Mr. Latta's church affiliations are with the Presbyterians. His society connections are Masonic, including the Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias and Elks. He is a prosperous, energetic business man and one whose interests extend to the progression of his fellow men. His family consists of a wife, who was formerly Miss Kit-

tie Upton, daughter of the late Stephen Upton, and a daughter, who is a student in the high school of Battle Creek.

JEREMIAH CLARK.—This honored man, whose demise was Sept. 24, 1900, left a tract of well improved land which has been brought to its present state of perfection by his own efforts, and which with its excellent buildings, is a standing monument to his industrious and prudent course in life.

Jeremiah Clark was born in Marion, N. Y., June 3, 1828, and resided on the homestead until he came to Michigan in 1883, purchasing a farm south of Kalamazoo, where he lived till 1889, at which time he removed to Albion township, purchasing the well-known George Robinson farm, where he lived till his death. Mr. Clark was counted among the leading agriculturists of southern Michigan, for having owned several farms he has added vast improvements to each. His natural inclinations and tastes were those of a farmer, and as he possessed energy and ambition, success has been the result of his life's work.

On June 2, 1864, Mr. Clark was united in marriage with Miss Caroline Mason of Marion, N. Y. Three children have been born to them, namely: James, born June 3, 1865; Fred, born April 19, 1877, and Roy, born June 8, 1884. Miss Mary Barnard of Kalamazoo, became the wife of James Clark in 1888, to whom one son, E. O., was born, Sept. 17, 1891, and one daughter, Meta, born Nov. 4, 1896.

Fred Clark now resides on the homestead, a farm of 200 acres, and married Miss Susie Shaffer of Sheridan township, in 1900.

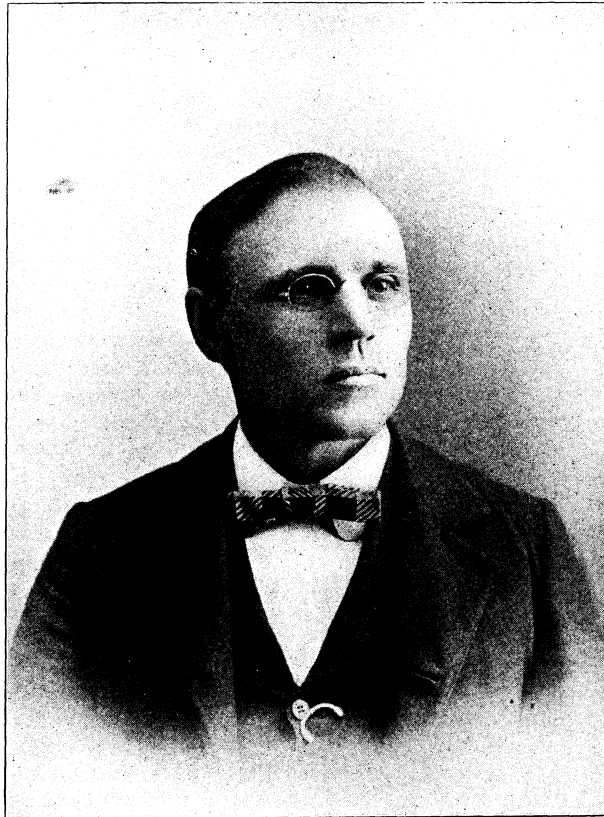
Mr. Jeremiah Clark's life was one of industry and toil. He affiliated with the republican party but never aspired for political honors, and although his life was governed by christian principles, he was not a member of any denomination. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but one whose influence was wide. His death, which occurred Sept. 24, 1900, was from heart disease, the interment being made in the family lot at Riverside cemetery, Albion, Mich.

A. MORTON SLAY.—The trusty guardian of the public funds of the city of Battle Creek, A. Morton Slay, was born May 6, 1862, on a farm in Jay county, Indiana, where he spent the early part of his life, receiving his education by attending school during the winter months and working on the farm during the summer. His parents were Anthony W. and Mary (Farington) Slay.

When our subject was eighteen years of age he came to Battle Creek, and entered the employ of Nichols & Shepard as an apprentice in the paint department. As ambition has ever been a strong element in his nature

On July 29, 1883, occurred the marriage ceremony which made Miss Bertha Tichenor the bride of A. Morton Slay. To them three children have been born, two daughters and a son.

Mr. Slay has naught but kind words



A. Morton Slay.

it showed itself in his desire to progress in his work in the paint shop, and his efficiency was recognized by his employers by making him foreman of the department in February, 1893. This position he held until July, 1898, at which time he was appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of City Treasurer S. H. Corwin. As Mr. Slay filled the position as substitute with entire satisfaction he was elected at the municipal election as treasurer, a place he has most honorably held ever since.

In politics Mr. Slay is a republican and has held the office of chairman of the republican committee for three years.

He is an interested and enthusiastic member of several lodges, including the Maccabees, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows, and of the latter order is of the Patriarch Militant. He is the present finance keeper of the Maccabees, in which order he is a past commander. He was also president of the Benefit Association of the Nichols & Shepard company for one year.

In his religious relations he and his family attend the Presbyterian church.

for the public which he is serving; he is in a community of friends and appreciates the honor bestowed on him by the populace, whereas the city in turn, have the utmost faith and confidence in their treasurer, and not only consider his name a synonym of integrity and honor, but look upon him as one of the stanch loyal citizens of the city, upright in his deal with his fellowmen, and careful and accurate in his transactions of public business.

ANDREW S. CHURCH.—In noting the great change that has taken place in this country during the last fifty years, due credit should be given to those who contributed to the gratifying result by expending physical strength, enduring self-denial and encountering dangers while leading the vanguard of civilization. It is due to the gentleman whose name introduces this biography to credit him with more or less pioneer work.

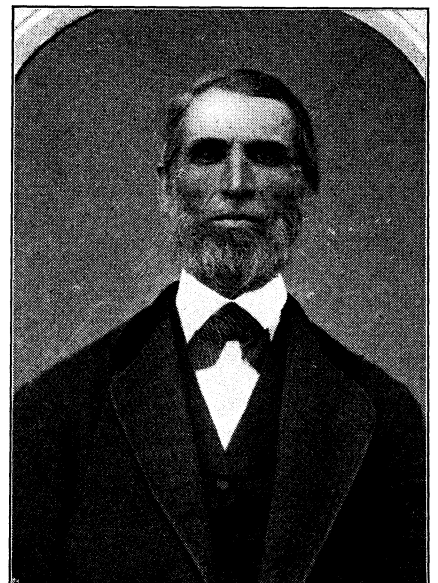
Andrew S. Church was born in Ridgeway, Orleans county, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1822. His boyhood days were spent on a farm near Knowlesville on the

stage route between Rochester and Lewiston.

As a political enthusiast Mr. Church is and ever has been of the strongest, he remembers of swinging his cap for Andrew Jackson, and he is yet in favor of those who advocate true blue democracy.

In 1837 Mr. Church with his family came to Michigan by the canal and Lake Erie. They arrived in Barneyville, June 15. The family settled three miles from this village, and Andrew attended school at the old log school house. Later, he served an apprenticeship at coopering, and followed his trade for several years. On January 1, 1848, he married Miss Mary J. Cummings, who was born in Delaware county, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1828. Through toil and industry Mr. and Mrs. Church have an abundance from which to gather comfort and cheer in their declining years. They are persons of merit, and, in consequence have many close friends in their community who will ever remember kindness received at their hands. These worthy pioneers and life-long companions, whose wedded life is nearing a point bounded by nearly threescore years, are still journeying together near the confines of the eternal rest, whose gates shall open ere long to receive them into heavenly mansions.

Mr. and Mrs. Church have one child, a son, Albert B., born August 28, 1855; Miss Minnie Dibble became his wife;



Andrew S. Church.

three children have been born to them: Nellie, Essie and Frank.

HERBERT R. WILLIAMS.—As the sheriff of Calhoun county Mr. Herbert R. Williams stands out prominently as

a popular and efficient officer, serving the law-abiding citizens in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Williams was born in Lafayette township, Medina county, Ohio, on January 26, 1850, and lived upon the home farm till he was twenty years of age, when he turned his back on farming pursuits and engaged in



H. R. Williams.

the grocery business in Oberlin, then in Cleveland, moving later to Ravenna, O. In 1882, Mr. Williams came to Battle Creek and purchased the livery and hack line with which he is still identified, and which is being conducted in a most prosperous manner.

Mr. Williams is a republican in his party views, but is not a professional politician, being popular with the business men of the county of all parties, and in the administration of his office seeks the just discharge of his duties. In the fall of 1898, he was the candidate of the republican party for the office of sheriff, his candidacy meeting with success. In 1900 he was again elected to the office of sheriff, and with an increased majority, which is an indorsement for the high regard in which he is held by the constituents of the county.

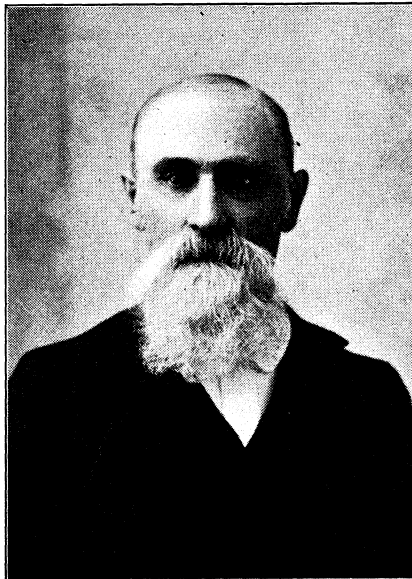
Mr. Williams is a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias and the Elks, in both of which he is an active, zealous exponent. As Mr. Williams continues in his duties as sheriff he is winning the approbation of the voters of the county, who have reason to think that he is fulfilling the predictions of his friends.

The livery and hack line in Battle Creek is an extensive business, and under the efficient management of Mr. Williams it has become more so, for

he has ever been quick to see and to meet the needs of the people. His line of hacks and conveyances is of the largest and finest in style, and is in charge of the most courteous drivers in the city. All calls meet with prompt response. During Mr. Williams' residence in Marshall the business is in the entire control of his son, Mr. George H. Williams, who is a most capable business manager, and who, by his strict attention to business interests, is making an enviable name for himself within business circles of the city.

VAN DUSEN & SON.—Messrs. Van Dusen & Son, seven years ago began business with the limited capital of \$1,000. J. S. Van Dusen is a quiet, unassuming man, but one of high reputation as to integrity, and one who attends strictly to business. The son, O. A. Van Dusen, is a young man of inevitable push and energy; it is due to his untiring efforts combined with his father's shrewdness that the originally small business has been built up to its present thriving condition.

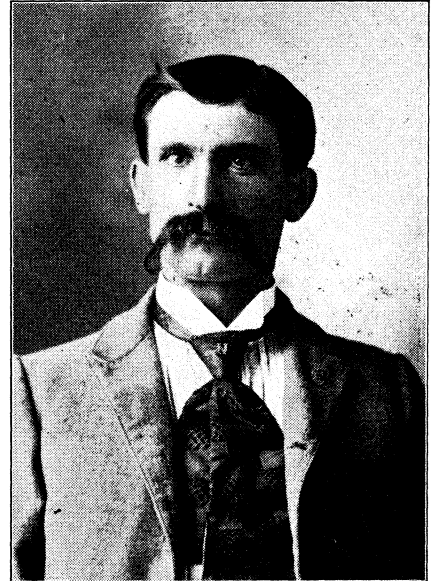
Practically out of debt, with real estate and plant worth at least \$10,000. This large increase is due not only to energy and business sagacity of the firm, but also to the fact that they have established the reputation of doing none but first class work. Any carpet, rug or curtain which goes to Van Dusen & Son to be cleaned is



J. S. Van Dusen.

finished in a manner that not only reflects credit upon the work, but invariably pleases the customer, and secures his permanent trade. The firm recently put in additional expensive machinery, which enables them to clean by the compressed air process, which

is a new invention, and is proving a wonderful success. By this remarkable process, and one which Van Dusen & Son have the sole use in this section of country, the most delicate curtain or expensive carpet is cleaned without the slightest injury either to color or fabric. It is a pleasure to all



O. A. Van Dusen.

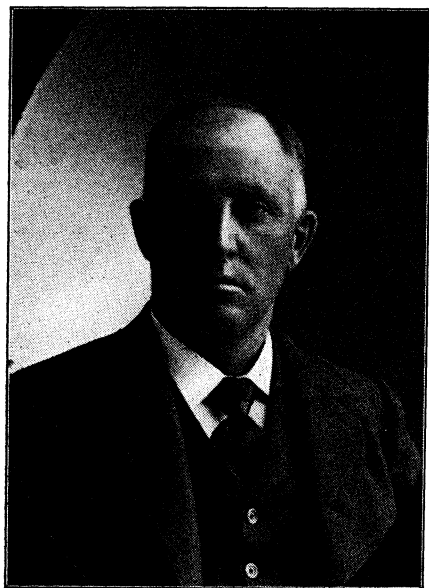
right-minded persons to note the unqualified success of such a deserving and enterprising firm as is Messrs. Van Dusen & Son.

MARCELLUS J. NEWMAN.—Marcellus, son of William and Catherine Newman, highly respected pioneers of Calhoun county, was born Oct. 28, 1855, on the farm where he now lives. William Newman came from the Isle of the Emerald Green, landing at Castle Garden in the spring of 1831, when he was twenty years of age. Life was before him. What it held for him he knew not, but with the undaunted fearlessness which comes with youth he was ready to look the fact squarely in the face and strike out for himself for weal or woe.

Work was to be found, and William Newman with the energy and perseverance which characterized his life, found all that he could do, working at different occupations and in widely different regions of New York, as he made his way westward toward Michigan, which place, in those days, was the goal for the poor man starting in life.

In 1832, Detroit was reached. The first years of Mr. Newman's Michigan life were filled with the hardest and most laborious work, that of teaming with oxen between Detroit and Calhoun county, his loads being provisions, lime, lumber, plaster, etc. His

family can recall hearing him relate his experiences, hard in the main, but many times pleasant by being thrown



Marcellus J. Newman.

with other friendly and hospitable pioneers, who were drawn together by a bond of sympathy.

Later, by dint of hard work and close economy, a farm of one hundred and seventy acres was purchased in Emmett township, seventeen acres having been added since, making the homestead one hundred and eighty-seven acres.

Mr. Newman was twice married, his first wife was Catherine VanSickle who became the mother of three children: James V., William, and Marcellus J., our subject. The wife and mother was called hence at the age of 62 years. His second choice was Mrs. Betsey Young, who is now deceased. Mr. Newman died May 17, 1890.

Marcellus J. Newman on Dec. 9, 1875, married Miss Jennie Badger, the second child of Nathaniel and Mary Badger, and it has proved a marriage where domestic happiness reigns.

Nathaniel Badger was born in Londonderry, Ireland, July 13, 1833, came to America in 1850 on the vessel "Mersey," was fifty-six days on board, landing in New York on June 15. For four years Mr. Badger lived in New York, during which time he married Miss Mary Orr, in the year 1853. Mrs. Badger was born in Lyrone, Ireland, in Oct. 28, 1825, came to America on board the "Marquis of Capricorn," was 41 days on the ocean. Her first home was in Quebec, Canada, but later moved to Cayuga county, New York. Six children came to bless their union: Katherine, wife of Edward Brown of Pennfield; Jennie, now Mrs. Marcellus Newman of Emmett; Ada is the wife

of Henry Thomas of Marshall township; David, of Pennfield; Florence, now Mrs. Edward Hamilton of Bellevue; Grizela, Mrs. Chauncey Gould of Pennfield.

Marcellus Newman is an up-to-date farmer, progressive and thrifty, as would be learned by noting his buildings, ample for his needs. He is especially successful in the cultivation of strawberries, and small fruits, which he raises in great abundance, disposing of same in Battle Creek.



Mrs. Marcellus J. Newman.

Mr. Newman has an eye for fine horses and cannot be excelled in his community in the judgment of an animal.

He is a man of excellent standing in his vicinity, honest in his deal, and a worthy citizen. Early in life he ac-

quired those habits of industry and prudential care, that have tended largely to his prosperity.

As to religious views, Mr. Newman is liberal, taking the line of a good life for his rule of action.

Mrs. Newman is a woman of practical knowledge, and conducts her household arrangements with care and prudence, a capable, loving wife, making her home a dwelling place of cheer and comfort. Three children are around their hearthstone: Glen R., born June 21, 1878; Mildred E., born Nov. 21, 1888; Howard D., born March 3, 1892.

BUFFALO DRY GOODS STORE.—

Among the flourishing mercantile houses in the Queen City we have the Buffalo Dry Goods Store, under the management of the efficient J. R. Robertson. This establishment is the one known so well in this community as the Marr & Duff dry goods house, which was for fifteen years one of the leading stores of the city.

Mr. J. R. Robertson, the son of Robert and Marjorie Robertson, was born and educated in Scotland. His father being a merchant in dry goods, the training of the son in the same line began early, and under the thorough and careful supervision of the father. He came to the United States at the age of nineteen, entering the employ of J. N. Adams & Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., where he remained for five years. He then became connected with Adam, Meldrum, Anderson Co. of the same city, being in the dress goods department for two years, following with four years in the silk department, where he had every opportunity to in-



Buffalo Dry Goods Store.

crease his knowledge along these lines.

Mr. J. R. Robertson is not only a merchant but a soldier as well, and one who has been called upon to face duty at the risk of his life. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, having been for nine years connected with the National Guard of New York, Mr. Robertson received a commission as first lieutenant of volunteers from the governor and was assigned to the 202d regiment, New York Volunteers, in which he served throughout the war. The record of our subject during those trying times is an enviable one, as he unfalteringly stood in the front ranks of all engagements of his regiment, which was the only one of the second army corps sent to Cuba, remaining there during the entire trouble. The home coming of Lieutenant Robertson was not till the peace treaty was signed in April, 1898. The world cannot give too much praise to a man who puts to one side the home ties and goes forth to the call of his country, and one, too, whose standing with his comrades was one of marked honor and distinction, and whose company recalls with glowing pride his acts of courage and bravery.

At the close of the country's hostilities Lieutenant Robertson was offered a position by his old firm as floor manager, and was placed in full charge of the second floor, where he remained until coming to Battle Creek. We have every reason to believe that Mr. Robertson's large experience in the business with which he is connected, both behind the counter and also on the floor looking after the welfare of the customers, has eminently fitted him for the management of a store, and we feel sure that the city of Battle Creek and vicinity will always find their interests Mr. Robertson's first thought. He assures us that he will at all times endeavor to keep only such goods as are up-to-date and first class in every respect. It is his intention to visit the markets every few weeks so as to be able to get the best at lowest prices; it being a well known fact that the best lines are sold on the markets and not carried by the drummer. By doing this he will be able to keep his stock well assorted, and by buying and selling for cash he gives his customers the advantage which he also receives.

The establishment carried on by J. R. Robertson is one of unusual attractiveness; the location, of the best, the size, ample, and every department is so well lighted as to give customers a pleasure in making their selections. On the first floor the several depart-



Interior View—Grand Union Tea Co.

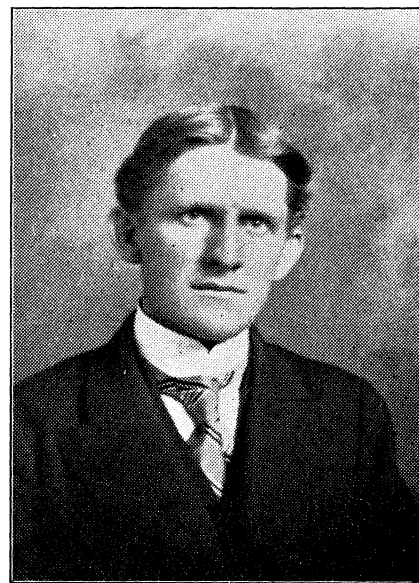
ments are in charge of clerks who are not only proficient in their particular line of goods, but are ever found courteous and obliging to customers. The different lines, that of suitings, dress goods, hosiery, muslins and wash goods, lace, gloves, and notions are under the management of Messrs. Marr, Wells, Gow, Owens and the Misses Matthews, Barton, and Cummings.

The second floor, which ever presents a busy thriving scene, is in charge of three experienced salesladies. Miss Cornell is the reigning spirit of the millinery department. Mrs. Wattles is ever ready to display her large assortment of cloaks, suits, dress skirts, and wrappers, while Miss Barton stands ready to please in the line of muslin underwear, corsets, shirt waists and under skirts. Miss Hattie Abbey, who has served in the capacity of cashier for six years, is still at her desk.

The many patrons of the Buffalo Dry Goods Store are friends as well of the genial merchant and his efficient corps of helpers, and all feel sure that success will follow the efforts which are being put forth to meet the demands of the public.

GRAND UNION TEA CO.—Mr. George E. Glysson, the gentlemanly manager of the Grand Union Tea Co., was born in the city of Springfield, Ill., in February, 1874, and was educated in the schools of that city. Upon leaving school he entered the grocery

business as clerk, continuing in that capacity for four years. His employers finding him to be capable, and in every way trustworthy, made him manager of the store, and after four years of successful business, both for his employers and himself, he retired



George E. Glysson.

from this and entered a Chicago store, taking charge of the tea and coffee department. In May of 1898, Mr. Glysson, came to Battle Creek, and with his brother, Charles, opened a small store at 94 Main-st east, as a branch of the Grand Union Tea Co. of New York City, a company which was es-

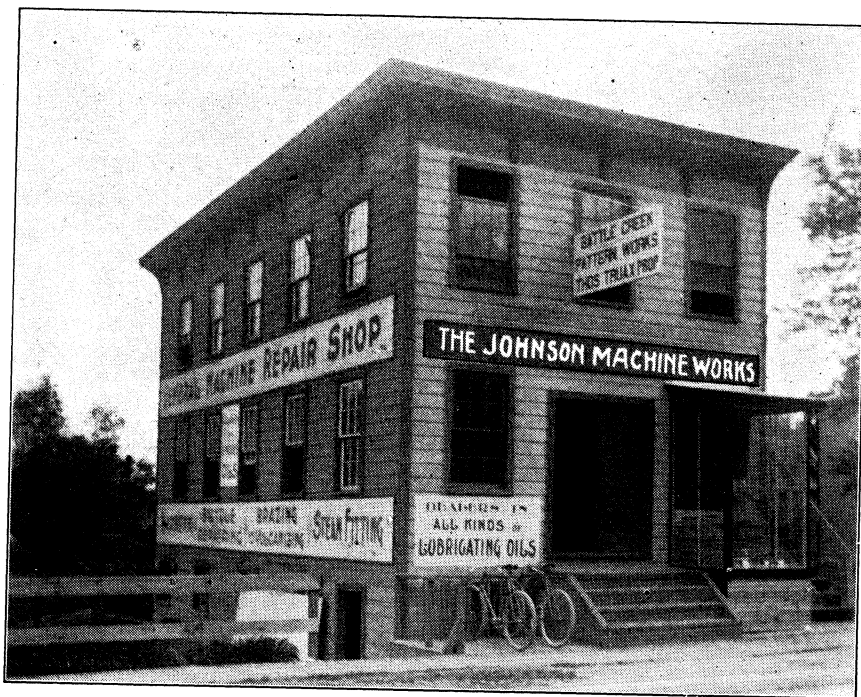
tablished in 1872. The Glysson brothers by their marked ability and close attention personally to details of business were far more successful than even their hopes anticipated, and in 1901—Mr. Charles Glysson having died in 1900—Mr. George Glysson sought more commodious quarters for his prosperous business. He is now located at 20 Main-st east, and is in every way equipped to handle the increasing trade which is coming his way.

The Grand Union Tea Co. is a well established firm, retailing the greatest amount of tea and coffee of any one company in the world, and giving satisfaction in all places. Throughout the United States there are 200 stores and 3,000 agents, all doing a thriving business, based on upright principles. Besides tea and coffee the retailers handle spices, extracts, chocolate, cocoa, and baking powder. The tea and coffee are imported, packed and shipped by the firm, the baking powder and extracts are their own manufacture, the spices are packed and ground by the company, which explains the reason of the low prices when selling to the consumer, as saving middle profits. The goods are of a superior quality, no second rate article being handled.

The presents given with the purchases are all of the highest grade of ware; the jardinières, tankards, and granite ware are manufactured by the firm, and the china given as presents is imported.

In entering Mr. Glysson's attractive place of business, on the corner of Main and Madison-sts, the neatness which prevails is most striking; customers are cordially greeted and promptly served. Mr. Glysson is eminently fitted for the place he fills, being well versed in his line of work. The business under Mr. Glysson's management, has increased greatly, the proceeds during the first month in Battle Creek were less than \$200, now the amount runs into the thousands per month, a fact which proves that Mr. Glysson is eminently fitted for carrying on the growing trade, and that the Grand Union Tea Co. is giving satisfaction in every household, wherever the goods are tried.

Mr. Glysson on September 4, married Miss Marie Tunney of Springfield, Ill., the marriage taking place in Chicago. A son was born to them on January 7, 1901. Mr. Glysson is treasurer of the Knights of Columbus, an organization in which he is greatly interested.



The Johnson Machine Works.

JOHNSON MACHINE WORKS.—

The establishment under the name of the Johnson Machine Works is one of the recent enterprises located in our city, having been in operation about one year, and was at first under the name of Johnson & Zock.

The factory is conveniently located on Main-st west, adjacent to an excellent water power.

Mr. Adolph Johnson is an experienced man and has a thorough knowl-

edge of every detail of his trade, and takes an honorable pride in providing the very best work in his line. He learned his trade in one of the machine shops in Stockholm, Sweden; after coming to this country his skill and ability were at once recognized as he was employed for some time as foreman of the Derby Bicycle Manufacturing Co. of Jackson, from which place he went to Toledo, O., and held the responsible and important posi-



The Johnson Machine Works, Interior View.

tion of foreman of the Yale Bicycle Co. of that city, and his careful attention to the work of that company had much to do with the conspicuous success of this bicycle.

When the firm of Johnson & Zock was established in this city, the proprietors anticipated that by hard work and close attention to business they would make a success, and their anticipations were more than realized, as the character of their work and the just and reasonable charges made each new customer a permanent one. Mr. August Zock in the spring of 1901 sold his interest to Mr. Johnson, who is sole manager of the well equipped manufacturing and general repair shops. He stands ready to meet all calls in his line of business as he has all the necessary facilities for turning out first class work and as he has the personal supervision of his work rooms, he guarantees the best work for the most reasonable prices.

Mr. Johnson is an honorable man, a thorough mechanic, a worthy citizen, and a gentleman whom it is a pleasure to meet socially, and one who will give his social or business visitors a cordial greeting. We apprehend that the Johnson Machine Works will continue to increase in popularity until they become one of the largest and most prosperous institutions of Battle Creek.

CHARLES AUSTIN.—For many years Mr. Austin has been a prominent figure in the activities of the city of Battle Creek. He was born in the city of London, April 19, 1834. His father, Charles Austin, was of the old order of mechanics retailing his own make of footwear. Later he moved to New Zealand and became a Wesleyan minister. During the disturbances and revolution of 1848 our subject imbibed the principles of republicanism as opposed to monarchy and with the consent of his parents he became a citizen of the United States, a step in his life which he has never regretted.

Charles Austin earned his first dollar selling newspapers and magazines on the streets of London. He learned the trade of a shoemaker, and in 1852 came to New York with three dollars and a steerage ticket as the nucleus of his fortune. He found work at his trade in Albany, N. Y., and later opened a shop of his own at Utica, N. Y. In 1854 he sold his business and moved to Concord, Jackson county, Mich., where he found work at his trade. In 1855 he moved to Homer, Calhoun county, and in 1857 to Bedford, where he opened a general store, and in 1872 moved to Battle Creek, becoming a partner with Peter Hoffmaster in the dry goods business, continuing in the



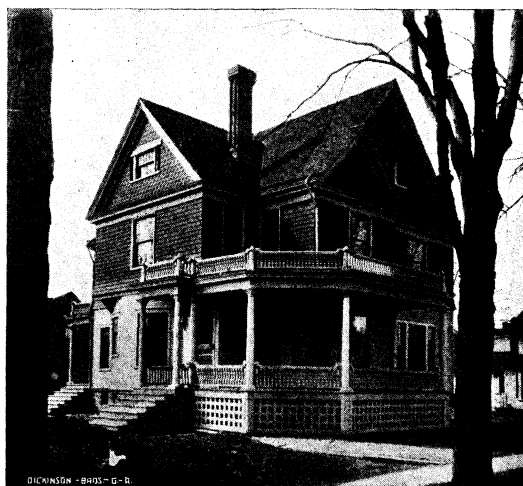
Charles Austin.

same for 10 years. In 1882 he became senior partner in the wholesale grocery and commission firm of Austin, Godsmark & Co., but withdrew from active connection with the business in 1894 to accept the position of vice president of the National bank of Battle Creek.

In 1876 Mr. Austin was elected mayor of Battle Creek, in 1880 to the lower house of the legislature, and to the state senate in 1882 and again in 1884, and was among the most useful and influential members of both bodies, as he showed himself to be clear-headed and incorruptible.

Mr. Austin has always manifested a commendable public spirit, and has ever been ready to encourage in a substantial way enterprises that his sound business judgment endorsed as being of a permanent, practical ben-

efit to the city, in which he takes a deep interest. Although vice president of the National bank and a man of dignity and fine appearance, he is always cordial and courteous with every one with whom he comes in contact, and those with whom he does business feel that he takes an interest in their success and well being. He is conservative in his methods, but to business men to whom he has loaned money—when to them the loan was of the utmost importance in their business success—he has conferred these obligations in such a matter of fact and unostentatious way, that those whom he has benefitted have not had that feeling of being patronized, which some bank officials cause their customers to have. Mr. Austin is in every way a model man for the highly responsible position as vice president and manager of the National bank.



Charles Austin's Residence.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

Any history which might be written of Battle Creek without a history of this unique institution would be like that famous play of Shakespeare with the title role of Hamlet omitted. It is safe to say that the Queen City of Michigan, even with its many natural advantages, would not be known any more than other cities of 20,000 inhabitants were it not for its noted Sanitarium, which is famed throughout the civilized world.

considerable time spent in looking about for the most eligible and advantageous site. The soil is a sandy loam overlying a bed of clean gravel sixty feet in depth. The surface is rolling, and slopes toward the Kalamazoo river, a beautiful stream which courses along between the hills sixty feet below the site of the Sanitarium, and at a distance of about one hundred rods.

The water supply is ample for the

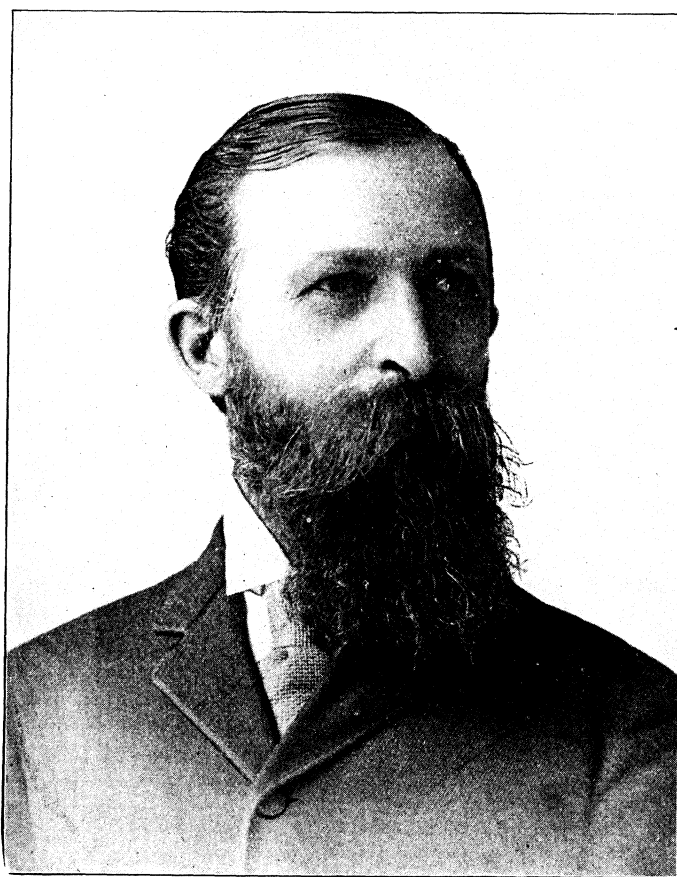
of the buildings. Perfectly kept lawns, artistically designed flower gardens, beautiful potted plants, bordering and festooning the spacious verandas of the buildings, a generous growth of tropical foliage, huge banana trees and century plants, splendid palms, different varieties of cactus, etc., tastefully arranged among the native trees, and the large fountain playing just in front of the main entrance, all combine to produce a scene of ideal beauty and an environment at once healthy, restful and inspiring.

Having entered the building, the visitor is struck with the princely furnishings, and the ample and comfortable accommodations afforded the guests; and in passing, it might be well to note that there are in all about eighty buildings connected with the institution, the chief of which is the hospital, in close proximity to and directly north of the main building. Here there are about twenty endowed beds for the poor, for be it known that the Battle Creek Sanitarium is not a money-making institution, but one founded by persons of philanthropic disposition; and all the surplus earnings of the institution are, and are to be perpetually used for necessary improvements, for the treatment of the sick poor, and for the furtherance of the purposes for which the institution was organized.

Buildings.

The Sanitarium property comprises a large main building, a hospital, an annex, twenty cottages, and other buildings, a lakeside resort and pavilion at Lake Goguac, at the end of the electric car line, just outside the city limits, and three dairy and small fruit and garden farms, aggregating about 400 acres. The main building herein illustrated, is 312 feet in length, with a rear extension of 100 feet, and is five and six stories in height above the basement. The hospital building is 100x60 feet, five stories high. The main building accommodates 300 persons; the hospital, 100 beds. The cottages accommodate 200 or more persons. A recently erected five-story brick dormitory accommodates a portion of the 250 nurses in the employ of the institution.

The buildings of this institution were constructed with special reference to the uses to which they are put,



J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Physician-in-Chief.

Location.

Nothing is more important for a medical institution than a salubrious location. Pure air, pure water, and a porous, well drained soil are among the most essential features of a first-class location for a sanitarium. A happy combination of these essential elements, found at Battle Creek, and at the particular point selected for this institution, was what led the founders of the establishment to plant it here at the inception of the enterprise, nearly thirty years ago, after a

needs of the institution, which requires from 60,000 to 90,000 gallons per day during the busy season, and never less than 45,000 to 60,000 gallons daily.

First View.

The Sanitarium is situated on the highest elevated ground in the city, and is easily accessible from the different hotels and depots, either by street car or by carriage. As the visitor nears the institution, he is impressed with the beauty of the grounds and the immensity and architecture

and no pains or expense have been spared to render their adaptation to medical purposes as perfect as possible.

The ventilation of the institution is ample and perfect in all its details, and includes an independent ventilating shaft for each room. The main building is supplied with 30,000 cubic feet of warm air each minute in cold weather. The aggregate sectional area of foul-air outlets in the main building is 250 square feet; in the hospital, more than 100 square feet.

Each room is supplied with fresh air. In winter time, the air, taken at a distance from the building, and at a sufficient height above the ground to insure absolute freedom from contamination with ground air, is received

safe and convenient outside fire escapes, easily accessible from every room. Only safety matches are allowed in the building, and electricity is used extensively for lighting.

Out-of-Door Recreation.

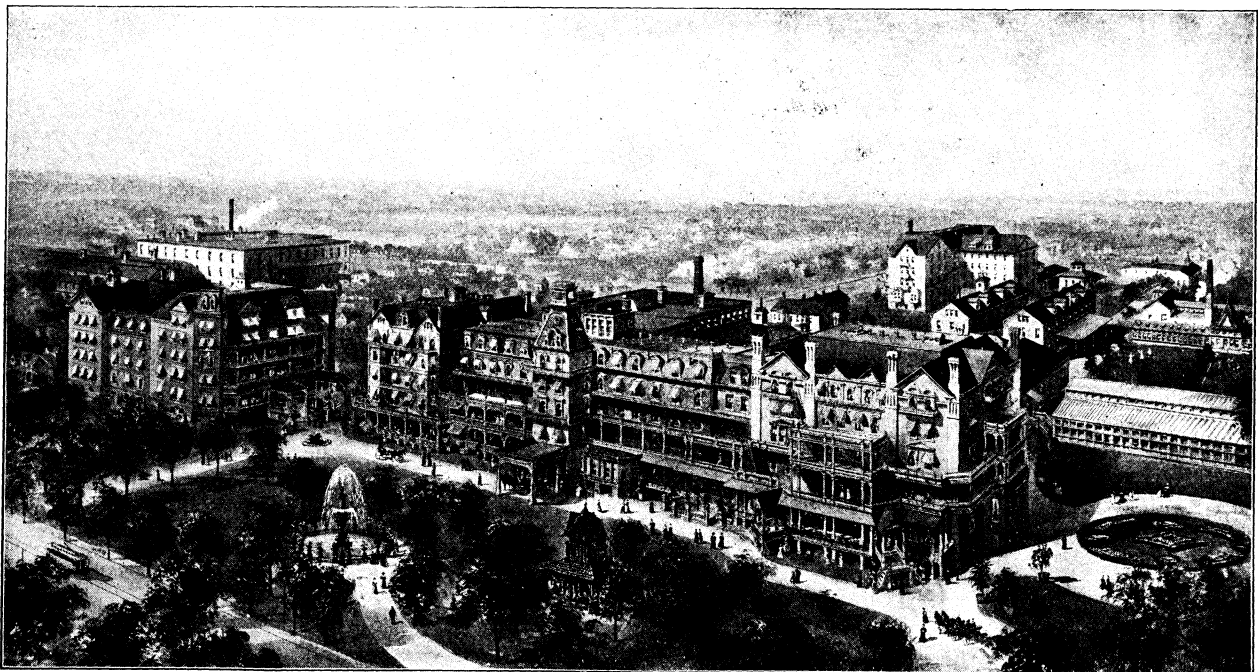
Concrete walks, extending out over the pleasant city, are laid out about the spacious grounds, and smooth, well kept lawns afford ample opportunity for lawn tennis and other sports. Beautiful flower gardens, a single one of which is shown in the accompanying half-tone production from a photograph, attract all who are able to go about on their feet, or ride in rolling chairs. The well-swept concrete walks and drives, as smooth as a house floor, are a great delight to bicycle riders, and induce many of the

of natural scenery in great variety; high distant hills, rolling fields, groves, meadows, rivers, little lakes, and winding brooks, with the pleasant little city in the midst, make up a view which is rarely excelled in the Middle States.

The accompanying photo reproductions give but a very imperfect idea of the charming scenery which greets the eye of the invalid whenever he peeps out of doors, and which are a constant refreshment to the bedridden patient or the surgical case during the days or weeks while he is being nursed up to a point at which he may begin to make excursions upon the verandas or lawns in a rolling chair.

The Parlors.

The general parlor, only a small por-



Bird's-eye View of the Sanitarium.

through a mammoth tunnel into large rooms, where, by means of immense steam heaters placed in the warming chambers, it is warmed and moistened in winter to a degree sufficient to give to it the natural agreeable softness of the air of June. From the warming rooms the air is distributed to the building by means of an elaborate system of ducts, through which the air is forced, when necessary, by two powerful fans, each capable of discharging 50,000 cubic feet of air per minute.

The main building, hospital, and some of the cottages, are lighted by the Edison incandescent system, thus avoiding the dangers and other inconveniences of gas or kerosene oil.

The precautions against fire include not only careful construction with reference to danger from this source, but

patients to accustom themselves to this excellent mode of exercise, for which facilities are furnished. The well-kept city drives, reaching out into the beautiful farming regions beyond, afford many miles of delightful bicycle routes, which are much enjoyed by little parties of friends competing for improved appetite and vigor by means of healthful exercise.

Good facilities are also afforded for carriage and horseback riding, at moderate rates. A carriage can be obtained at any time by ordering through telephone at the business office. A hack stands in waiting at the door in readiness for immediate use.

The Surroundings.

From the roof and verandas, and most of the private rooms, one obtains most delightful and commanding views

of which is shown in the accompanying photo-reproduction, is 40x50 feet in size, and is luxuriantly furnished with Dhagistan rugs, easy chairs, and every convenience to render invalids as comfortable as possible; which, with the artistic decorations of the ceiling and walls, in subdued but cheerful colors, enable the patient who comes from a home of luxury, to feel at once at ease and at home. Small parlors are provided on each floor for the benefit of patients who desire or require special quiet and privacy.

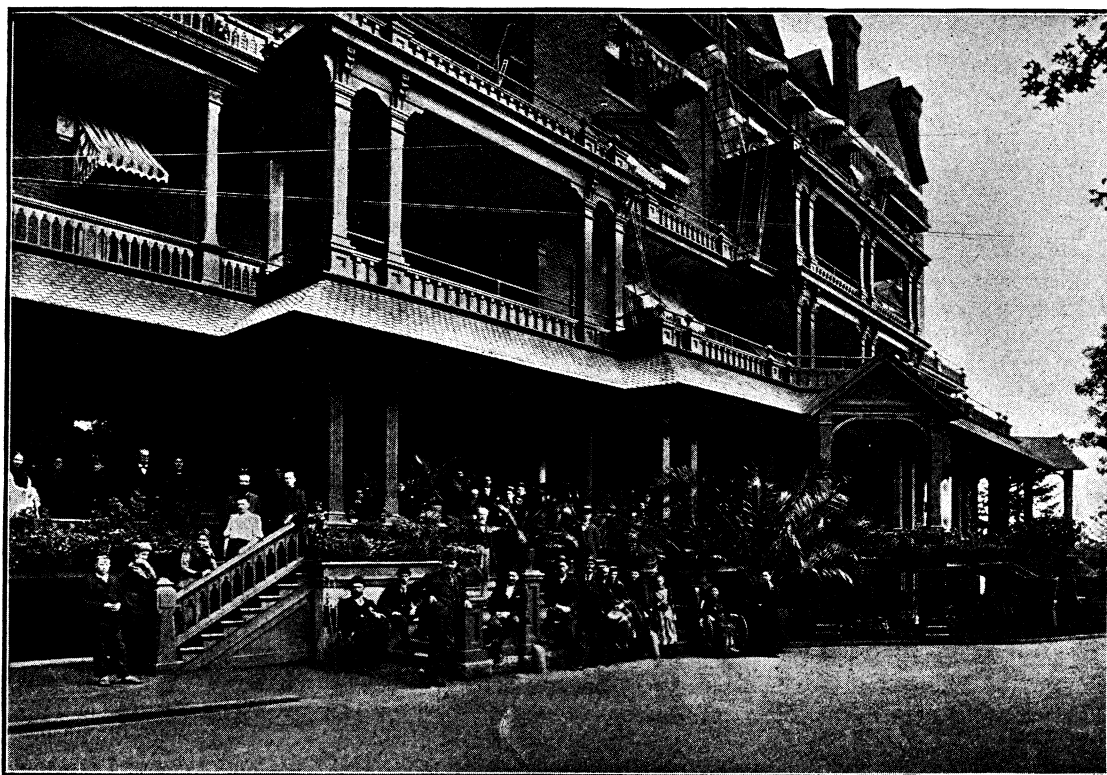
Safety hydraulic elevators of the most approved pattern are located convenient to the dining-room and the main offices and treatment rooms.

Mode of Treatment.

This institution employs no secret



The Main Building.



The South Entrance.

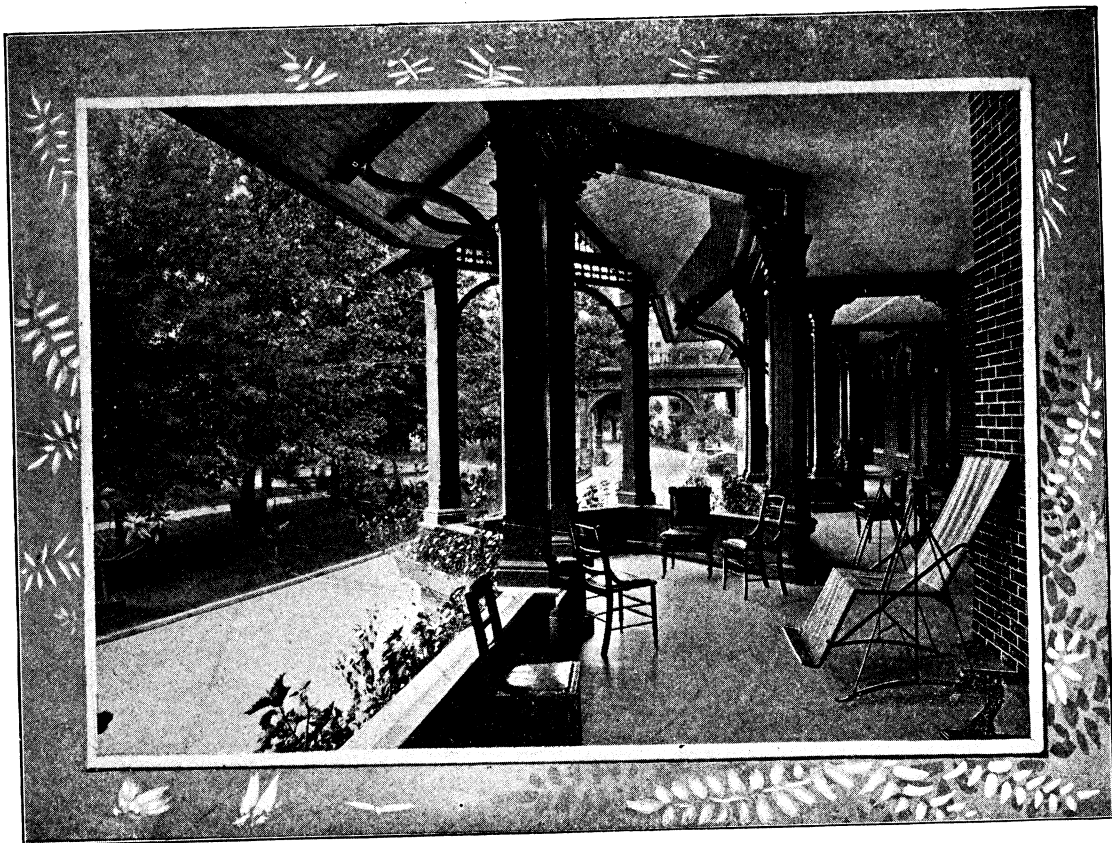
methods, claims to possess no panacea, does not even boast a mineral spring, although mineral waters abound in the immediate vicinity; it is simply a place where, by the aid of all the helps afforded by modern ideas of hygiene, sanitation, and rational medicine, the patient is trained and educated out of his morbid state into a condition of health. First of all, of course, morbid conditions must be corrected so far as medical and surgical means can accomplish the work; but when this has been done, there still remains a work which is too often neglected, and which, so far as we can learn, is not undertaken in so systematic a manner in any other institu-

make of the Battle Creek Sanitarium a thoroughly scientific health establishment. The case of every patient who visits the institution is most thoroughly and exhaustively investigated. Physical examination is carried as far as rational means at present known to the profession will allow, and includes microscopical and bacteriological investigations in cases upon which such studies may throw light; in cases requiring it, an exhaustive chemical examination of the stomach fluid obtained after a test breakfast, which includes not simply the application of a few color reagents, but a determination of the exact amount and quality of the digestive work done by the

Medical Appliances and Advantages

The methods of treatment include all rational remedies for disease, and in addition a great number of means which can best be employed only in a well-equipped sanitarium, embracing the various resources of hydrotherapy, electricity in all forms, sun baths, Swedish movements, manual and mechanical medicated inhalations and atmospheres, pneumatic treatment, etc.

One of the latest additions to the therapeutic resources of the institution is the electric light or radiant heat bath, which was originated here, and which proves to be a wonderfully effective agent in certain classes of



Front Porch of Main Building.

tion, although the need of it is recognized by intelligent and progressive physicians everywhere, and the want met so far as the home conditions of the patient and facilities at command will allow.

Quite a large proportion of the invalids who visit this institution are of the most chronic and obstinate class, and have previously visited many "springs" and health resorts. Almost every change has brought some relief, but the root of the difficulty remains, and can only be eradicated by a careful and scientifically directed course of health culture.

The managers have undertaken to

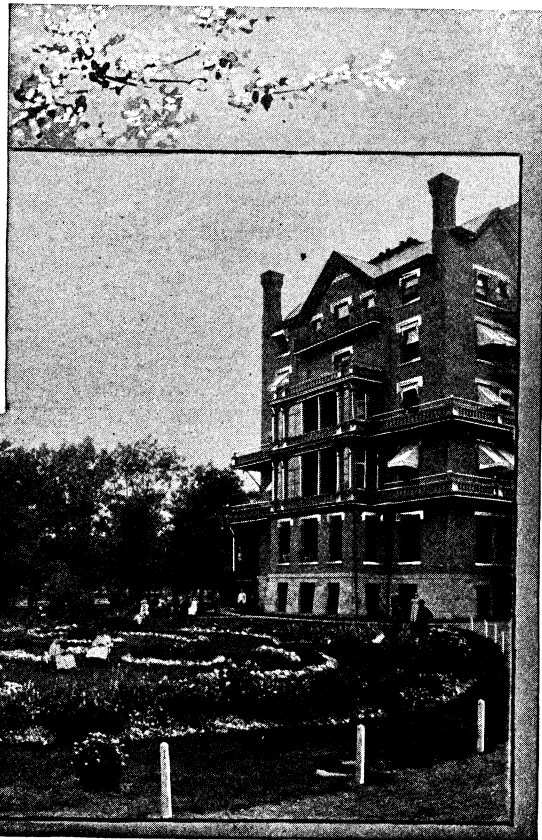
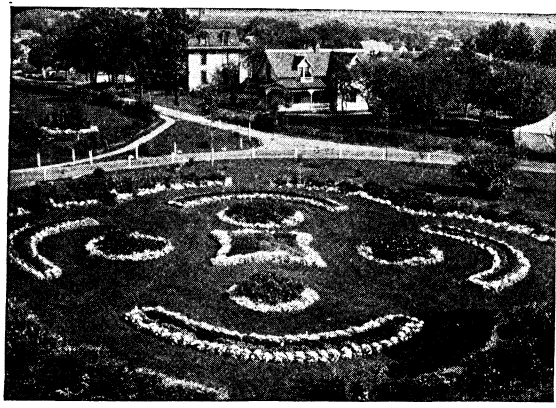
stomach, thus ascertaining any excess or deficiency and its amount, and thereby obtaining data which may form the basis of an exact diagnosis of the condition of the stomach processes, and a rational prescription. Careful qualitative and quantitative analysis of the secretions is invariably made at the first examination of each case, and as frequently afterward as the case may require. Careful study of the state of the nerves, muscles, and so far as possible of the functional condition of every important bodily organ, is also made in each case as indicated.

diseases, its properties being exhilarating and tonic as well as eliminative, in which respects it is much superior to the Turkish, Russian, vapor and other forms of eliminative baths, although the latter are also employed, as they have been for many years, in cases in which they are specially indicated.

There is no specific "system" or routine method employed in the establishment. The prescription for each patient is based upon the results of the careful examination made of his particular case, the specific wants of which are considered, and met by suitable medicinal and other treatment,



A Wheel-Chair Social on the Lawn.



The Flower Garden.

and an appropriate regulation of his diet and regimen if required. Mental and moral means are not forgotten. The nervous patient must not only receive a suitable prescription for diet, etc., but must be trained to self-control. The neurasthenic must be taught how to conserve nervous energy, and how to cultivate nerve tone. The hysterical and hypochondriacal must be convinced of the dangers arising from self-inspection and self-centering of the mind, and must be cajoled into a healthful activity of mind and body. A man with a bad stomach or weak liver must be taught how to give his stomach and liver an easy time. The chronic pill-swallower must be weaned

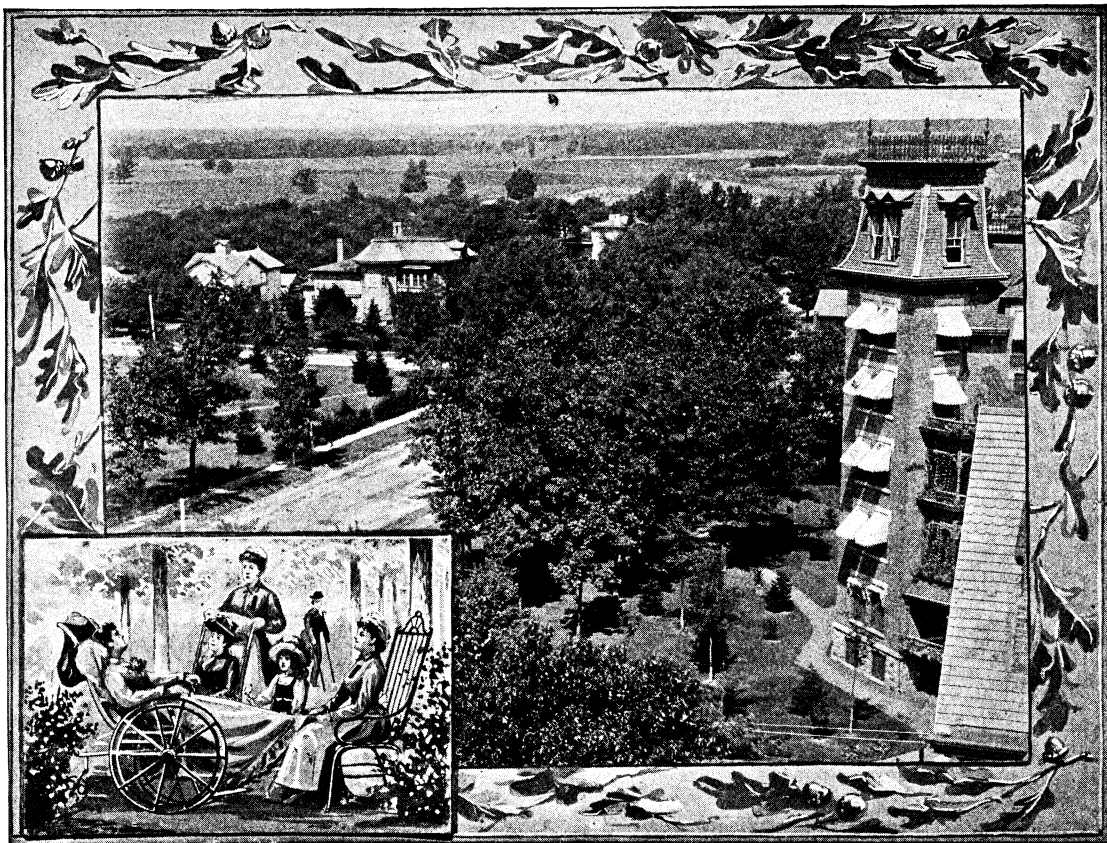
about health and wholesome living, and that every room must be kept aglow with mental and moral sunshine through the agency of cheerful surroundings, kindly sympathy, and efficient and amiable service.

Special advantages are afforded those who require treatment for such local ailments as throat and nasal affections, diseases of the eye, genito-urinary diseases, etc., by competent specialists in these lines.

The Treatment Rooms.

Every patient receives careful prescriptions for diet and exercise, as well as for baths, medicines, etc., when required. Among the facilities afforded

multitude of glowing electric lights, it may be said without exaggeration that every fibre of the body is illuminated by exposure to the powerful influence of this remedial agent. It has been shown that plants grow under the influence of the electric light as under the influence of sunlight. Seeds germinate, and various vital processes are carried on as though exposed to the action of the sun's rays. The electric light bath is perhaps a nearly complete substitute for the sun bath, and has the advantage that it is under absolute control. Any degree of effect desired can be produced. This bath was originated in this institution about two years ago, and, so far



ON THE LAWN.

View from the Tower of Main Building, Looking Northwest.

from his doses, and the peripatetic valitudinarian must be inspired with an ambition to become something better than a traveling museum of maladies. The woman who takes an inventory of her symptoms every morning lest one should have disappeared over night, must be jostled out of her invalid ruts, and must be inspired with a wholesome hatred of disease and an earnest determination to escape from its thralldom.

An effort is made to inspire every one of the three hundred nurses and medical attendants employed in the institution, with the thought that the place must be kept full of sturdy ideas

by the Sanitarium, in addition to those already referred to, are the following:

Extensive bath rooms, affording facilities for the employment of all recognized hydro-therapeutic measures; that is, every form of bath, general and local, hot and tepid, temperate and cold, as the case may require; vapor baths, Turkish baths, electric baths, electro-vapor baths, etc. The last addition to this department is the electric-light bath, in which the advantages of radiant heat are utilized. The heat from the incandescent electric light is found to penetrate a long distance into the body. In fact, when the unclothed body is surrounded with a

as we know, has not been scientifically employed elsewhere.

Massage, Swedish Movements, Etc.

Special attention is given to massage, with a corps of over one hundred nurses and attendants, including more than fifty trained manipulators. The system employed is in some respects peculiar to the institution, although not absolutely novel. It is made up of the most valuable features of the French, German, English, and Swedish systems of massage, and is modified, of course, to suit individual cases. In the manual Swedish movement department, persons who have been carefully taught by trainers di-



View of the Front Drive, Looking North from Main Entrance.



The Grand Parlor, during "Rest Hour."

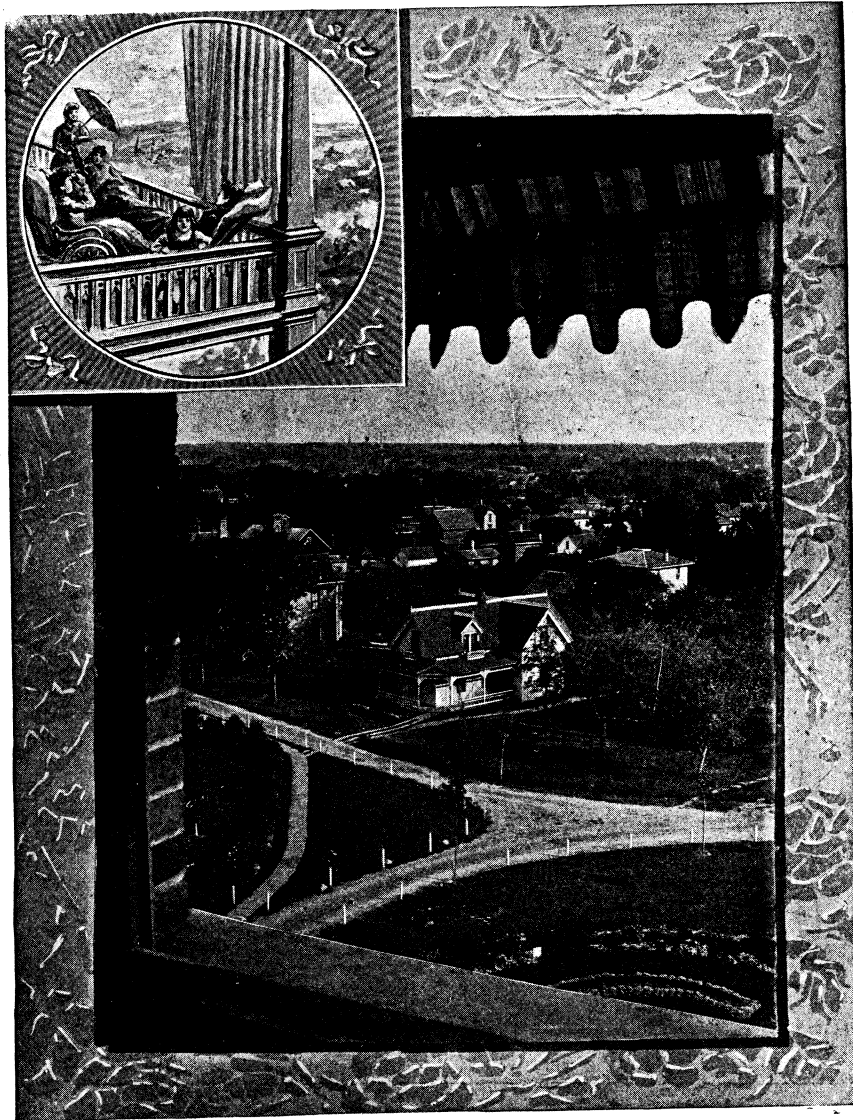
rect from Sweden, do most efficient service in this line. The system is not employed in a haphazard way, as it is not left to the manipulators themselves, but is as carefully prescribed as medicines or any other class of curative agents.

The mechanical Swedish movement department is unique. It includes a larger number of different and effective machines than will be found else-

tained. The electrical currents used are dosed with the greatest care, by means of delicate instruments of precision, and not only as regards the strength of current employed, but also with reference to the amount of actual electrical work done during the application in cases in which large currents are used.

Very extensive improvements have recently been made in the bath-rooms,

as is prompted by good sense and a thorough knowledge of the needs of invalids, and the dietetic value of the various wholesome foods and food productions produced and obtainable in this part of the world. Great attention is given to the subject of medical dietetics. The experimental kitchen, which has been in operation for the last ten years, constantly supplies new features for the bill of fare; and the



View from a Third-Story Window, Looking Southeast.

where, in any country. A large share of the machines employed have been invented and made especially for use in this institution, and with the exception of a few which have been adopted, are not in use elsewhere. Additions are frequently made to this department to accomplish some new object, or to accomplish an old purpose in a more effective manner.

The electrical department includes the most elaborate outfit to be ob-

by which they have been made the most extensive and elegantly fitted of any in the United States.

A Swimming Pool.—The improvements made include a large swimming pool, in which swimming is regularly taught as a means of healthful exercise as well as a necessary accomplishment.

The Sanitarium Dietary.

The menu of the institution is not that of a fashionable hotel, but such

diet kitchen, supplied with every facility to meet the wants of the most capricious appetite and the most obstinate stomach, serves the same purpose in relation to the diet prescriptions that the pharmacy or a drug store serves in relation to medicinal prescriptions.

Physical Training.

Facilities for exercise of every useful description are afforded in the capacious gymnasium, with trained in-

structors who hold daily classes in Swedish gymnastics, Delsarte, calisthenics, etc., in addition to apparatus work, walking, carriage riding, and bicycle riding, for which facilities are also afforded.

Before a prescription for exercise is made, the patient is subjected to a careful study of his physique and the condition of his muscles. Any lateral or posterior curvature of the spine, or other bodily defects, are carefully noted, the exact strength of each group of muscles in the body, as indicated by a delicate and exact mercurial dynamometer, is recorded, and a chart made by which his weak points

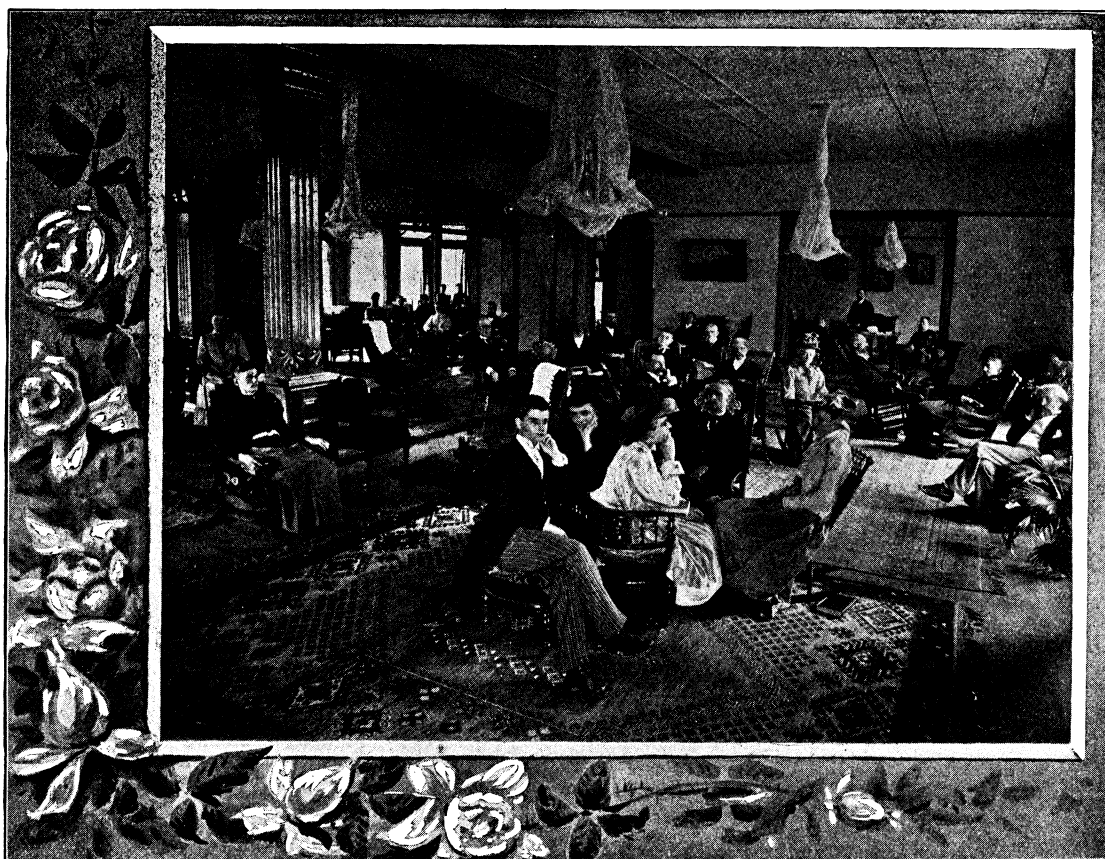
develop respiratory activity, and to increase their lung capacity.

The obese, the anaemic, the sedentary, and those who have become neurasthenic through idleness, must be made to work out their salvation by vigorous labor at the rowing machine, the puley weights, the Swedish gymnastics, and in the tread-mill, unless too feeble for active exercise. In such cases, passive exercise is administered by means of massage and Swedish movements. Bed-ridden patients have their appropriate active and passive exercise, and also training by the aid of "bed" and "wheel-chair" exercises.

markably beautiful spot are enhanced by the delights of boating, steamer riding, tennis, and other games on the broad lawn, rambles in the woods, an elegant hot dinner spiced by a keen appetite, after-dinner speeches, and good music by a band or orchestra. Little parties visit the lake grounds daily, and many patients enjoy now and then the retirement and rest afforded by a few days' stay at the Villa, with its rustic surroundings, and opportunities for "camping out" and mild "roughing it" if desired.

Winter at the Sanitarium.

The abundant supply of pure air furnished by the elaborate system of ven-



The Grand Parlor, with Ladies' Parlor and Library.

may be instantly recognized. Such an examination furnishes the foundation for an exact and rational prescription for the patient.

The prescription for exercise recognizes every possible condition which can modify muscular effort. "Short-winded" patients, and those suffering from organic disease of the heart, must be shown how to get the benefits of exercise by slow and moderately heavy exercises executed without "strain." The aged, and those who are permanently crippled by rheumatism or gout, must be taught the same lesson, and must especially be shown how to

Summer at the Sanitarium.

The increasing popularity of the Sanitarium Lakeside Resort, the site of which is in view from the main building, and which is reached by a delightful ride over the electric railroad which passes by the institution, renders it specially worthy of mention. The large pavilion of the Sanitarium Villa affords seating capacity for 200 patients at dinner, and there is never any room to spare on general "picnic" days, which occur usually every two weeks during the summer season, and are always enjoyable occasions.

The natural attractions of this re-

tilation renders the indoor air of the institution practically equal in purity to nature's best sample of outdoor air, even when the season requires closure of windows and doors. Even climatic advantages are secured to a very large degree. As the whole building is heated by steam, halls included, a very nearly uniform degree of heat is maintained, the temperature being much more even than that of the most equable climate known.

Even the effects derivable from living in the balsamic air of pine forests are attained in a heightened degree by means of medicated atmospheres provided in rooms especially con-

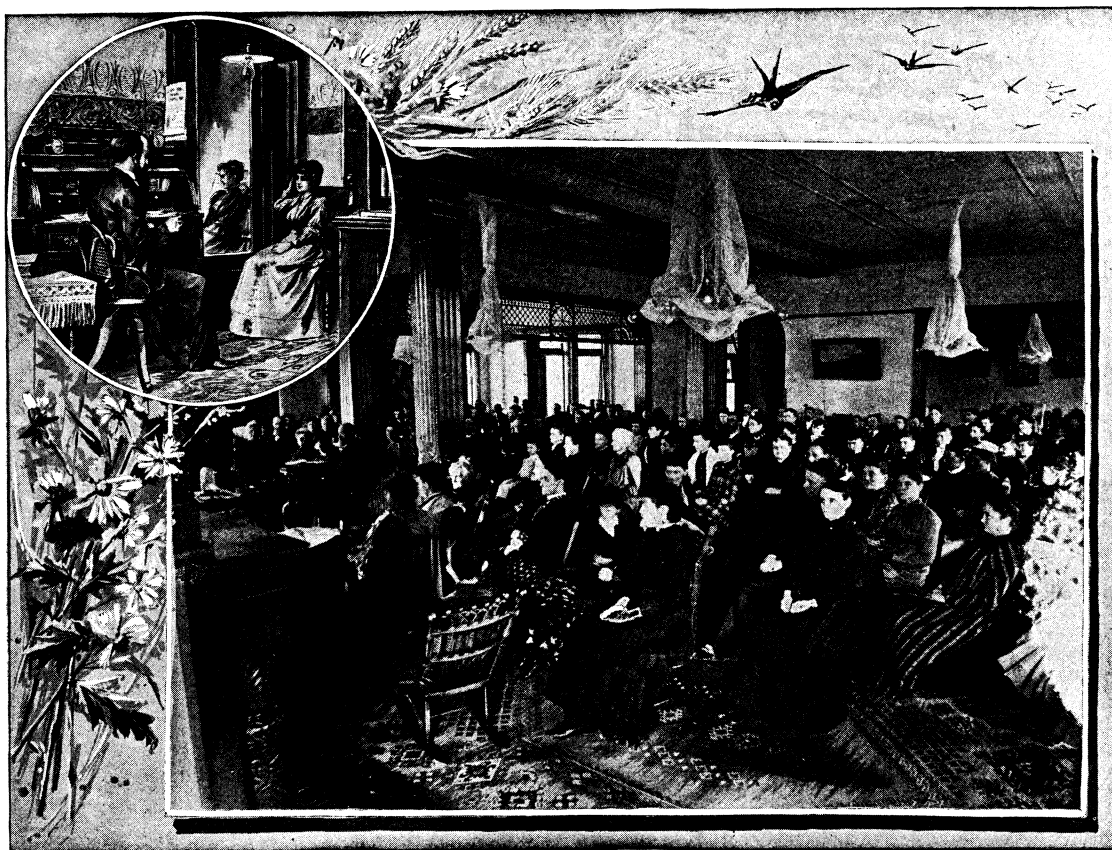
structed for the purpose, in which the number of hours indicated in his case, or the whole twenty-four hours, if necessary. This is, so far as is known, a feature unique to this establishment.

During the winter months, a large greenhouse supplies the house with beautiful pot plants; and flowers are never absent from the dining and other public rooms. Patients are supplied with flowers and plants in their rooms.

The greenhouse is connected with the main building by an underground tunnel, through which patients have ready access to it during the cold months; and here they find a nice display of tropical and other flowering

overworked, the anaemic, the neurasthenic, and the generally run down valetudinarian, which he cannot afford to forego. Many persons are actually injured by this annual pilgrimage to escape Jack Frost, and the exposure to the relaxing, debilitating influences of a warm, damp, "bilious," or malarious climate. To these classes of invalids the Sanitarium offers inducements which will be readily appreciated by physicians who have sent their patients on long and disappointing pilgrimages in search of climatic advantages, and by invalids who, after wearisome journeys to distant parts, and a tedious sojourn in ho-

their depths a quantity of the surplus caloric absorbed during the summer months, slowly giving it off during the winter season, and thus extinguishing the fierce blizzards which rage over the prairies of the north and northwest, and which act in turn during the summer months as vast refrigerators, which moisten and cool the dry hot winds of the western plains, thus truly making of Michigan the "beautiful peninsula" which its ancient Indian inhabitants recognized when they gave it the name it still bears. The climate of Michigan has been truly said to be compounded of the summer of the Red River country of the North-



A Parlor Lecture.

plants, palms, bananas, etc. One of the chief attractions is a large orange tree nearly fifty years old, which is always in bloom or hanging with most delicious fruit.

Many invalids make a mistake in running away from cold weather. Frost is the best of all nature's disinfectants, and the pure air of our northern winter is for most invalids much to be preferred to the relaxing and germ-laden atmosphere of many southern climates. The cold weather "toning up" which dwellers in northern climes experience, is one of the best of vital stimulants, and an advantage to the "dyspeptic," the "bilious," the

tels and resorts provided with few of the comforts essential to the invalid away from home, have often found upon their return that at most only slight temporary advantages have been gained.

Sun Baths.

Are employed in proper cases and the electric-light bath affords opportunity to obtain all the possible advantages from light and sunshine even during the most inclement weather. Fortunately, Michigan weather is most beneficently influenced by the great lakes. The varying temperature of the seasons influences but slowly these vast bodies of water, which hold in

and the winter of southern Illinois and Indiana. Its mantle of forest protects it from high winds in winter and spring, and during the warm months the air is constantly moistened by the leaves of countless trees and frequent summer showers.

The Sanitarium Hospital.

This beautiful building stands near the main building, and was erected for the purpose of supplying surgical cases with all the advantages of a thoroughly equipped hospital in addition to those of the Sanitarium proper. The surroundings are pleasant and salubrious,—no city dust or smoke, no sewer gas, no gutter smells, no pave-

ment rattle. There are beautiful landscape views from every window, the perfection of aseptic care and treatment, kind nurses, homelike comforts, and a complete absence of the ordinary hospital atmosphere and surroundings.

The hospital accommodates one hundred beds, and is supplied with every modern appliance. It is heated and ventilated in so thorough a manner that "hospital smells" are only conspicuous by their absence. Operations are performed on Wednesdays of each week, and at other times when emergencies require. Surgery is, of course, employed only as a last re-

are not likely to get well at home, although their cases are curable if favorable conditions and opportunities can be secured. It is a good plan for any one desiring to visit the Sanitarium, to consult his family physician; and if special inquiries must be made, the regular attending physician is better prepared to state the case and ascertain whether it is a suitable one for treatment here, than is the patient himself.

Incurable cases are not received, or retained in the institution when recognized. Offensive and very troublesome patients are also refused admittance, as it is the desire of the

is open, and a corps of clerks, waiters, and nurses on duty, at all hours of the night, as well as during the day.

Origin of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

A brief statement respecting the origin of this institution and of the purpose of its founders may not be out of place. In answer to the frequent inquiry, "Who is the proprietor of the Battle Creek Sanitarium?" and, "How did the institution originate?" the following statement is made:—

The institution was organized in 1866 by a few persons interested in the advancement of sanitary reform and rational medicine. It was regu-



The Dining-Room.

sort in cases which are clearly beyond the reach of any other means.

Who Ought to Visit the Sanitarium?

All invalids do not need the advantages of a Sanitarium, although most or all may be benefited by a short sojourn in such an institution as this, through the excellent dietary and regimen to be secured, the advantages for physical culture, etc.; but this institution is especially organized and equipped with reference to the needs of chronic invalids who have been long sick, and who, in consequence of bad conditions from which they cannot escape at home, or for lack of opportunities which their cases require,

managers of the institution to maintain a place where invalids who desire to avail themselves of every advantage afforded by modern medical science, and who are ready to engage in an earnest effort to recover lost health, will find every facility and means of assistance, together with the comforts and the surroundings of a pleasant home.

Hacks are in waiting at all trains. A special porter, and when necessary, the Sanitarium ambulance, is sent to any train to meet helpless or feeble patients, if a proper notice is sent, giving exact time or train when the patient will arrive. The institution

lary incorporated as a stock company. Two years later, the stockholders found the enterprise a pronounced success, and it also became apparent that large demands would be made for the treatment of the worthy sick poor, and that constant improvements would be necessary to meet the requirements of the developing work.

As the stockholders were persons of philanthropic disposition, they were easily persuaded to take such action as would relinquish all claims upon the earnings of the institution, and make the original stock an endowment, the earnings to be perpetually used for necessary improvements, the

treatment of the sick poor, and the furtherance of the purposes for which the institution was organized. All the earnings of the institution have accordingly been thus used from its foundation to the present time, and will continue to be thus employed.

In 1887, a new main building was erected, and since that time several other large additions to the buildings and other facilities have been made from time to time. The institution has grown from the small wooden building occupied in 1866 to its present proportions. The patronage of the institution reaches nearly four thousand persons annually. To care for

cal management, the payment of small salaries, and the avoidance of unnecessary expenditures, the managers have been able to expend more than \$150,000 in the treatment of the sick poor, besides an equal amount for necessary improvements, and have annually increased the amount of philanthropic work, until within the last two years this department has reached over \$50,000.

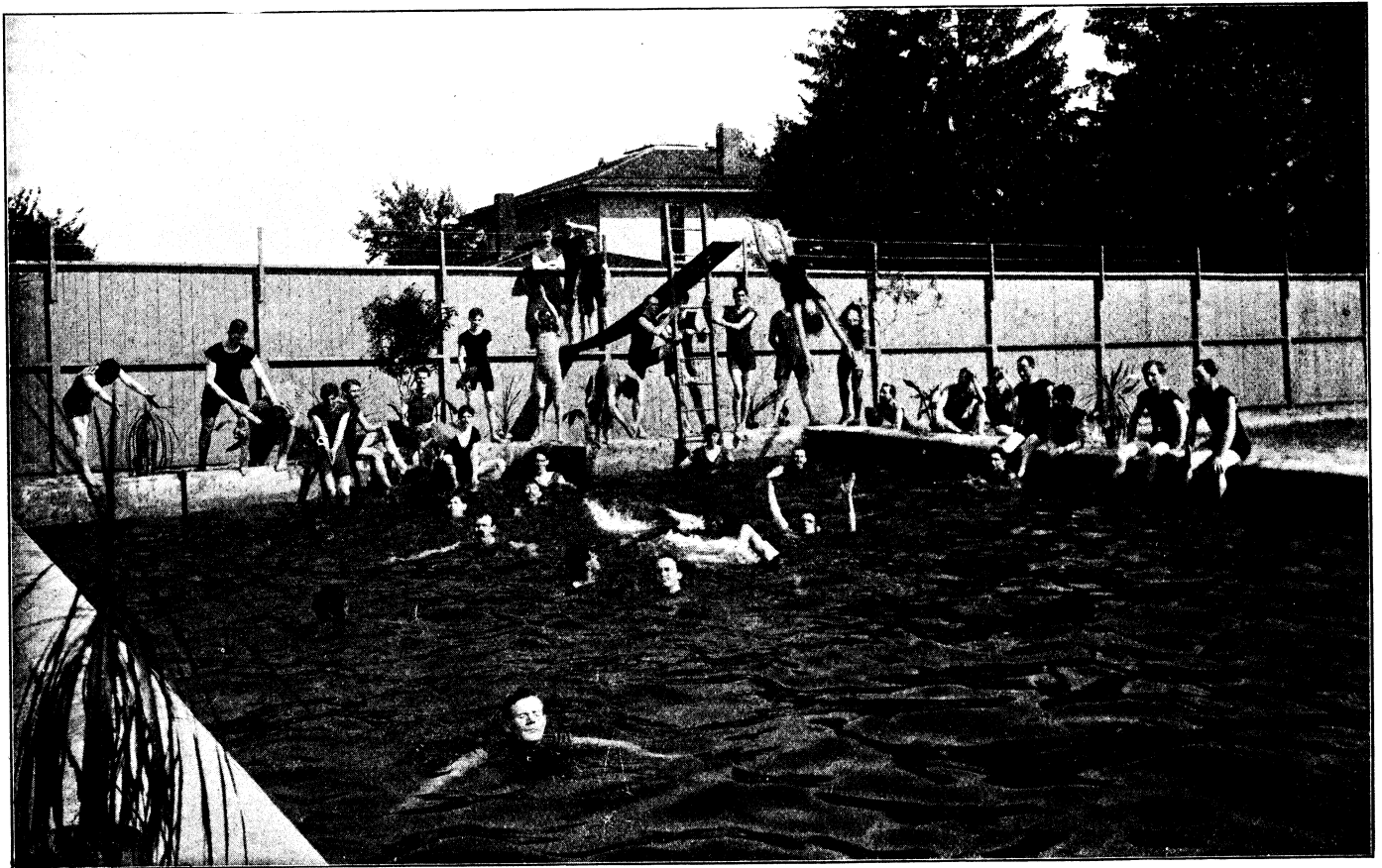
Provision for the Sick.

A free dispensary is maintained in connection with the Sanitarium Hospital. The worthy poor receive gratuitous advice and treatment including surgical operations when required, on

Variety of Treatment.

Having registered and being assigned a room, the doctors in charge take good care that no unnecessary time is lost in getting down to hard work, for the management expects every patient to co-operate with them, and to make it his special business to get well just as quickly as possible.

The first thing the physician in charge of each case does, is to make a special examination of the patient before any remedial measures are employed in his behalf. The first, and probably the most important of all tests, is that of the stomach, on the result of which depends his particular



An Ideal Swimming Pool.

this great family of sick people and their friends, requires a little army of workers. The number of physicians, managers, nurses, attendants, domestics, electricians, mechanics, and other workmen, is never less than 350, and during the busy months of the year the number is considerably larger. Fourteen physicians devote their entire time to the care of the patients of the institution. Eight more are engaged in the charitable work connected with the institution.

The prices charged for board and medical and surgical services are comparatively small, yet by economi-

three days of each week. A free bath department is also maintained.

Particulars respecting the hours for consultation, treatment, etc., in this department will be given on application.

The following extract from a letter written by a patient who arrived at the Sanitarium, completely broken down in health and who had only been under treatment three weeks when he wrote in this manner to a friend, may be of interest to our readers, and at the same time show the esteem in which the institution is held by those whom it has benefited:

diet. The morning after the patient's arrival, if he is a sufferer from indigestion, he is given a test breakfast, consisting of granose, salt and water, which, after a retention of one hour, is easily removed by means of a stomach tube. Then it is brought into the laboratory, placed in a sort of filter, the clear food passing into receivers below. The fluid thus obtained is subjected to a thorough chemical examination, and the result reported to the physician in charge of the case, who, from the data obtained bases his prescription for such medication as may be necessary, or for treat-

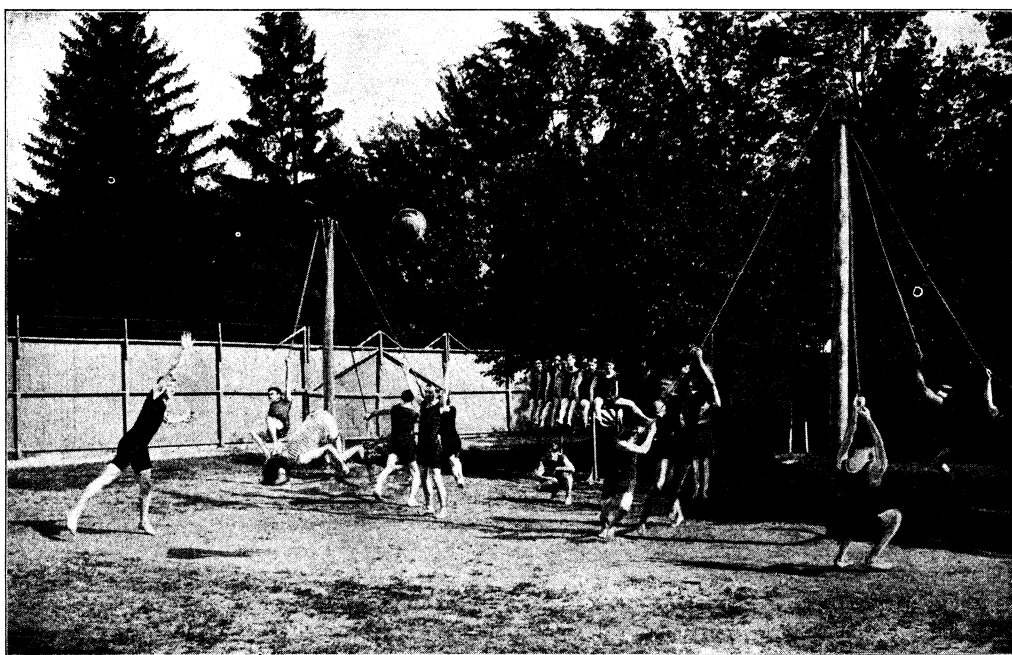
ment in the bath, electrical, massage and other departments of the institution.

Having had a thorough examination, we enter the gentlemen's bath departments, which are on the first floor in the rear, just opposite the main entrance. The first compartment is devoted to the dressing and cooling rooms. There are accommodations for about seventy-five persons at one time, and each patient is attended by a trained masseur, who is also skilled in the administering of all the forms of electrical and other baths. Space will not permit me to give a full account of this department as it deserves, but suffice it to say that electricity is here applied in every way known to medical science.

We next pass hurriedly through the

where numerous measurements are taken to ascertain the height, the reach, the chest and abdominal expansion, etc. We are now ushered into a room in which are appliances for taking strength, lung and other tests. The ingenious strength test machine has met with much favor from experts in the line of physical culture, and is now in use at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, at Yale University, and at many other prominent educational institutions. It is known as the dynamometer, and by means of straps, levers and the adjustment of the machine in various ways, twenty-four groups of muscles can be tested. After this test, a complete and accurate record of the result is made on a chart, which is handed to the physician in charge. Based upon

sits in the reception rooms, library or grounds, and enjoys himself reading or in social converse for thirty or forty minutes, when he goes for his daily bath treatment and the prescribed gymnastic exercise, lasting from sixty to eighty minutes. At 1:30 p. m. the house becomes absolutely quiet, as it is rest hour, and every one is taking his siesta; but, unlike the Mexican or West Indian, this is taken before, instead of after meals. From 3 to 4 p. m. dinner is served, followed by exercise. The different exercises not already mentioned, consists of massage and manual Swedish movements, which is a passive exercise, walking, horseback riding, bicycle riding, lawn tennis and boating. That the patient may feel more at liberty, a great deal of his exercise is not at prescribed



Enjoying Various Games.

Russian bath department, fitted up with marble walls, shampoo slabs, hot and cold sprays, etc. In another part of the bath department the visitor notices numerous attendants going in and out of small apartments in which various kinds of massage and other treatments are given. He then makes his way past private rooms for various kinds of water treatments, including the hot fomentations, and the salt glow, to the spray and douche rooms. Here he finds a most elaborate apparatus, by which not only the heat, but the pressure of water is regulated, and by a single movement of a lever, alternating currents of hot and cold may be applied by the attendant.

The next visit in order for the patient is to the anthropometric room,

tnis test, a regular prescription for work in the gymnasium is made out, with a view to building up and perfecting a symmetrical development of the entire muscular system. We next have the spirometer and the pneumotometer, used respectively for recording the capacity and strength of the lungs.

We are now through with the tests, the doctors have made a careful diagnosis of our case, and there is nothing to do but to follow the directions and get well as quickly as possible.

The Order of Exercises.

Arising, say, at 6:30 o'clock, the patient generally takes a spray bath and a swim in the natatorium, followed by breathing exercises before breakfast. Breakfast over at 9 a. m., the patient

hours, but he is expected to religiously take at some hour the prescribed exercises, as the management only profess to be able to help those who try to help themselves by observing the rules, etc.

The Sanitarium has a villa located on Lake Goghuac, which is easily reached in twenty minutes by electric cars passing the Sanitarium door, or by bicycle over an excellent road. Here are found an ample supply of row boats, affording splendid facilities for delightful and healthy recreation.

Diet.

This is probably the most important thing connected with the institution. The bill of fare differs materially from that of a hotel. Condiments of all sorts, pork, pickles and other

foods universally recognized as unwholesome, are excluded from the dining room.

The first experience of the patient here is an amusing and novel one. He surveys his menu card much in the same manner he would a Chinese puzzle, but with the aid of the waitress and some of the other patients, he manages to get along for a day or two, or until he solves the mystery, and himself becomes authority and guide to the newly arrived guest. It is safe to say that for the first few days, few, if any, patients are in love with the diet, but at the end of this time it is surprising how kindly he has taken to it, and invariably he is making excuses for his abnormal appetite, assuring his friends it is a new experience and attributing it to a number of

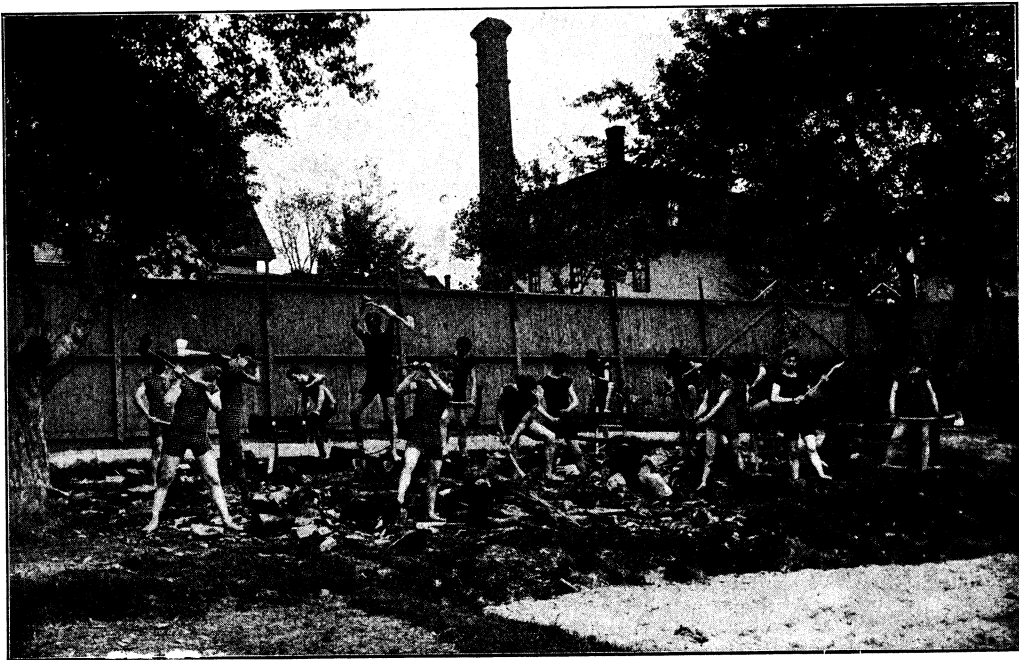
word seems to be kindness and courteousness, and it must be infectious, for during three weeks' treatment I have yet to hear an unkind word spoken between the employes themselves, or between an employe and patient, or between two patients, and the chronic dyspeptic, seems to be as cheerful as the robust tourist who has come to spend a pleasant holiday.

The guests, numbering at present about six hundred, are gathered from all parts of the United States and Canada, with an occasional one from every country in the world. They are of all walks in life, from the hard-working mechanic to the multimillionaire. Here may be seen seated on the lawn in one group, ministers of every denomination, university professors, cabinet ministers, and members of parlia-

healthy man is about 4,300 pounds, but since the people who come here generally suffer from some form of disease, their strength is usually far below, yet it is not an unusual thing for a patient to gain one thousand pounds in strength in four weeks' treatment (my gain being over eight hundred pounds in three weeks), and very often they double their strength at the end of two or three months' treatment. With such rapid gains is it any wonder that they leave here daily blessing the Battle Creek Sanitarium and the men at the head of the institution, who have devoted their lives and their abilities to the building up of a degenerate, dying race?

Outside Gymnasium and Swimming Pool.

The latest addition to this already



Working at the Wood-Pile.

different causes, but the secret is told in two words—healthful living—observing the laws of nature, as God intended we should do. Whenever the patient is ready to leave for home, not only is his disease cured, but he is cured, and it is surprising to see patients leaving orders for shipments of the various health foods they learn to enjoy.

The Staff and Organization.

Probably no other organization in the world is so thoroughly organized in all its departments as this. The machinery runs without the slightest friction. The staff and help of all kinds number approximately one thousand, and so smoothly does everything run that the visitor is unable to tell just who is in charge. The watch-

ment from Canada, with here and there a United States senator, congressman or governor of a state, all brought together for one object—to learn how to live to be healthy. The social life differs from the large summer resorts inasmuch as there is no caste, but all live together as one large happy family, whose chief aim in life seems to be to make one another happy.

A few words more on the result, and I am done. A great many patients arrive here as physical wrecks, requiring attendants to wheel them to the baths; but invariably in from five to ten days they dispense with this aid, and are able to take care of themselves.

The combined strength of the various groups of muscles of an average

fully equipped institution, is the establishment of the outside gymnasium and swimming pool, and like nearly everything else connected with the sanitarium is the effect of one of Dr. Kellogg's ideas. It is a well known fact that the staff here believe in nothing so much as pure air, pure water, pure food and sunshine, and it was in order to give their patients a better chance to secure some of these advantages that the outdoor swimming pool and gymnasium were built. It is a favorite idea of the head of the institution and if any one has any doubts as to its success, he should visit it and see for himself the solid enjoyment the guests receive from this one source.

The pool is 70 feet in length by 30

feet in breadth and has a graduated depth of from 4 to 10 feet. Steps lead into it from the end which is the most shallow, and every aid is furnished in order to teach beginners how to swim. A corps of expert attendants are always on hand, and here as elsewhere the guest meets with nothing but courteous treatment. At one end of the pool is the shower and spray bath which prepares the swimmer for the plunge. Commodious dressing and toilet rooms are built at the west end of the pool, thus affording every facility for the patrons' comfort and convenience.

The baths open at 5 a. m. and every hour during the day until 9 p. m., they are in constant use, stated hours being set apart for employes, for gentle-

gives an excellent idea of the work done here. It will be seen that some are engaged in wood chopping, others on the Indian swing, while here and there is to be found a bather, varying the monotony of the water bath with one in the sand.

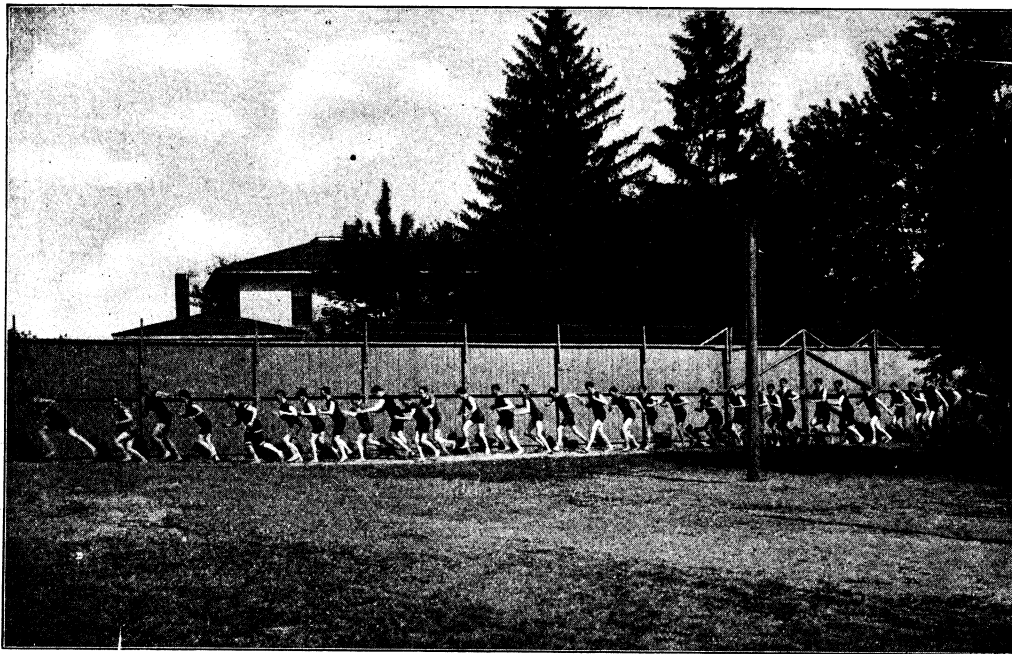
CHARLES E. HUMPHREY.—The retail drug store carried on by C. E. Humphrey at 47 Main street west, is not only one of the finest stores in the city, but one of the most complete in all its appointments; its furnishings, suitable to the business, are of the best, making the store a most attractive place for the manager and customers.

C. E. Humphrey was born Dec. 11, 1850, in Bainbridge, Chenango county,

prosperous retail store, which was located on Jefferson avenue north, continuing in the same till he removed to larger quarters, his present location. Mr. Humphrey is an experienced man in his line of work, has the reputation of being a careful, conscientious druggist, making a specialty of putting up prescriptions. No soda fountain in the city is more popular than his, at which can be found all the iced drinks for the summer season, which are dispensed by the most courteous of clerks.

Mr. Humphrey, fraternally is a Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner, a member of the Knights of Pythias, and a D. O. K. K. Politically he is a loyal friend to the republican party.

On Sept. 26, 1887, Mr. C. E. Hum-



A Trip Around the Running Path.

men and for ladies. At night a very pleasant effect is produced by the arc light illumination, and it is safe to say that there is no one thing in connection with this large institution that affords as much amusement, or as much healthful recreation as the outside natatorium and gymnasium.

A board fence 15 feet high encloses about one acre of ground in which is found an abundance of shade trees, reminding one of his boyhood days on the bank of his own native stream, where he was wont to take his first plunge into the water. Every available foot of ground is used for the gymnasium apparatus, but all is arranged in such a manner, that there is no crowding, and abundant room is furnished for every form of exercise. The accompanying photo illustration

N. Y. His early education was begun at a school house so diminutive in size as to make an indelible impression on one scholar at least; later, Mr. Humphrey attended the academy at Afton, New York.

In 1879, Mr. Humphrey came to Michigan, settling in Jackson, where he opened a drug store, conducting a most flourishing business till 1894, at which time he came to Battle Creek, and with Mr. Stoddard bought the Williams House, managing the same for two years, in a creditable, businesslike manner, making the hotel a desirable stopping place for transients as well as a homelike boarding house.

An opening in the drug business presented itself, however, and Mr. Humphrey returned to the business of his life, and was again proprietor of a

prey and Miss Alice Conklin of Jackson, were united in marriage; the only child born to them died in 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey attend religious services at the St. Thomas church.

NICHOLAS SCHOTT.—We present a brief outline of the life and work of Nicholas Schott, who was born in Bavaria, Germany, Feb. 5, 1832, coming to America in 1845, when he was but a lad of 13 years. For twelve years he worked on a farm in Erie county, New York. This experience may have seemed hard at the time, but the habits of industry and self-denial were so thoroughly learned by daily practice that the foundation of a strong character was laid, and Mr. Schott can now look back to that period of his life as essential to the endurance of the vicis-

situdes which have come to him later.

Although Nicholas Schott bore a tender regard for his native land he readily became adopted as a son of America, and has ever been loyal to her cause. In 1861 he enlisted at Kalamazoo, in Company F, Nineteenth Michigan Infantry, as he had deter-



Nicholas Schott.

mined to help defend the government under which he lived. The horrors of war life began to seem close to him when two bullets passed through his clothing, although he escaped a wound. He was taken to Libby prison, but fortunately was exchanged a month later, however, it was long enough for him to witness untold suffering within those walls. Our subject's regiment was sent to Camp Chase at Columbus, O., from there to Franklin, Tenn., and on to Murfreesboro, then to McMinnville, and from there to Cowan Station, where they heard the locomotive for the first time in six months. Their next destination was Lookout Valley, where they joined the gallant General Sherman on the march to Atlanta, which consumed four months, of which every day witnessed hard fighting. Mr. Schott's regiment faced the fiery ordeal at Burnt Hickory, New Hope Church, Culp's Farm, Peach Tree Creek, Savannah and Goldsboro. He proved himself to be possessed of fine soldierly qualities as is shown by the promotions he received, going from the ranks to the position of corporal, and at Atlanta he was appointed sergeant of his regiment. On June 25, 1865, he was discharged, soon after arriving in Detroit, thence to Battle Creek.

After the trying and exciting scenes that he witnessed on southern battle fields our subject returned to this county, buying soon after a farm

of eighty acres, which he sold subsequently and purchased the one on which he now lives in the township of Leroy.

On Oct. 12, 1865, he married Miss Betsey Wolcott of Climax. To them two sons were born: George A., and Albert. In 1872 (Feb. 7) death, the unbidden guest, entered their home and took from the husband's side his wife, the burial taking place in the Congregational churchyard at Leroy. After mourning his loss for two years his second marriage was with Miss Catherine TenEyck of Newton, and was celebrated March 24, 1874. Two daughters came to bless their union: Barbara Lois, born Dec. 18, 1880, and Sarah Imogene, born Nov. 17, 1882.

Mr. Schott in his party tealty is a republican, always. The iredueene with which he has been called to official positions testifies in stronger language than we can use as to the confidence his fellow-citizens repose in his ability and integrity. He has been drain commissioner, and assessor in district No. 3 of Leroy, for 24 years.

In his religious affiliations he is a Congregationalist. Mr. and Mrs. Schott are living quietly in the sunshine of the old homestead, a farm of two hundred acres, and are fully enjoying the fruits of their labors.

BURLEIGH SALISBURY.—The subject of the following sketch is one well known in connection with the world-wide fame of the Salisbury hygienic dress reform system. Mr. Salisbury was born Sept. 16, 1832, in the town of

death, June 12, 1897. On Oct. 27, 1875, Mr. Salisbury was united in marriage with Mrs. Clara Florence Hurlbut. Mr. Salisbury was a clothier in Battle Creek, but owing to his wife's health and the repeated commands of the sanitarium physicians for her to abandon corsets, the idea came to them that if the corset must go, some article of wearing apparel must take its place. The result of this need is what has been given to the world of suffering women, the Salisbury dress reform system, which has been a boon to so many. Its fame is world-wide, but has never been under the auspices of the sanitarium, but under the direct management and supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, the originators.

Whereas, Mrs. Salisbury has gone on with this work since the death of her husband it is due to his executive ability and management that the business is on its present flourishing basis. Mme. Salisbury has orders and testimonials from thousands of the women whom she has shown how to dress their bodies so as to retain a symmetry of beauty and yet enjoy comfort. She has eight lines of hygienic waists of different shades and quality of material, which she fits to the form of the purchaser. She also has in stock dress-shields, forms, bustles and shoulder braces, which are all constructed on healthful principles, but are consistent with, and promotive of, grace and beauty as well. Ladies who appreciate an easy dress will be charmed with these garments, and those who do not, should give them a

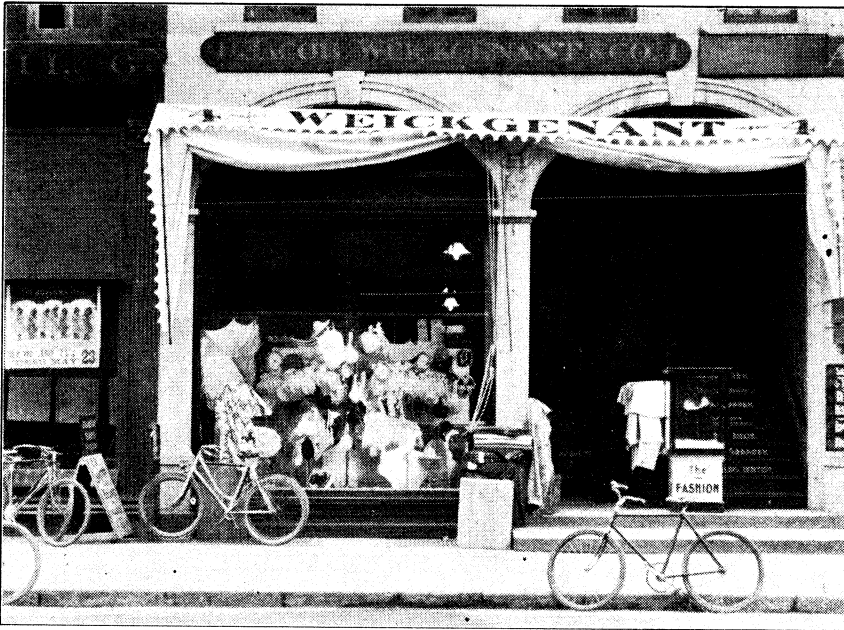


Burleigh Salisbury.

Adams, N. Y., came to Battle Creek in May, 1868, to attend the S. D. A. conference, was baptized by Elder James White, united with the Battle Creek church, and lived in this city till his

trial, under the full assurance that when this is done, they will be converts at once to hygienic dressing.

There are many in Battle Creek who can testify to Mr. Salisbury's con-



J. Weickgenant's Store.

stancy and faithfulness to the S. D. A. belief. He maintained unquestioned confidence in God, and ever had a word of thankfulness to express for His goodness. His effort was ever to cheer and encourage all who came within the sphere of his influence, either by personal association, or by correspondence. It was ever a pleasure to him to assist in any good enterprise connected with the cause in which he felt so great an interest. His two sons are earnest, zealous workers of the S. D. A. faith; one is in Australia and the other in South Africa.

remaining there for two years. In 1891 Mr. Weickgenant embarked in the dry goods business for himself, stocking his store with every line of goods usually handled by that branch, and with the best quality in all departments, engaging experienced clerks, some of whom are with him now.

Mr. Weickgenant's long acquaintance with the business has given him an especial aptitude in making selections of goods, and he has shown financial ability of a high order in keeping up and increasing the business.

Mr. Weickgenant's prosperity is due not only to his long experience in the business and his knowledge of buying goods to suit the popular taste, but his natural courtesy to all brings him many customers, which prove to be his friends as well. From a popular boy in Battle Creek business and social circles, Jacob Weickgenant has grown into a popular man and merchant, who enjoys the highest esteem of his community.

Besides his complete stock of dry goods, he has a full line of cloaks, furs and carpets in rooms ample in size and well lighted for the display of the same, where his obliging clerks are ever ready to wait upon and suit even the most fastidious customer.

Mr. Weickgenant chose for his bride Miss Margaret Grant of Kalamazoo; the nuptials being solemnized March 5, 1889. Six children have been born to them, five of whom are living, three girls and two boys. Mr. and Mrs. Weickgenant are devoted and conscientious members of the Catholic church.

His store is an attractive one as he uses unsurpassed taste in displaying his goods, and his clerks are among the best, most obliging and courteous of any in the city. They are: Messrs. Henry and James Gordon, Joe and Charles Riede, Mesdames Kate Smith and Julia Lapham, and the Misses Mamie Amann and Stella Conroy, while Miss Ida Weickgenant, a sister of the proprietor, has been the proficient bookkeeper and cashier since the opening of the business.

JACOB WEICKGENANT.—Among the prominent merchants of Battle Creek we find Jacob Weickgenant is justly placed, and none is more deserving of an honorable position for no other has had a more successful career in a mercantile life. Mr. Weickgenant, of German parentage, is the son of John and Appolina Weickgenant, and was born in Marshall, Mich., Jan. 11, 1863, but came to Battle Creek when a youth, attending the public schools of this city.

As ambition was one of the characteristics of our subject he began when a boy to earn his dollars for himself, entering the dry goods store of Wakelee & Griswold, a firm which he served faithfully and well for two years—and was by his employers, even then, pronounced one of the future merchants of the city. Later he entered the employ of Peter Hoffmaster, continuing as one of the most popular clerks of that dry goods house for seven years, at the expiration of which time he entered the establishment of E. Trump.



J. L. Noecker and "Kittie A."

J. L. NOECKER.—A noticeably flourishing business is that kept by J. L. Noecker at 107 Jackson street west. To a man owning a horse it is an important question to decide upon a place for the keeping of the same. At the Palace boarding stable one can be assured that an animal will have the best of care, not only to the quality of feed given but the comfort of the horse will be a study.

Mr. Noecker was born in Kandallville, Ind., in 1860, is the son of Ferdinand and Mary Noecker. He came to Battle Creek April 19, 1900, from Fort Wayne, Ind., where he had been a trusted employe of the Pennsylvania R. R. on the Fort Wayne and Cressline, O., division, for 15 years.

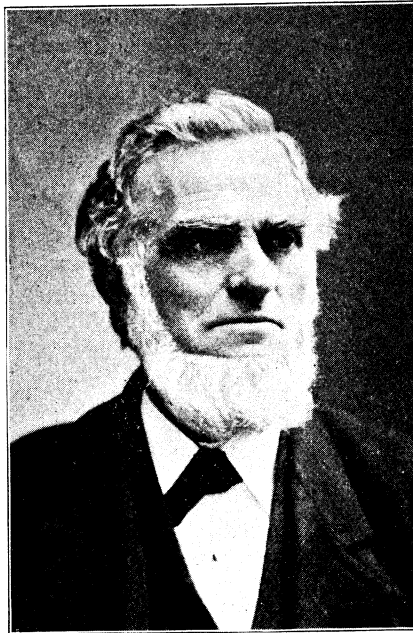
Mr. Noecker was united in marriage with Mrs. Villa Evers of Van Wert, O., in the year 1890. Politically he is a republican.

Since coming to our city our subject has built up for himself a reputation of being a first class manager of a boarding stable, as he exercises careful consideration with every order, and the neatness which prevails throughout his establishment is certainly praiseworthy. His horses are sleek and shining, showing that experienced men are the keepers. These employes have ever been found courteous and obliging to customers, and the ladies who have their horses in the care of Mr. Noecker may feel assured of receiving marked civility from all persons connected with the Palace boarding stable.

The fine looking animal in the adjoining cut is "Kittie A," owned by Mr. Paul of New York City. She is a much admired animal with a record of note. She has been three miles better than 2:10, and one mile in 2:08.

Mr. Noecker's business has increased since the opening, even beyond his most sanguine expectations, and it is conceded by all that it is owing to the popularity of the proprietor, who aims to keep an up-to-date establishment and on upright principles, and by so doing he will reap a large share of the public patronage.

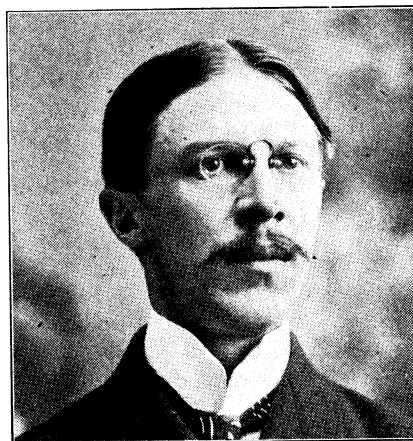
DR. HARRY. P. BALL.—Conspicuous among the dentists of Battle Creek we find H. P. Ball, who was born in the farming districts of Jackson county, Dec. 27, 1869. His parents were O. L. and Mariam (Bowen) Ball. His early life was spent in the work of the farm, which, perhaps, accounts for his health and energy. His education was obtained at the public schools of Albion, where he graduated in 1889. In October of the same year he entered



Alonzo Noble.

the department of dentistry at the University of Michigan, completing his course June 30, 1892, graduating with high honors.

Dr. Ball began his practice in Albion with Dr. George W. Stone. Later, he engaged in office work in Marquette, subsequently in Jackson, then opened an office by himself in Albion, continuing till Oct. 5, 1900, when he was attracted to the growing city of Battle Creek as affording greater facilities for business. His dental parlors in the Post Building, No. 208, are of the finest, fitted up in all the latest appliances and inventions for perfect work in the line of his profession; his specialty is the correction of irregular-



Dr. Harry P. Ball.

ities and oral deformities, in which branch he is meeting with unbounded success, as he fully understands the art and is most attentive to business as his steadily increasing practice verifies.



Mrs. Alonzo Noble.

In October, 1894, Dr. Ball led to the altar as his bride Miss Clementine Bullis of Ann Arbor. Three children have been born to them, two sons and a daughter.

Dr. Ball has a student of dentistry in his office, Charles V. Schmidt, a Canadian by birth, but a naturalized citizen of the United States. Mr. Schmidt bids fair to be one of the rising dentists of the times as he is now an excellent operator and is winning popularity by his earnest attention to business and courtesy to all. He has marked ability for his line of work and coming under the able instructions of Dr. Ball, Mr. Schmidt stands in a fair way of being a leader. The Journal wishes him success.

E. M. M'CONNELL.—Among the flourishing business establishments of Battle Creek may be mentioned one carried on by E. M. McConnell, who is a leader in the line of practical roofing. He is a wholesale and retail dealer in two and three-ply ready roofing, roof varnish, coal tar, pitch and building paper. He also makes a specialty of asphalt and gravel roofing.

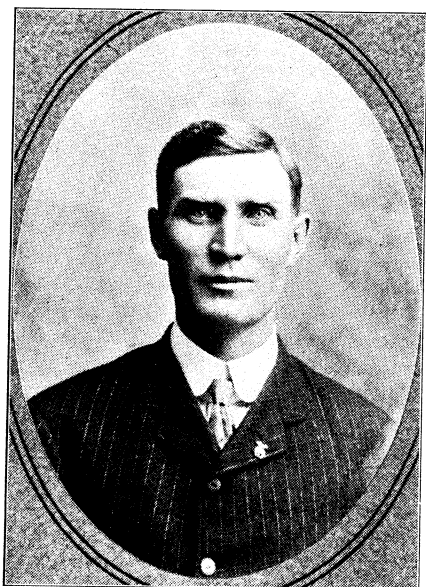
Mr. McConnell has the distinction of being the only manufacturer of roof paint in the city, and as it has been used extensively in Battle Creek and in the surrounding territory with the best results, he has established a reputation for being a wide-awake, up-to-date man, and one thoroughly well-versed in his line of business.

He has had the roofing contracts for many of the large buildings recently erected in the city, and is recognized by his fellow-townsmen as a man who

meets his engagements promptly and with satisfaction.

Mr. McConnell is a native of Macomb county, Mich., where he was born March 24, 1868. His early life was spent on a farm. He attended the public school in his native town, and was graduated from same. Later, he went to Saginaw and engaged in the roofing business, which proved successful, but in 1895, realizing the growing condition of the Queen City and the promising outlook for his business, he opened an office at 30½ Jefferson avenue north, at which place he has conducted a thriving business and carrying on at the same time branch offices in Flint and Port Huron. Mr. McConnell's business reputation is wide-spread; his contracts extending as far west as the Missouri river.

In 1887, June 27, Mr. McConnell was



E. M. McConnell.

united in marriage with Miss Minnie Weldon; besides his wife his family consists of three children.

Fraternally, our subject is a member of the Masonic order, is a Knight Templar and a Shriner. He is also a member of the Knights of Pythias, the D. O. K. K., the Foresters, and the Elks.

That the city recognized Mr. McConnell's integrity and uprightness as a man is verified by his election, in the spring of 1901, to the position as alderman, to represent the third ward. As he is progressive in his views and has the welfare of the city at heart he is making firm friends while he holds his office.

Politically he is a republican and is a staunch and true friend of the party.

JANE BARNUM LOSSING.—Among the many pleasant things of life is the

recounting of the scenes of the past, the joys and pleasures of childhood, and the sterner realities of advancing years.

Mrs. Jane Barnum Lossing was born July 3, 1827, in Newtown, Fairfield county, Conn. Her father, Thomas B. Barnum, born Sept. 20, 1800, in Danbury, Conn., was of English and Welsh descent, his paternal grandfather being English and his grandmother, Welsh. As his father Asher Barnum, was a farmer in limited circumstances, the son, Thomas, began contributing towards the support of himself and mother when but nine years of age, so that his opportunities for acquiring an education were meagre. By self-study, however, he managed to lay the foundation for sound, practical knowledge, which future experience developed. He learned the hatter's trade, and after traveling about for several months in search of an opening his efforts were crowned with success for he obtained employment in Duchesse county, N. Y. At this place he remained three years, during which time he formed the acquaintance and married Miss Harriet Rose, the happy event having been consummated Sept. 24, 1824. Two children were born to them; Jane, the subject of this sketch, and Charles who passed away April 19, 1889.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnum moved to Southbury, Litchfield county, Conn., but hearing the glowing accounts of the west, not daunted by the stories of the privations which they knew awaited them, he came in June, 1836, to Calhoun county, Mich., and purchased a farm in which is now Leroy. A few months after he brought his family to their new home, and to the amazement of all they found 80 Indians occupying a large tent on their land, but no hostility ensued, however, the Indians decamping peaceably. One Indian became friendly with the family. One time when the father was absent, this Indian obtained from the mother consent for the "papposes," Jane and Charles, aged 8 and 10 years, to go off with him. This was to the children a grand treat, and they were delighted when he soon started up a deer he had wounded and shot it. Just as he was dressing it Mr. Barnum came up, pale with fear that he should never see his children again, having tracked the party in the snow. The Indian noticed his fright, and said, "Me no hurt em pappoose; want 'em see. Shoot 'em succee (deer)." Although the name of the Indian was long ago forgotten by those in whose delight he took an interest, his words and deeds will ever be remembered.

Mr. Barnum aided greatly in organ-

izing the township of Leroy. In 1836 he was made justice of the peace, which office he held six years; was highway commissioner eight years, and supervisor in '49-'50, serving his township disinterestedly and well.

The name of Barnum is one familiar to all on both sides of the globe, made so by the noted showman, Hon. P. T. Barnum, who was cousin to Thomas B. Barnum.

In religious sentiment he believed in doing one's duty in life, which to him meant giving liberally to the support of religious and educational enterprises, believing that church and schools form the basis of moral and intellectual development.

Mrs. Jane Barnum Lossing was married to Thomas Lossing Sept. 29, 1895, and is living on the home farm of two hundred and eighty-two acres. She



Jane Barnum Lossing.

comes of thrifty, energetic ancestry, and in all her duties and business of life has ever shown that she strongly possesses the same sterling qualities, coming forward with help for the needy, and quietly doing good to those less fortunate than herself. She is an earnest, sincere believer in the Christian Science faith, knowing that by its teachings all doubt and fears vanish, filling each day with radiating gladness and cheer.

Hers has been a blameless, useful life, and when she is called upon to go home, there will be many who will recall her helpful words of cheer which fell on sorrowing hearts, as well as her substantial aid to the poor and needy.

Mr. Lossing died March 28, 1901, and Mrs. Thomas Barnum was called hence March 17, 1895.

J. HOWARD BAKER.—The well known and popular photographer, J. Howard Baker, was born in Bergen Heights, N. J., on May 19, 1866. His parents, J. Howard and Anna Baker, were residents of America but three months at the time of the birth of our subject, they having been natives of Birmingham, England.

J. Howard Baker, Sr., was a lawyer of great merit, having been educated at Eton, then graduated at Temple Bar, Lincoln Inn Fields, of London, England, and one who had the reputation of showing kindly consideration for unfortunate clients, and one who extended leniency to same. His life, after leaving England, was spent mostly in Toronto, Canada, where he met death by drowning, Aug. 20, 1872, leaving his family with wealth, but trying and bitter reverses of fortune came and J. Howard, when young, was forced to face the stern



J. Howard Baker.

fact that a mother and young sisters were dependent upon his and their own resources for a livelihood. When bravery was needed it was developed, and many trying ordeals were met by determination and hard work.

Mr. Baker learned photography in a gallery at Crown Point, Ind., later spent some time in the same business in Warsaw, Ind., then came to Battle Creek engaging in business for himself, meeting with marked success, which by his perseverance and adaptability is constantly increasing. He is a most progressive man in his business, keeping pace with the times by adopting all methods in his line which will be an advancement.

Mr. Baker is not one of the flitting photographers who go from place to

place, his home and studio, both of which he owns, are permanently located here, the business being the oldest established of the kind in the city.

He is a true artist as his pictures show, producing most pleasing effects in posing single subjects and artistic results in grouping, which places him in the lead as a photographer in the Queen City.

He and his wife are members of the Episcopal church of Battle Creek, and have ever been earnest, helpful workers within the church societies. He married, May 1, 1899, Miss Luella Anderson, daughter of Mrs. Mary Anderson of this city. One child, a son, has been born to them.

Fraternally Mr. Baker is a Mason, a Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, and a Maccabee, in all of which he is an earnest and enthusiastic member, believing that a strong brotherhood element in a community is helpful to each and all.

The home and gallery of J. Howard Baker are in a location of the finest, situated on Van Buren-st west. The former, although not large, comprises both comfort and beauty.

J. W. BREakey.—In every human life there is much of interest, and in our Journal souvenir we seek to give biographical sketches of men prominently connected with the history of the community where they reside.

J. W. Breakey is one of the most prominent men of Homer township and village, as he is closely associated with the farmers and also with the towns-people as well, and wields a marked influence with both.

The father of our subject was Isaiah Breakey, a native of Ireland, but who came to America and settled in Sullivan county, N. Y., in 1819, where he cleared a farm on which he lived till 1871, dying when about the age of four score years old. The Breakeys can trace their ancestry back to 1600, that being the date when one by that name left England for the Emerald Isle. The Breakeys are a long-lived race, and as a rule are useful citizens to the end of life.

Mr. Isaiah Breakey was the father of eight children of whom our subject is the sixth. Mr. J. W. Breakey was born March 15, 1840, in Bethel, Sullivan county, N. Y., living in that community until 1867, at which time he came to Michigan, settling in Homer in 1868.

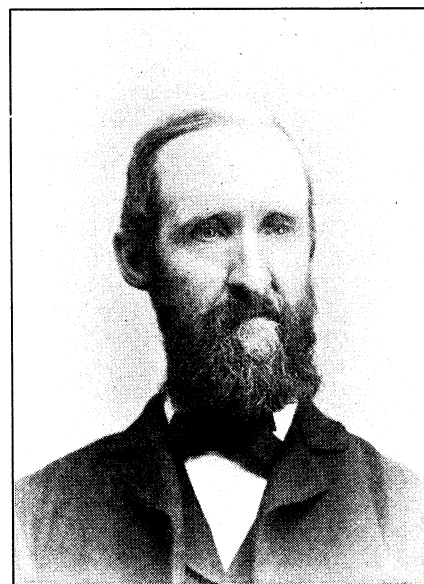
Mr. Breakey holds the responsible position of vice president of the Homer bank, and in this honored position he has gained the confidence of all classes. He is a man whose judg-

ment is asked on many subjects; owing to his wide experience and his knowledge of business he is well calculated to be a true and candid advisor, and the many who have sought him as counselor have ever found him to be a true friend.

In politics he is a democrat, but his many duties as farmer and banker have taken his entire time and attention.

In October, 1866, Miss Delia F. Brown became the bride of J. W. Breakey, and she has become one of the most useful women of her community, always active and helpful in church matters and a working member of the W. C. T. U.

Mr. and Mrs. Breakey are members of the M. E. church of Homer, and have ever been zealous, earnest workers thereof, being ready with good words and deeds whenever either are needed by the poor and unfortunate.



J. W. Breakey.

RANGER & FARLEY.—Prominent among the furniture dealers of the Queen City is that carried on by Messrs. C. M. Ranger and W. D. Farley, who are managers and owners of the oldest establishment of furniture and undertaking goods in the city.

Previous to August, 1882, the time of the opening of the business, Messrs. Ranger & Farley were high school superintendents, but being desirous of engaging in mercantile life they sought the rapidly growing city of Battle Creek for their enterprise. Their present location was selected, and as they filled their rooms with first class furniture they assured the public they had come to stay, and that their business would be conducted on honest, upright principles. The

many patrons of this firm have ever found Messrs. Ranger & Farley true to their word. Their goods are of the best, latest in style, and sold at the most reasonable prices. The stock which is by far the largest in the city, is kept in the best order, and in rooms ample in size and well lighted for the display of same.

It is, indeed, a pleasure to the modern lady, who admires beautiful furnishings to wander about in the different apartments of this store coming upon pieces which are both unique and marvels of beauty.

Besides furniture of all descriptions, from the cheap article to meet the wants of the poorest customer, to the handsomest pieces suitable for homes palatial, they keep a large stock of ingrain carpets which are of the best in the market, and which have ever met ready sale.

As undertakers, Ranger & Farley are unsurpassed, being equipped with all the latest appliances known to the business, and by their attendance of the meetings of the Undertakers' and Embalmers' Association they are well versed in all up-to-date methods. They make a specialty of funeral goods, and as their business house is most commodious the quantity kept in stock is of all varieties and prices. No furniture dealers in our city carry so complete a stock in all the lines as do Ranger & Farley, their goods occupying the first, second and third floors of a building 132 feet deep, besides the basement.

During the nineteen years that this prosperous and enterprising firm has been conducting business in our city, the constantly increase of trade attests to its popularity, as business has ever been transacted in ways wholly satisfactory to patrons; and as men, C. M. Ranger and W. D. Farley are stanch, loyal citizens of the city in which they live. Their influence is always toward the advancement of any theory tending to municipal improvement.

DUANE D. FORD.—This name will at once be recognized as one of the active townsmen of the city of Battle Creek, whose real estate and insurance office is situated at 14 Annex block.

Duane D. Ford was born in the village of Bellevue, Eaton county, Michigan, in 1856. When 18 years of age he accepted a position as purser on a Lake Michigan steamboat, and the varied experiences which came to him left an indelible impression on his mind. Life with its many phases, from pleasant to cruel, seemed sud-

denly opened to him. For six years he held this position, at the expiration of which time he was promoted to cashier at the office of the Goodrich Transportation Company, at Chicago, where he remained eight months, resigning at that time and coming to Battle Creek. In December, 1880, Duane D. Ford was united in marriage with Miss Sadie Avery of Bellevue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert



Duane D. Ford.

Avery. He identified himself with the business men of the city, engaging in the jewelry business; later he moved to Hastings and built the Ford house, where he remained but two years, returning to Battle Creek, as he considered our city with its thriving enterprise, the business center of southern Michigan.

In 1897 Mr. Ford engaged in his present business, that of real estate and insurance, since which time success has been coming his way. He is a wide-awake, up-to-date business man, ever watchful as to business fluctuations, and as to the value of property, Mr. Ford is considered one of the best of judges, one who uses careful consideration in all cases where the appraisal of real estate is necessary.

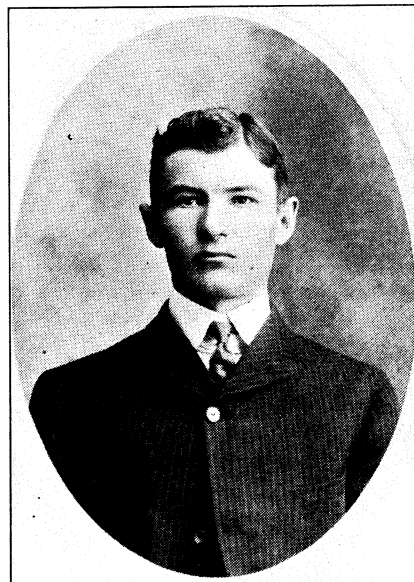
Mr. Ford, in his insurance business is fast taking the lead, as he represents some of the most reliable companies, then, too, his is an affable, genial nature, thereby making friends with his fellow-citizens, and in many cases, acting as their trusted agent.

All honor to the man who, by his own exertions and ambitions has made a place for himself in this work-a-day world, and without the influence of ancestral wealth, to stand side by side with those whose positions were made for them by dame fortune. That Mr. Ford left school at 14 was obligatory and unfortunate, but that he has kept pace with many another man whose

university fees were paid by a rich parent is certainly praiseworthy for our subject.

BATTLE CREEK STORAGE AND CARTING CO.—There is perhaps no more enterprising and metropolitan business in this prosperous city of Battle Creek than is that of the Battle Creek Storage and Carting Co., carried on by Mr. Loren B. Alexander. This up-to-date business was established about four years ago by Mr. Alexander, a comparatively young man, but one who had already by his sterling qualities and reliable business methods won for himself the esteem and good will of our community. Mr. Alexander commenced business in a small way having one wagon only, whereas, today he occupies the spacious store rooms No. 49-51 Jefferson ave. south, and is running six wagons including large covered vans, open drays and express wagons. The company does all the work of furniture and piano packing, also a large storage business for which they have ample and unexcelled facilities, and the most careful and experienced men for the work. The attractive express wagons with the telephone system are a new departure, and altogether since Mr. Alexander introduced in our city ways and means of moving, half the dread of moving day has been lifted from the housewife's shoulders.

The large growth of the business



L. B. Alexander.

and the general satisfaction which the work of the company has given, is of itself the highest recommendation of the useful and prosperous addition it is to our city. It affords the Journal pleasure to note the advance of



Interior View of Roe's Art Store.

this deserving and much needed line of business, and with Mr. L. B. Alexander as manager it is sure of marked success.

R. PERCY ROE.—The genial proprietor of the Queen City art store is Mr. R. Percy Roe, who is one of the rising young business men of our city. Although Mr. Roe was born in New York City, he has been a resident of Battle Creek since childhood, attending the public schools, graduating in 1896. As he early showed an aptitude for artistic work he entered the art store of M. F. Hopkins, working afternoons, and later was in Kalamazoo as a clerk in one of the leading stores of that city. Upon returning to Battle Creek Mr. Roe assisted Mr. Warren Wright in establishing his art store in this city.

He attended the University of Michigan for nearly two years, after which he went to Cincinnati and for a time was foreman in the extensive art establishment of Barton Mackey, where his opportunities were of the best to improve his talent along the lines of art. He was one of the most valuable employes in the establishment as his ideas, being of the most artistic, were of the greatest importance in the decorations of store and display windows.

In the spring of 1900 Mr. Roe bought the store of Mr. Wright, since which time he has conducted the business.

Mr. Roe's taste in framing and mounting pictures is unexcelled, in both of which he shows the utmost care, combining artistic ideas with the

best possible workmanship. His supply of frames, from the dainty edge and circlet to the heaviest of mouldings, are of the greatest variety, all of which are in the most perfect taste; while the statuary is the admiration of all his customers.

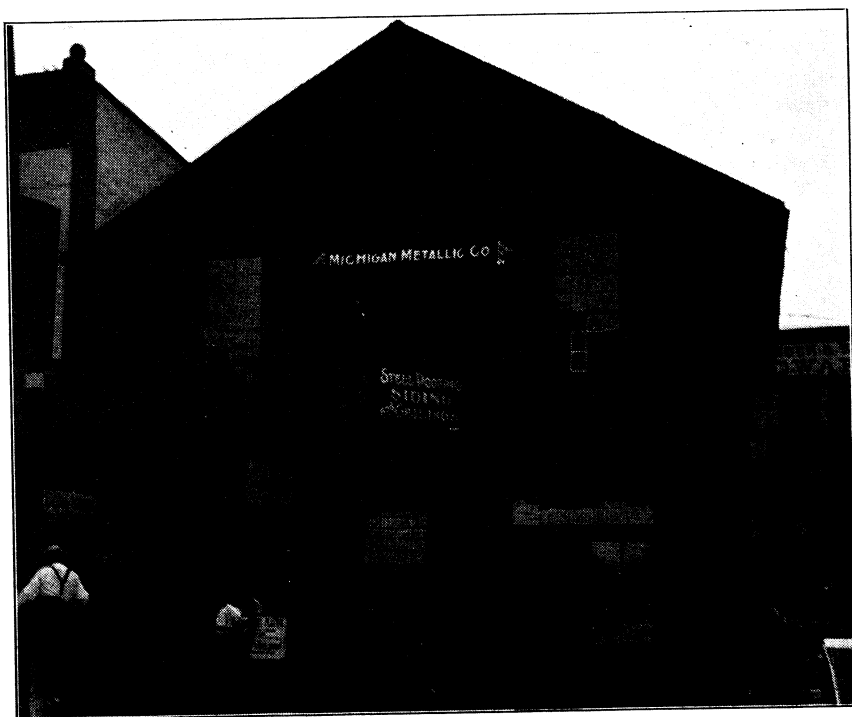
Mr. Roe is so eminently fitted for his line of work that he is considered the criterion by all lovers of art in this community, and by his strict attention to business he is meeting with

marked success. Although experienced men are in the workroom, Mr. Roe has the personal supervision of all orders, and intends to give Battle Creek an up-to-date metropolitan art store, where all orders will be met promptly and with the assurance of entire satisfaction.

Mr. R. Percy Roe and Miss Mable Mead were married in the spring of 1901, and are living in their pleasant home at 159 North-ave.

EDWARD CORRIGAN.—Prominent among the leading business men we find the name of Edward Corrigan, who is owner and manager of the thriving business carried on at 15 State-st west. Mr. Corrigan, a son of Thomas and Catherine Corrigan, was born in Battle Creek, in April, 1863. His education was obtained at the public schools of our city, but, in the meantime, with the energy which health brings, he was ever active in earning pocket money for himself and in different ways was engaged in service, the remuneration of which was gratifying to the boyish mind, as it was tending toward business.

In 1880 Mr. Corrigan entered the employ of Wattles & Wood, the firm being V. C. Wattles and James Wood, hardware dealers, located on Main-st east. This proved a wise choice on Mr. Corrigan's part, for with tact he readily adopted the business as that of his own, learning it with marked rapidity, perfecting himself in its every branch, thereby making himself



Corrigan's Works.

a valuable clerk. Later he was engaged by Bock & Son as one of their trusted clerks in the same line of business, and still later by V. C. Wattles in his hardware store on State-st. Mr. Corrigan proved a most valuable clerk for his employers, for not only being found affable and obliging to customers he has the requirement so essential in a clerk of remembering faces and names, which, according to the opinion of many merchants, is one of the necessary qualifications. Then, too, Mr. Corrigan possessed ability as a machinist and the farm implements carried by Mr. Wattles were in the hands of a ready manipulator when Mr. Corrigan was called upon to adjust the same.

In the year 1899 Edward Corrigan embarked in business for himself at his present location. He carries a full line of the best make of furnaces, mantels, grates, besides tin and sheet metal work, and is making a success in his enterprise. In many of our handsome homes built within the past two years, he has placed furnaces, mantels and grates, and the success of his business lies in the fact that his work has proved wholly satisfactory within these homes. He understands his work thoroughly, and as his employes are experienced men one need have no fears as to the honest work he will give to every contract taken.

Mr. Corrigan's reputation for the satisfactory setting and re-setting of grates is constantly growing, for it is a branch of his business in which he takes the utmost pains, and having all the facilities for his work he is well equipped to meet the calls with the best of workmanship.

The years that Mr. Corrigan has spent in active mercantile life have fitted him for business, and his extensive acquaintance, not only among his townspeople, but of the surrounding country, have given him a wide circle of acquaintances and friends, all of whom have an interest in his success among the merchants of the Queen City.

Mr. Corrigan and Miss Carrie Convis., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Convis of Pennfield, were married in November, 1894.

HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

—Few men win, to any marked degree, distinction and recognition in the halls of congress during a single term of service. Washington Gardner, who represents the third congressional district of Michigan, composed of the splendid agricultural counties of Branch, Calhoun, Eaton, Hillsdale and Kalamazoo, has won signal distinction



Washington Gardner

in this regard and is fairly within this select circle of the few.

Washington Gardner was born in Lincoln township, Morrow county, O., on Feb. 16, 1845. His father was owner of a farm of 160 acres and was the head of a large family. His paternal ancestors were Scotch and his mother was of Holland extraction. When nearly four years old his mother died, and he lived with an uncle. Between the ages of 11 and 16 he supported himself by working on the farm during the summer months and attending school in winter.

In 1861 the curtain rose on the great drama of the rebellion. He was hoeing corn when the news came of the terrible disaster of the first Bull Run, and told his uncle that he must go, and shortly after enlisted in the 65th Ohio Infantry, and the roster of Ohio soldiers reveals the fact that of the 1,216 men who were members of the regiment during the war there were but two others as young as the subject of this sketch. At Shiloh he fought under James A. Garfield as brigade commander; he went up Missionary Ridge under Sheridan as division commander, and was with Thomas at Chicamauga and Sherman

at Resaca. In the last named battle he received a severe wound from which he still suffers.

Mr. Gardner had given over three years of his life before he was 20 years of age, to his country, and at the close of the war was thoroughly imbued with the idea of seeking an education; he, therefore, entered a preparatory school at Berea, O., and in the fall of 1866 registered as a freshman at Hillsdale college, in this state, and after three years there he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., and was graduated in 1870.

The greatest credit is due Mr. Gardner in his untiring efforts to gain an education for the means were acquired by his own exertions. His pay during the war as private, and sergeant was saved, which he added to by teaching, copying documents, canvassing for a book firm and by other honorable means.

Upon deciding to join the ministry he entered the M. E. Theological seminary in Boston and studied a year, but on account of failing health he was unable to resume mental labor for three years. Later he entered the law school at Albany, N. Y., and was graduated in 1876 as the valedictorian of

his class, and in the fall of that year formed a law partnership with S. A. Kennedy of Grand Rapids.

Mr. Gardner early identified himself with the republican party, took an active interest in politics and held to the view that it is the duty of every citizen to have a personal regard for the government of his country.

Upon the resignation of Secretary Jochim in the spring of 1894, Governor Rich appointed Mr. Gardner secretary of state, and he was twice nominated by acclamation, and elected to succeed himself.

No man of southern Michigan has been called upon to fill more responsible positions than Hon. Washington Gardner, and no one is better fitted by natural ability and education than he to co-operate with the movements of the day. He is one of Michigan's most notable men representing for the second time his district in congress and to the satisfaction of his people. He has been heard frequently in debate and his speeches have given him permanent fame as a logical thinker and writer, and a most forceful and pleasing orator.

S. I. ABBEY.—The popular livery stable at No. 169 Champion-st, is owned and conducted by Mr. S. I. Abbey, who is a man well known in Michigan's Queen City. He was born in Brookfield, Madison county, N. Y., in 1846. His early life was spent in the vicinity of Brookfield on a farm, where his love for the care of horses



S. I. Abbey.

was indulged to the utmost, as such duties were ever more of a pleasure than a trial to him. He attended the district school in the neighborhood of the home farm, and later a business college in Rochester, N. Y., finishing his education at a select school at Hamilton, N. Y.

For several years Mr. Abbey, during his stay in the state of New York, was engaged in buying and selling horses, making his purchases in Canada and

selling in the New England states, in which business he made a great success owing to his aptitude to the business.

In 1877 Mr. Abbey came west, locating in Battle Creek, and conducting the livery business in the sanitarium barns, and later the barns at Nos. 169-170 Champion-st, in barns built by him for the purpose, where he is fully equipped with complete outfits of every variety for the convenience and pleasure of the public. His conveyances are noted for elegance and ease, and are in all styles which are up-to-date. The horses owned by Mr. Abbey are well trained and kept in the best possible condition and are the pride of Battle Creek.

Mr. Abbey keeps experienced men in his employ who are ever found courteous and obliging to all patrons. We can safely say that no man in the city has had more experience in this particular line of business than our subject, and certainly no one is more popular with the general public, as he holds himself ever ready to meet their wants.

FRED H. WEBB.—The gentleman whose name heads this article is too well and favorably known to need any extended notice to our readers. Mr. Webb was born in our city and educated in the public school.

In 1872 he started in a subordinate position with the Nichols & Shepard Company, but by close attention and natural ability combined with an intense desire to rise he now holds the responsible position of chief time keeper and pay master of this important institution.

Mr. Webb is serving his seventh year as alderman of the fifth ward, a fact which goes to show that in his progressiveness and marked executive ability he is representing his people with entire satisfaction. As chairman of the sidewalk committee and of the public buildings and grounds which he has held in the past he has rendered important service to the interest of the city. He has always been an earnest advocate of substantial, municipal improvement, and was one of the aldermen who worked with zeal to obtain the laying of brick pavement, and were it not for his efforts combined with that of a few other members of the council we perhaps, would now be rolling over the old time cobblestones.

Mr. Webb has done yeoman service as a member of the fire department with which he has been associated 29 years, acting as assistant chief.

Mr. Fred H. Webb has been favor-

ably mentioned in reference to the office of the chief executive of our city, and it is probable in the future his fellow townsmen will confer upon him this well deserved honor. He was married in 1874, the bride being Miss Carola Babcock, daughter of the



Fred H. Webb.

late Joseph Babcock, formerly city treasurer, a justice of the peace, member of school board and an honored and respected citizen.

Alderman F. H. Webb and wife reside in a pleasant home, which they recently erected at 98 Green-st. They have the wishes of the Journal for many more years of social and business pleasures in our community.

CYCLONE WASHING MACHINE Co.—One of the flourishing manufacturing establishments of Battle Creek is the Cyclone Washing Machine Co., situated at Nos. 16-20 Hanover st, and occupying ground 97x120 feet. The main building is 48x60, which does not include the engine room and the elevator.

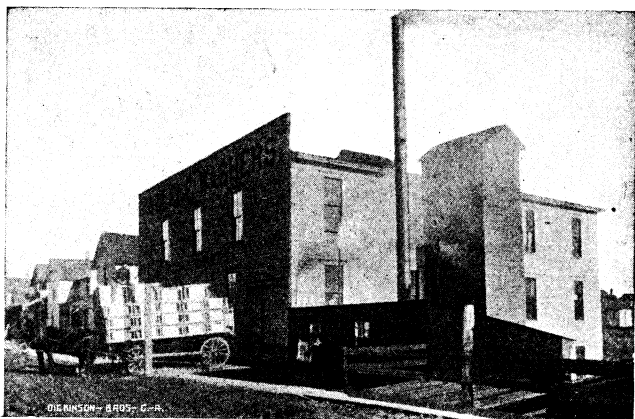
The inventors of this successful labor saving machine are F. J. and M. C. Coon, two men who are reaping the reward of their study and ingenuity. The machine has demonstrated its ability as a labor saving device, and as Battle Creek and the surrounding country are convinced of the superior merit of this machine the business of the firm has increased greatly since the date of the patent, April 11, 1893.

Many a housewife's work has been simplified by the introduction of one of the Cyclone washers in her kitchen; and thousands are the testimonials the Messrs. Coon have concerning this boon to the housekeeper, which

are of three sizes to suit the needs of a private family or a public establishment.

The employes of this firm are experienced men and perform their work earnestly and well. The office clerks greet all visitors with a gracious

is now the central portion of the greenhouses, but as their business increased so rapidly they were obliged to enlarge and add to their number of helpers, so that what are known as the Cole greenhouses today are



Cyclone Washing Machine Co.

courtesy, which has a tendency to add popularity to the firm.

The success which has met the manufacture and sale of the Cyclone washer has far exceeded the expectations of the proprietors, since Nov. 2, 1898, the date of their incorporation. There are over 20 leading wholesale hardware houses in the United States which are handling their product, and their report is no machine on the market meets with so ready sale. Aside from the plan of the machine, which sells it on sight, the material used is of the best and the workmanship unsurpassed.

Messrs. F. J. and M. C. Coon have the supervision of every department, and are earnestly desirous of turning out the best possible work for which they charge the most reasonable prices.

LEVANT COLE.—The Queen City of Michigan may well be proud of the attractive greenhouses which are owned and conducted by Levant Cole on Wendell-st. Prior to the erection of these extensive greenhouses, Battle Creek's supply of flowers was often less than the demand, but at the present time, owing to the superior management of Mr. Cole, rare blossoms in profusion grace every social function.

Levant Cole is a native of Batavia, New York. From childhood he has been interested in flower culture, being especially adapted to the work which has been his chosen occupation through life.

In 1888, Mr. John McCrea and Mr. Levant Cole, as partners, built what

double in size the original plans of the florists.

In the spring of 1901 the partnership between Messrs. McCrea & Cole was dissolved, since which time Mr. Cole has been conducting the business alone, and with marked success.

From time to time, since the beginning of this flourishing business it has been found necessary to add to the facilities of growing and caring for the plants, within the shelter of the hot houses, as well as to the supply of trees and shrubs which are

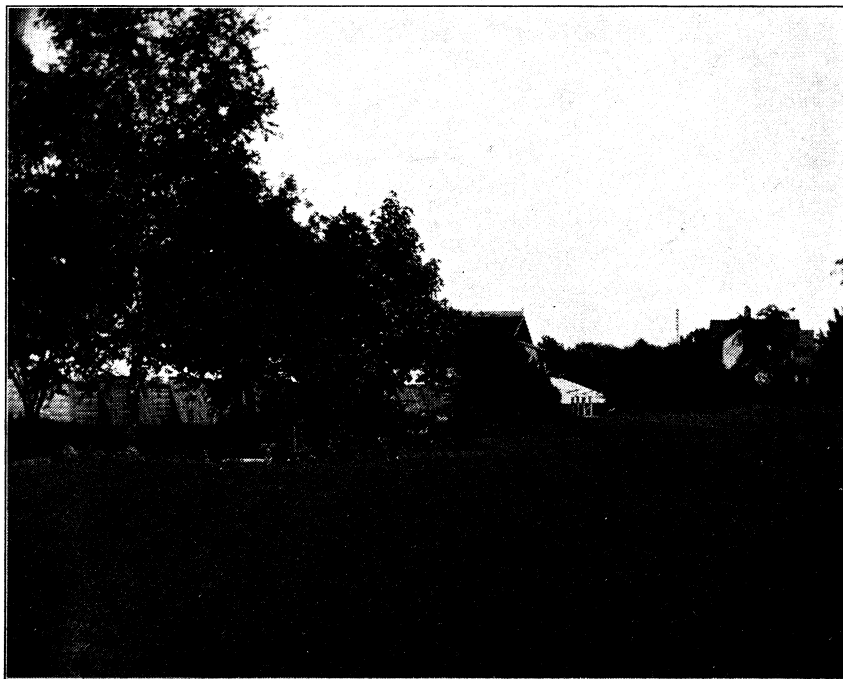
kept in great varieties, in fact all which are suitable to this climate. Every fall Mr. Cole imports from Holland a quantity of tulip and hyacinth bulbs, which are in full bloom for the Christmas festivities.

Mr. Cole from his wide experience as a florist and his knowledge of every branch of his work is pre-eminently fitted to keep his business in its present prosperous condition, and ever be able to supply his townspeople with the fresh blossoms and buds which appeal to all lovers of nature.

Since Mr. Cole's business has increased to such an extent he finds that greater heating facilities are necessary, and during the fall of the present year he plans putting in a 60-horse power steam boiler, which will be adequate for running the extensive heating apparatus required by the business.

Whereas all plants thrive under the care of Mr. Cole he seems to be particularly successful in his culture of roses, violets and carnations. His many patrons wish him continued success in the work which prospers under his careful guidance.

DAVID GOULD.—One of the successful tillers of the soil in Newton township, where he has attained a high position among the farmers and stock raisers, is Mr. David Gould. He is one of the largest landholders and most influential citizens in that community and carries on one of the best equipped farms. He was born in



Cole's Greenhouse.

Wayne county, N. Y., on April 7, 1824. His father, whose given name was Joseph, was born in the town of Granville, Washington county, N. Y. The mother was Mehitabe Dual, born in Washington county, N. Y.

Mr. David Gould was reared on a farm, receiving his education from district schools; at 20 years of age he began to earn his livelihood by working farms on shares in Orleans county, N. Y. In the spring of 1851 he came to Michigan on a prospecting tour, but came again in the fall of the same year and located in Newton township, coming from Orleans county to Buffalo by team, and from Detroit to Newton with team and wagon, where he made a purchase of two hundred acres on section 7, moving his family in the log house which was already there. With good health and a strong determination our subject faced poverty and hard work, and has been rewarded by accumulating a home and a competency; his farm amounting to 740 acres of Newton's most valuable land. The buildings are of the best, seven of his fourteen barns he built himself, as he is possessed with a natural mechanical talent. He erected his present residence in 1857, and in 1878 remodeled it, making it one of the most commodious and homelike in the surrounding country. When Mr. Gould was actively engaged in business, stock-raising was one of his greatest sources of profit, particularly sheep raising.

Mr. Gould has been four times married. His first marriage, which was with Miss Hulda Densmore, took place November 1, 1843. Two children were born to them, Augustus and Philetus F., the latter dying Oct. 12, 1853. Mrs. Gould died in 1850. Mr. Gould's second marriage was with Miss Eliza Wicks on December 26, 1850, she dying in five years, leaving one child, Malon, who was born April 3, 1855. The third wife of our subject was Miss Rebecca Weeks, the nuptials taking place in 1855, but in two years the wife was called from the side of her husband.

Mr. Gould was united in marriage with his present wife, who was Miss Myra Trumble, December 23, 1857. She is the mother of four children, Myron, born Sept. 21, 1860; Allen and Ellen, born Feb. 21, 1865; Ida M. born June 1, 1866.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould are enjoying their comfortable home, where hospitality is ever extended to the many friends who gather beneath their roof, and to the stranger within their gates.

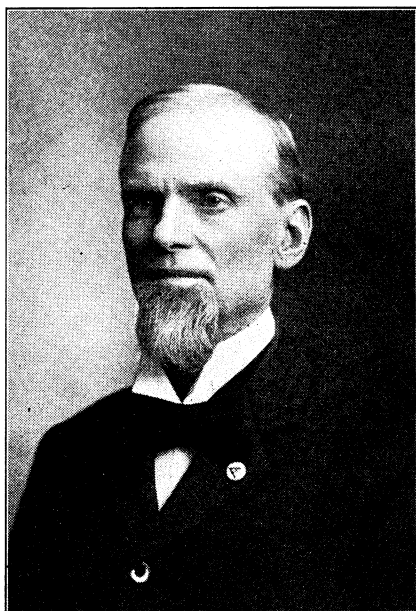
They are looked upon with the greatest of esteem and respect by the entire community.



David Gould and Family.

L. W. ROBINSON.—Among the mercantile leaders of Battle Creek perhaps none are better known or more widely accorded a high commercial standing than L. W. Robinson, the proprietor of the extensive dry goods store in the Post building, at the corner of Main-st west and McCamly-st.

Mr. Robinson occupies the ground floor and basement of this magnificent building, with its superb accommodations, and that he is reaping suc-



L. W. Robinson.

cess is evidence of the marked business sagacity which Mr. Robinson has manifested since he became identified with mercantile interests in the Queen City. This immense dry goods establishment has a frontage of 66 feet on Main-st and 150 feet on McCamly-st, facing the Post Tavern. The basement affords the same amount of room, and aside from the duplicate stock kept there, the extensively patronized "Bargain Basement" is a most important feature.

Mr. Robinson conducts his business with the aid of 30 efficient employees.

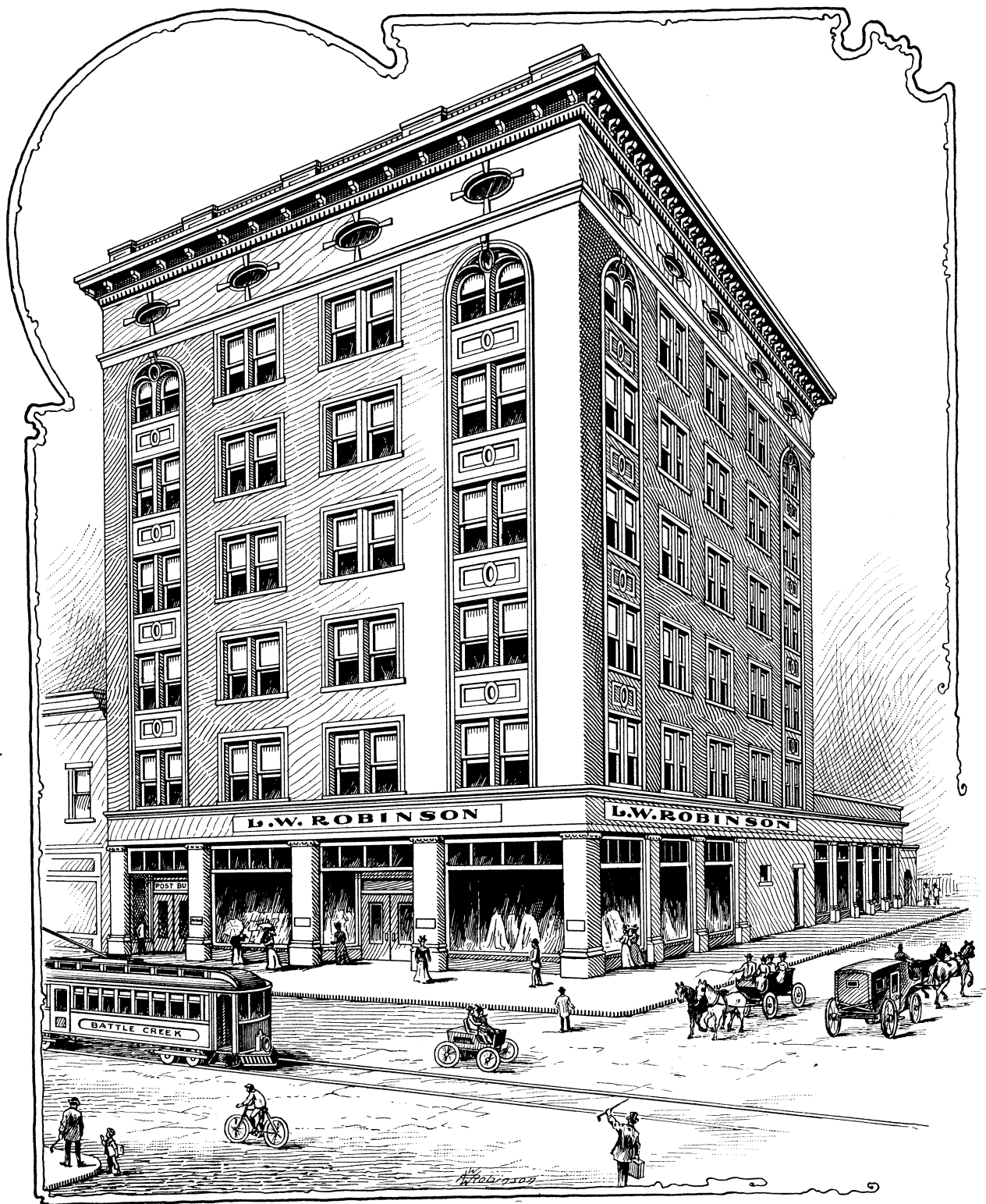
Mr. Arthur S. Reese, who has been with Mr. Robinson 13 years, is the superintendent of the entire store, although each department is in charge of experienced salesmen. Mr. Reese does all the buying for the firm, and his judgment and taste is unexcelled, a fact which is made manifest to the many customers as they survey the spacious store. Owing to the rapidly increasing business Mr. Robinson has found it necessary to employ a floor-walker and a window trimmer and store decorator.

Mr. Laverne W. Robinson was born at Fulton, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1844. When he was 12 years of age he worked on a farm for \$5 per month, and later, when a student at Mexico Academy, N. Y., he paid his tuition for several terms by sweeping halls and ringing the bell of the institution. His first clerkship was in Fulton, N. Y., for which he received \$2.50 per week; but with the ambition which has ever characterized his life his efforts were untiring to be of more worth to his employers, and his rise as a clerk was marked. In Mexico, N. Y., in 1869, he formed a partnership in a dry goods firm where he remained till March, 1879, at which time he came to Hubbardston, Mich., where he did a most successful business till January, 1887, coming then to Battle Creek.

Our readers well know of the business career of L. W. Robinson since he opened a dry goods house on Main-st east. His ability as a merchant is unquestioned, and his business sagacity is proved by a glance at a sketch of his career, going on as he has, step by step up the ladder of success.

In all business dealings he is ever straightforward and honest, and requires the same upright principle from his employes, who are ever obliging and courteous to his many patrons.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson (the latter was formerly Miss Alice J. Nelson, and became a bride on Nov. 30, 1865) are earnest, zealous members of the



Exterior View of Robinson's Store.



Interior View of Robinson's Store.

M. E. church, where their financial aid and their personal influence have wielded untold good. May many years be theirs to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and may those years be spent in their pleasant home situated on South-ave of the Queen City of Michigan.

OTIS F. KIMBALL.—The subject of this sketch is widely and favorably known throughout where his life has been spent. He is one of the most influential and public spirited citizens of the county with whose material interest he has long been associated, both as an enterprising business man and a skillful farmer.

Otis F. Kimball is a son of a well-known pioneer of this county, in Burlington township. His father, Jesse R. Kimball, was a native of New Hampshire, born in 1798, and was of Scotch descent, and one whose ancestors were noted for their military spirit, which, by the way, has descended from generation to generation.

Jesse R. Kimball, in 1834, bought five hundred acres of land in Burlington township, to which he brought his family the following year, where he lived the happy life of a prosperous farmer for 46 years, dying March 1, 1881. His estimable wife bore the maiden name of Sallie Rood, who was a native of New York state, her birth-occurring Nov. 14, 1815, and her death, Sept. 17, 1885. Of the nine children born to them six grew to maturity: Chester, Marcia, Caroline, Otis F., Willis and Elmer.

Otis F. Kimball's boyhood life was passed much as that of other farmer boys. He has a distinct remembrance of the county when it bore evidence of its primitive wildness.

At the time of the opening of the war Mr. Kimball was but a boy of 16, but his intense martial spirit was strong within him and on Dec. 8, 1862, his name was enrolled as a member of Company A, First Michigan Sharpshooters. He served against Morgan and his raiders through Southern Ohio, and took part in numerous skirmishes. He was then placed in Wilcox's Brigade, Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps. Our subject did his duty in several skirmishes, meeting with a wound of the right arm which made amputation necessary. Later he was honorably discharged Dec. 31, 1864, having been a brave soldier who endured his sufferings uncomplainingly in his patriotic devotion to his country.

The bridal day which made Miss Florence Stolp the life partner of Otis F. Kimball was April 19, 1881. Two



Otis F. Kimball's Residence.

Children have been born to them. Cortland, born June 16, 1886, and Leonia, born Oct. 24, 1892.

In 1886 Mr. Kimball purchased his present farm of 160 acres on section 19, Newton township, upon which he has placed many substantial improvements, including a barn built in 1888 at a cost of \$736.

Recently Mr. Kimball has erected on his farm a house which far surpasses the majority of country houses in so much as it is a model of architecture and convenience. No money was spared to make it a haven of comfort to the inmates and to the many friends who are wont to gather beneath its hospitable roof. It is counted as one of the handsomest dwelling houses in the county and Mr. and Mrs. Kimball are considered worthy owners of such a home in which to spend their declining years.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—The schools of Battle Creek under the efficient superintendency of William G. Coburn, form an element of our growing city which calls forth the pride of the populace.

The present building known as No. 1, was erected in 1870-1871, being ready for occupancy on April 10, 1871, and was built at a cost of \$75,000.

The school library, a most important feature, was begun in 1840, and contained in 1876, 620 volumes, and about that time, through the bequest of Henry B. Denman, the sum of ten thousand dollars was added to the library fund, the interest of which was to be devoted to the purchase of

books. At present the library contains between 16,000 and 17,000 books. Mrs. Fannie Willard Brewer is the able and proficient librarian, assisted by Miss Isca Amberg. Through the generosity of the late Charles Willard, who left \$40,000 for the purpose of a public library building, Battle Creek will soon boast of a fine building located at the corner of Maple and Van Buren sts.

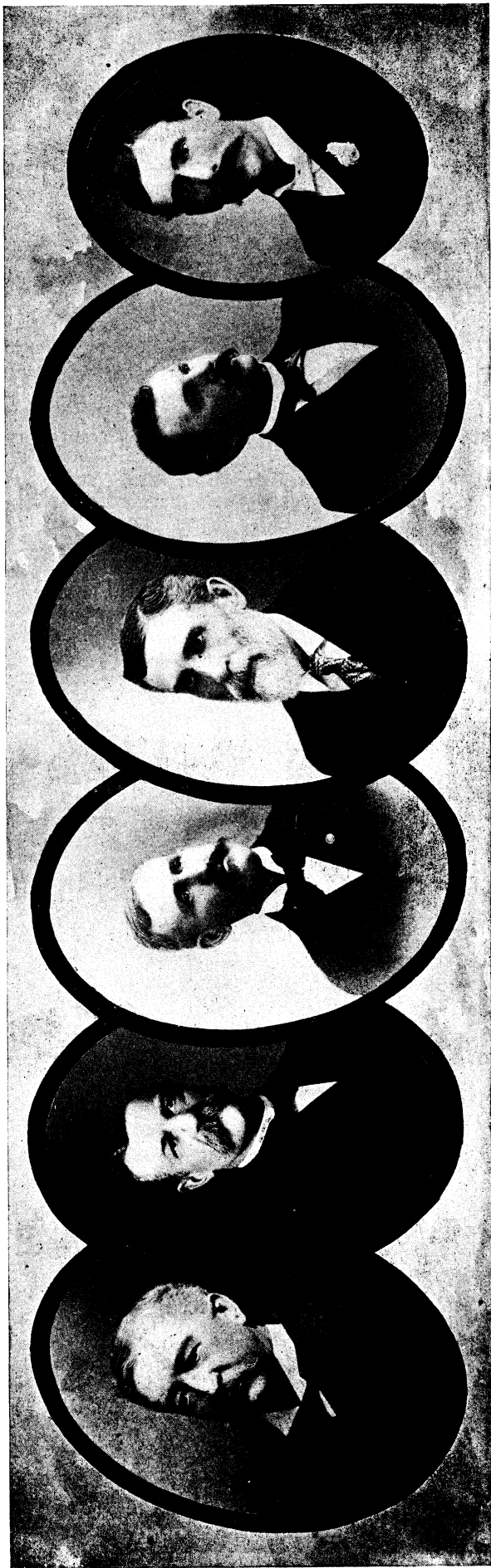
The board of education, the members being Messrs. Skinner, Allwardt, Mason, Hopkins, Keet and Dr. Miller, are men elected to their positions owing to their interest in educational matters, and with their co-operation with Prof. W. G. Coburn and his efficient corps of instructors, the city schools are under the management comprising educational and practical knowledge. There are nine school buildings, 75 teachers employed, and the number of pupils enrolled, 3,000.

Many changes are being made by the board of education in our schools this summer.

For a number of years No. 1 school has been so over crowded that it was necessary to have four rooms in the basement and one in the book room, all of which are not well adapted to school purposes.

In order to release this pressure in No. 1 building, the board is erecting a fine eight-room addition to No. 5 building. When completed No. 5 building will be modern in all its appointments and will be the best equipped building in the city.

There will be 12 rooms in this building and three rooms in the base-



BOARD OF EDUCATION.

B. T. Skinner.

F. A. Allwardt.

W. H. Mason.

Eugene Miller, M. D.

J. C. Hopkins.

W. S. Keet.



W. G. Coburn, Superintendent.

ment for manual training.

The board of education recognize that education is a development of the whole man and not simply the intellect. At a meeting on July 5, they passed resolutions in favor of manual training. They agreed that the manual training plant should be located near the high school building, but as they had no room in or about the high school, they thought it best to open a plant for the present in the basement of No. 5 school on Maple-st.

Instruction in manual training will be given in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Two and one-half days of each week will be required in which to give instruction to the seventh and eighth grade pupils in cooking and wood working laboratories, and the balance of the week will be devoted to the fifth and sixth grade pupils in their respective buildings.

This plan makes no provision for pupils below the fifth grade or for high school pupils. The trustees hope, however, that some time in the near future suitable arrangements may be made for the above grades, especially in the high school, where so much good can be accomplished by the

introduction of this new feature of education.

The high school had an enrollment of about 380 pupils last year and not more than one-fourth of this number could be seated in the assembly room, which seated 88 pupils.

The assembly room, room 30, and the chemical laboratory in the rear of room 30, have all been made into one large assembly room with a seating capacity of about 180 pupils. The seats will be placed in a semi-circular plan and face the south side of the room, with the principal's desk midway between the two doors of the assembly room. By this present arrangement, all the high school can be assembled at one time by placing the pupils two in a seat. This will be a great convenience in chapel exercises, rhetorical and other exercises, as in the past but a small per cent. of the high school could be assembled at any one time.

Below is given the names of all the principals and superintendents of the schools of Battle Creek, from 1848 to the present time: Mr. Harrison, 1848-1849; no principal, 1849-1850; A. D. P. Van Buren, 1850-1851; Simeon Wright, 1851-1853; E. C. Hinsdale, 1853-1857; Galen A. Graves, 1857-1858; E. A. Warriner, 1858-1859; Frank Peavey, 1859-1865; Thaddeus Landon, 1865-1868; Lewis McLouth, 1868-1869; C. B. Thomas, 1869-1873; S. Montgomery, 1873-1874; I. L. Stone, 1874-1879; W. C. Hill, 1879-1880; Z. C. Spencer, 1880 to April, 1885; Leroy Halsey, from April, 1885, to 1888; E. M. Russell, 1888 to April, 1891; Frank T. Muir, from April, 1891, to July, 1891; F. W. Arbury, 1891-1895; W. G. Coburn, 1895-.

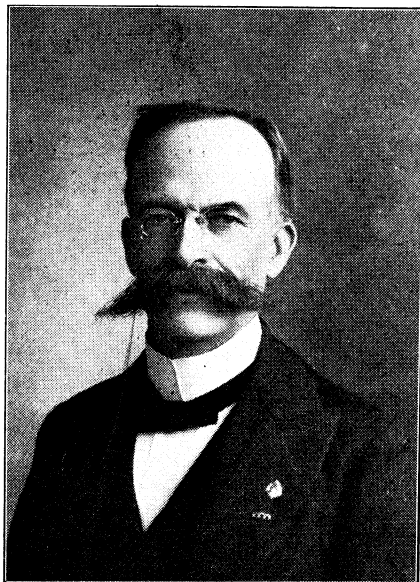
J. S. NEWLAND, M. D.—Julius S. Newland, a son of Albert M. Newland, was born in 1844, in the city of Cleveland, O. His father was a well-to-do carpenter of Cleveland, moving to Olivet, Michigan, about 1863, where he lived 30 years, dying there in 1893.

Our subject, J. S. Newland, has lived in several prominent cities of the Union: Cleveland, Kalamazoo, San Francisco and Cincinnati. He received his early education in Olivet, but later went to California, attending a medical institute in San Francisco, where he was graduated in 1877, practicing his profession in that city until his return to Olivet, Michigan, in 1883.

His professional life in Olivet was a busy one as his practice was extensive and grew yearly. The country drives about the village are all familiar ones to Dr. Newland, as his calls took him far into the surround-

ing region. While located there he was health officer, a position he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to his town.

Dr. Newland, to keep pace with the ever advancing profession of medicine, attended lectures in the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, was graduated therefrom in 1892, after which he returned to Michigan, locating in the



J. S. Newland, M. D.

rapidly growing city of Battle Creek, where he has made many business and social friends. He is medical examiner for several societies, including the American Insurance Union and Protective Home Circle, the Macca-bees and the Patricians.

Dr. J. S. Newland has been an Odd Fellow for 30 years, and is an enthusiastic member, as he firmly believes the ties of fraternity are beneficial to a citizen. As a practicing physician in Battle Creek, Dr. Newland has met with success as he is an earnest, untiring practitioner.

J. F. HALLADAY & SON.—The wholesale grocery house under the above name, but conducted by Frank E. Halladay, has been one of the prosperous enterprises since 1885.

Mr. J. F. Halladay was in the retail grocery business in our city for 13 years, but as his business and capital increased with his characteristic self-reliance and business fearlessness he decided to embark in the wholesale trade, and thus came into existence the first wholesale grocery house in this section of Michigan. At first in a small way and then steadily increasing until the business has grown to its present large proportions.

This success has been accomplished by untiring industry, restless energy, combined with constant and care-

ful economy, these things together with unusual business ability have built up a substantial and constantly increasing business.

It is said that a man is not without honor save in his own country, but this old adage loses its force in this case, for the many dray loads of goods which daily leave this house, prove that the firm of Halladay & Son, is decidedly with honor among the grocery trade in every direction from Battle Creek who appreciate a large stock from which all orders are filled with exactness and dispatch as soon as they reach the office.

The business in the surrounding country is looked after by a large force of traveling men who have learned the art of pleasant persistence and succeeded in making J. F. Halladay & Son the popular firm in case of rush.

The store, which is owned by the Halladay estate, is located at Nos. 54, 56 and 58 Main-st east. There are three floors to the building which is 44x66 feet in size and being arranged especially for the business, is convenient in every way and is crowded to overflowing with groceries of every description. The office and shipping room are on the first floor, and here are also the box goods, spices, candles,



J. F. Halladay.

cigars and other articles of like grade.

The second floor is used for the storing of light goods, such as wooden ware, brooms and hundreds of other articles comprising a wholesale grocery stock.

The heavier goods, such as salt, molasses, etc., are kept in the basement which also opens from the street. The ceilings are high and all the rooms

are crowded to the top. The sugar is stored in a large warehouse built for that purpose near the Michigan Central railroad.

In 1891 J. F. Halladay purchased the Lewis house, which was extensively remodelled and under the name of Halladay House, is one of the thriving up-to-date hotels of our city. J. F. Halladay died on May 8, 1895.

Mr. F. E. Halladay, in the spring of 1898, was elected to the city council as alderman of the fourth ward, and chairman of the committee on ways and means. Mr. Halladay is serving his second term as alderman and is making firm friends for himself. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Uniform Rank, and also of the Elks. His wife was Miss Louise Hunsiker of Bellevue, Mich. Their family consists of three sons—Clare, Robin and John F.



Herbert E. Winsor.

HERBERT E. WINSOR.—Calhoun county has no member of the bar whose name stands out so prominently as does that of Herbert E. Winsor. He was born at Sterling Hill, Conn., Oct. 22, 1850, and was the only son of Horace W. and Sabra (Gallup) Winsor.

The school days of Mr. Winsor were passed in LaSalle county, Ill., where his parents moved when he was a child. He became a student at Hillsdale college, Michigan, in 1869, was graduated in the classical course in 1873. Having decided upon the law as his profession he studied with Wm. H. Brown and John C. Patterson of Marshall, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1875, opening an office immediately in Marshall, where he has been actively engaged in business ever

since. In 1876 he was elected as circuit court commissioner of Calhoun, and at the expiration of the term was re-elected for a second term of two years. Mr. Winsor, in 1887, took Mr. Joseph S. Noyes in as a partner, but this connection was severed in 1888, at which date Judge Frank A. Hooper appointed Mr. Winsor to fill the vacant position of prosecuting attorney, and at the end of the term, he was elected to succeed himself, a fact which proves the appreciation in which Mr. Winsor is held by the voters of the county.

During the present year when Calhoun county was set aside as a separate judicial district, Gov. A. T. Bliss appointed H. E. Winsor as judge of the circuit court, and it was a wise choice on the part of Governor Bliss and a most fortunate one for our county. Judge Winsor is a careful, clear-headed attorney, and one whose personal prejudices are subordinate to right and justice. One of his strongest qualities is that of intense earnestness, which has characterized his life work.

The wife of Judge Winsor bore the maiden name of Mary G. Eldredge. She was born in Conway, Mass., and was educated at the normal university of Illinois. Judge and Mrs. Winsor are well known in social circles in Marshall, where their hospitable home, which bespeaks of comfort and cheer, is the scene of many social gatherings. In their religious convictions they are Presbyterians, and the organization has no more earnest and conscientious workers than they. In politics Judge Winsor is a republican.

A. D. BANGHAM, M. D.—The success which rewards the patient efforts of mankind in any department of labor is nowhere better exemplified than in the life and business career of A. D. Bangham, whose accompanying portrait will be recognized as one of Calhoun county's most illustrious citizens.

Our subject, a son of Sandusky K. Bangham, a farmer of Marengo township, was born Nov. 8, 1859. His early education was obtained from the district school until 1876, when he entered Albion college, and as means were low, he, with the ambition which has ever characterized his life, determined to board himself while he was seeking his education; but, even by practicing strict frugality he was forced to leave college and find employment as a means of obtaining the necessary dollars. He secured a school in the township of Springport,

Jackson county, beginning at the same time the study of medicine; later he entered the regular medical department of the University of Michigan, where he was a faithful, earnest student, graduating in June, 1882.

He opened an office in Dexter, Michigan, where he practiced one year, then located in Homer, which has been his home ever since, and he has reaped the reward of his self-denial and perseverance which was the stern reality of his early life.

On Aug. 21, 1880, he married Miss Estella Austin of Marengo; five children have been born to them, namely: Austin S., born Jan. 28, 1883; Belle D., Dec. 12, 1884; Harrison A., born Oct. 5, 1888; Flossie E., born July 1, 1890, and Leila R., born Dec. 21, 1891.

Dr. Bangham has always been a republican and takes great interest in the public questions of the day. He



A. D. Bangham, M. D.

has held a number of local offices of honor and trust, and always acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner. He has been president of Homer two terms, and president of the United States pension board, and at present holds the position of state senator, and the people of the senatorial district have no anxiety concerning their interests for, knowing Dr. Bangham's superior excellence and his careful prudence, he is trusted implicitly.

The life of Dr. Bangham is an exemplary one for the youth who finds himself without money and influential friends to aid him in advancement. He has fought life's battles unaided, and today we find him one of the most successful physicians in the county, and a prosperous and popular busi-

ness man to which enviable position he has risen by hard work and honest deal.

Fraternally A. D. Bangham is a Mason, K. of P., K. O. T. M., a Modern Woodman, an Odd Fellow, and an A. O. U. W., and is an enthusiastic member of all organizations which tend to promote the welfare of his fellow-men.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D., A. M.—Calling upon Dr. Peebles the other day and making inquiries concerning his nativity, occupation and other matters relating to his long life, we learned that his father's name was James Peebles, familiarly called "Capt. Jim Peebles," because captain of the militia in southern Vermont a full one hundred years ago. He lived in Jacksonville. Windham county, Vt. Was a farmer holding, at different times, several town and county offices.

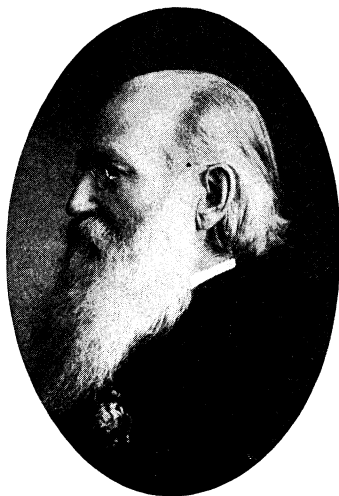
Dr. J. M. Peebles was born in Whitingham, Vt., March 23, 1822, being the oldest son of James and Nancy Peebles. Peebles is a Scotch name, traceable back to the seventh century. In the eleventh century the name was one of the most distinguished in the north of Europe. Scotch blood and Scotch energy tell in history. Peebles, the ancestral home, is at present the county town of Peebleshire, Scotland, situated upon the River Tweed, 22 miles south of Edinburgh. The Encyclopedia Britannica says (page 452, Vol. 18): "Peebles was at a very early period a favorite residence of Scottish kings, who came to hunt in the neighboring Ettrick forests." Walter Scott mentions the impetuosity of John Peebles, the Earl.

Dr. Peebles was married to Miss Mary M. Conkey, at Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. For many years he took an active part in the anti-slavery movement, and being a strong republican, he was appointed in 1869, by General Grant, U. S. consul to Trebizond, Asiatic Turkey, a city of some 70,000 on the Black Sea. In 1868 he was appointed and participated in the deliberation of the Northwestern Congressional Indian Peace Commission, constituted of Generals Harney, Sheridan, Sherman, Sanborn, and Colonel Tappan. In 1881 he was appointed representative abroad by the National Arbitration League of the United States of America. This representative body met in Berlin, Germany.

The Peebles clan took naturally to preachers or physicians. The doctor graduated from the Philadelphia (Pa.), University of Medicine and Surgery, and registering, commenced

practicing medicine in Philadelphia, Pa. Later he received several honorary diplomas from medical colleges. He is the author of nine volumes and scores of tracts and pamphlets. Some of his works were published in London and Australia. His last two books, are entitled, "Vaccination a Curse and a Menace to Personal Liberty," and "Death Defeated, or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young." Dr. Peebles' books have had a very large circulation. One edition of "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully," was 20,000.

The doctor is probably one of the most extensive travelers in the country. He has three times circumnavigated the globe, and informs us that he contemplates a fourth trip in the near future, spending more time in India, Egypt, Palestine and especially in those Babylonian regions now being so thoroughly explored by the students of science, archeology and history. He has crossed the Atlantic



J. M. Peebles, M. D., A. M.

some 16 times. He has further visited Mexico, and has written extensively of the ruins of Uxmal, Palanque and other long-buried cities of Yucatan. During these travels, he has lectured in foreign countries and in every state in the Union except one, Washington. Among his published works are "Three Journeys Around the World," "The Seers of the Ages," "Proofs of Immortality," "The Christ Question Settled," a volume of 500 pages or more, and other books.

The doctor was for several years a professor in the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, O., and later president of the College of Science of Los Angeles, Cal. He has been honored by being made a fellow of many learned societies, such as the Academy of Science, New Orleans, La.

A fellow of the Anthropological Society, London.

An honorary member and fellow of

the Psychological Association, London.

A fellow of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Naples, Italy.

A fellow of the American Akademie, Jacksonville, Ill.

A member of the International Climatological Association.

A member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

A member of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

Though connected with the Episcopal church for many years, the doctor is exceedingly broad and liberal in his religious convictions, seeing much of the good and the true in the religions of the Orient, and he has written extensively upon the doctrines of the Brahmins, the Buddhists, and the Parsees. He has taken an active part for many years in the Universal Peace Union. He is strenuously opposed to war, believing that peace may always be attained better through arbitration than with the sword. He insists that no practical follower of Jesus Christ can fight: war, being but murder on an extensive scale.

In matters of hygiene and health he is a rigid vegetarian, and has been these 60 years a strong advocate of temperance, woman's suffrage, and other reforms that gladdened and brightened the last century. At present he is a practicing physician and the senior partner of the "Peebles Medical Institute," which employs four physicians, Drs. Eli F. Brown, W. T. Bobo, Chas. Green and Dwight Calkins. He has two printing presses, 22 stenographers and typewriters and a large medical laboratory. The doctor is the editor and proprietor of the "Temple of Health," a monthly journal devoted to hygiene, health, reform, and such psychic research movements as tend to the demonstration of a future life. This has a large circulation.

Being asked lately how he managed to be so robust and hale at the age of 80, he replied curtly: "I behave myself. I eat no pork, nor pickles, nor pepper, drink no liquors, no tea or coffee—use no tobacco, and obey Nature's laws, which are God's laws. Such in the ancient scriptures had, and I may still say, have, 'The promise of long life.'"

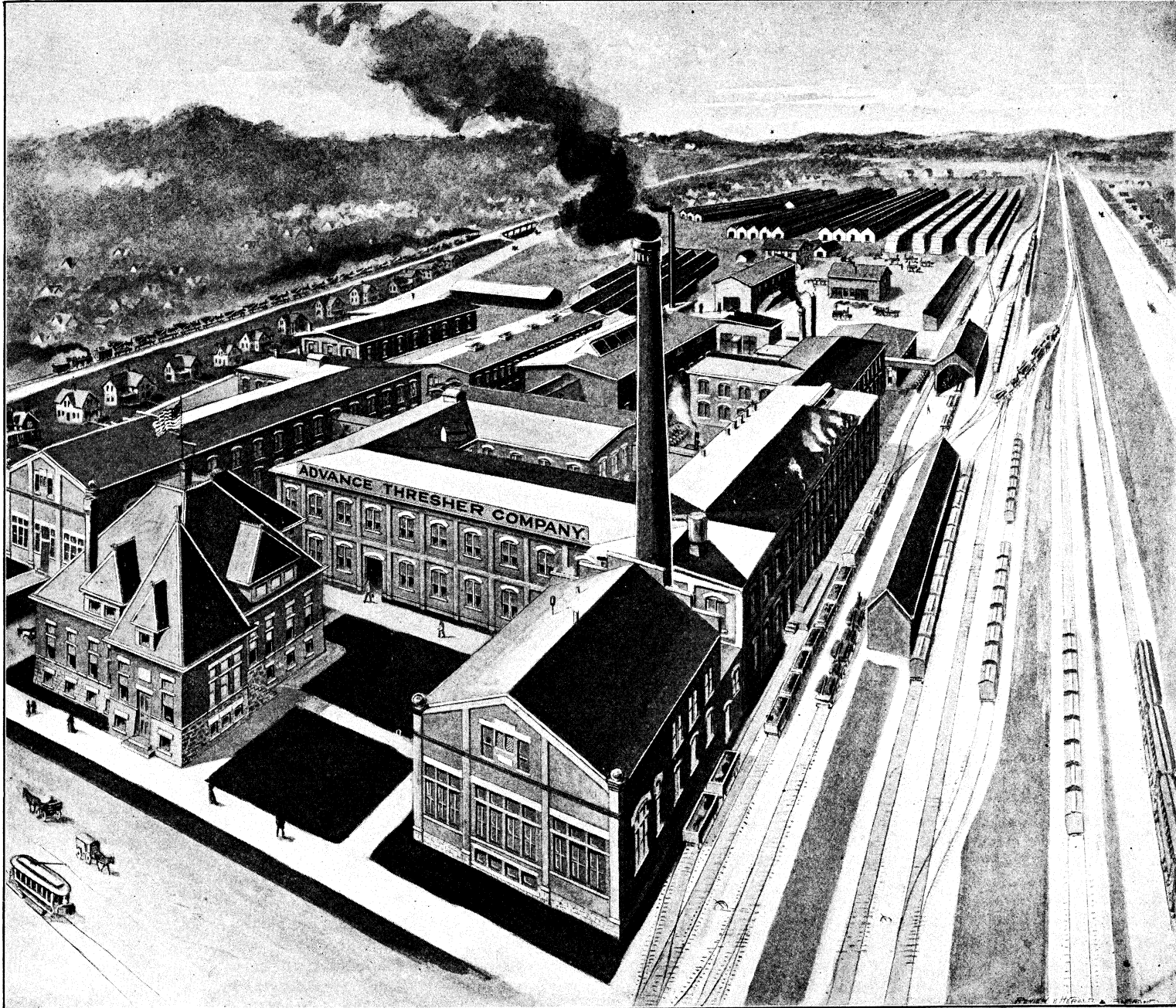


THE ADVANCE THRESHER CO.

As all are doubtless aware, the substantial growth and solid prosperity of our city, is due to the growth and success of our manufacturing institu-

ed from small beginnings, and have all, or nearly all, been organized here at home, by citizens of Battle Creek. The Case & Willard Thresher Com-

Rathbun, with \$7,000 in money which they had borrowed for that purpose, associated themselves with the inventor of the machine, hired a small



Exterior View of the Advance Thresher Company.

tions. These institutions, which have steadily, but surely brought Battle Creek up from a small and unknown village to the prosperous and growing city which it is today, have all start-

pany was founded by Mr. Constantius G. Case, the original inventor of the machine, L. J. Willard and Frank M. Rathbun. It was in March of the year 1881, that L. J. Willard and Frank M.

shop, and that year, built six machines. But it was found that the comparatively small amount of money, was insufficient to carry on the business of manufacturing threshing ma-

chines, and later on, a stock company was organized. The superiority of the machine which was at that time far from being the complete and almost perfect thresher that it is today, was such that there was an immediate and constantly increasing demand for it, and an increased capacity for their



Charles Willard.

manufacture was needed, and in 1883, the ground was secured and the present shops erected. The plant consists of a plat of 50 acres of ground, located in the western part of the city, immediately alongside the tracks of the Michigan Central, Grand Trunk Western, and the Cincinnati Northern rail roads. The shops erected on these grounds are of brick, and as will be seen from the beautiful half-tone photograph conspicuous in this souvenir edition of the Journal, they are both extensive and substantial, being built expressly for this company, and by them. They are not only commodious, well-built, and perfect throughout, but they are built expressly for, and with every convenience, for the carrying on of a large and steadily growing business in the manufacture of threshers.

To Mr. Minard LaFever and Mr. Constantius G. Case, belongs the credit of the many inventions which have made them famous. Their skill, ingenuity, and inventive genius were early recognized by the company, and now thousands of farmers are deriving the benefit of their labors and our beautiful city has had added to it, very many useful and industrious citizens, who have built for themselves homes and contribute in many ways to the growth and prosperity of Battle Creek.

In 1886 the name of the company

was changed from the Case & Willard Thresher Company, to the Advance Thresher Company. The capital stock of the company is now \$1,500,000. The officers are A. W. Wright, president; S. O. Bush, vice president; B. T. Skinner, secretary and treasurer. The directors are: A. W. Wright, S. O. Bush, B. T. Skinner, C. E. Thomas, M. LaFever, W. T. Knowlton, and Wm. H. Mason.

The continued growth of this well-known and substantial manufacturing industry, is due, not only to the excellence of the machine, but also to the superior business management, strong financial backing, and the zeal, tireless energy and unceasing industry in which work has been pushed in almost every department of the business.

Mr. A. W. Wright, the president of the company, resides in Alma, Mich., and is known throughout this state, not only as a man of large wealth, but also as one of the most philanthropic and public spirited citizens of our commonwealth. Mr. Charles Willard, who always resided in our community, was a substantial and conservative capitalist, and these men invested their means in this manufacturing business, largely, for the purpose of giving employment to labor, and of having their money invested



C. G. Case.

where it would do good to others and advance the prosperity of the community, and it is to their strong support that has been largely due the high financial standing of the company.

The business men connected with the Advance Thresher Company are

widely known as progressive and public-spirited men, and are well calculated to keep this most prosperous enterprise in the lead. Battle Creek looks with pride on this thriving industry, which adds to the wealth and beauty, as well as being a boon to its many workmen.



A. W. Wright.

JOSEPH GIBBS.—The picture accompanying this sketch is of Joseph Gibbs, whose work in life added materially to the advancement of prosperity of his community and the surrounding country.

The biographer knows but little of the early life of Mr. Gibbs. That he was born Jan. 9, 1789, in the town of Litchfield, Conn., and when young, came with his parents to Livonia, Livingston county, N. Y., and that on April 15, 1815, he and Miss Polly Sprague were made husband and wife, are the only facts relative to his life previous to his coming to Michigan in 1835, that are at hand.

He and his wife with their eight children came to Michigan when the country was in a state of primitive wildness and endured the privations and hardships incidental to pioneer life. Mr. Gibbs settled on the farm which is now owned and conducted by his grandson, J. S. Gibbs, a tract of land over 800 acres.

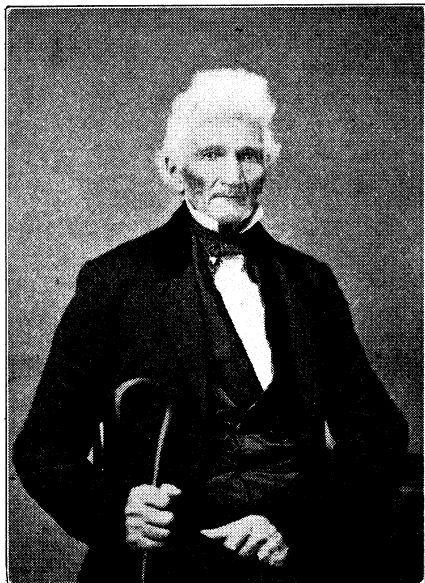
He was a man of sterling worth and one of marked perseverance and energy, by which he won the distinction of being one of the foremost men during his time. Not only as a successful farmer, but as a soldier, did he manifest the superior manly qualities of his nature. His service in the war of

1812 gave him an enviable record as his deeds were characterized by valor, and during his entire service he proved himself a loyal son of his country for which he took up arms.

Mr. Gibbs was one who was interested in his own township, and was elected to many public offices, therein. He was a charter member of the Masons, Humanity lodge. Mrs. Gibbs died May 11, 1851, while Mr. Gibbs' useful years were beyond fourscore, his death occurring Jan. 13, 1874.

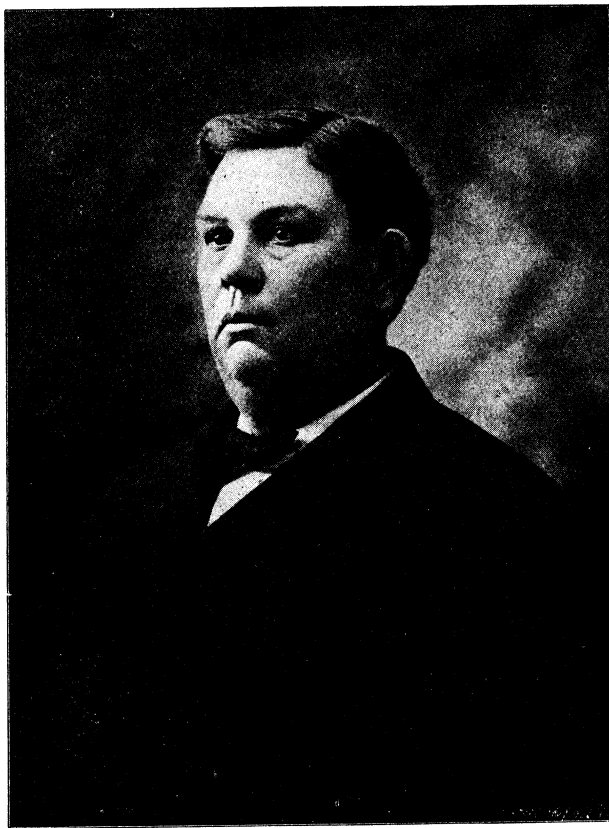
Mr. Joseph Gibbs' son Volney, was born Nov. 11, 1829. As a thorough-going farmer he was one of the leaders, being active and successful in stock raising, and a man whose judgment on business and the important questions of the day was considered sound. Politically he was a democrat, and was ever a staunch friend to the party, which conferred on him, from time to time, many offices of trust and honor, the duties of which he meritoriously performed. On March 4, 1864, he married Miss Helen Woolley, to whom one child, Joseph S., was born, Jan. 16, 1862, who is the only descendant living of the early settler, Joseph Gibbs, as the son Volney was the only child of the eight to marry, and outlived his unmarried sisters and brothers. Mr. Volney Gibbs died Nov. 17, 1899.

Mr. Joseph S. Gibbs received his education at the Homer schools from



Joseph Gibbs.

which he is a graduate. Later he learned telegraphy and was in the employ of the Michigan Central Railroad for a period of two years, at which time he made a change in his occupation as he was engaged in the hotel business in New York City. Subsequently, having a natural fondness for



Hon. Edward P. Keep.

theatrical life, he was connected with that profession for four years, seeing life in many of its phases, not only in the United States, but in foreign countries, as he crossed the Atlantic four times. His experiences in his varied life have been many and some of them very interesting, as he is a person of keen perceptions and retentive memory.

In New York, on Aug. 14, 1891, Mr. Joseph S. Gibbs and Miss Mary Connelly were united in marriage, and in two years they came to the Gibbs homestead with the intention of making it their home for life.

Their estate of 800 acres is of the finest land in southern Michigan. The care and responsibility of so extensive a property is great, as he is engaged in stock-raising and is interested in fine bred horses as well, but Mr. Gibbs is energetic, industrious and wide-awake, and employs men who occupy his tenant houses, who co-operate with him for the best results obtainable. He is an influential citizen as his interests are wide, which places him among the reliable, substantial men of his community. Those dealing with him find him prompt, straightforward, and trustworthy. Politically he is a staunch adherent of the democratic party, and fraternally he is a member of the Elks, Battle Creek lodge 573.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs have an adopted

daughter, Helen Louise Gibbs, who is three and one-half years old.

HON. EDWARD P. KEEP.—This name is familiar to many residents of the county and particularly to those of Tekonsha township, as he who bears it has been connected with the affairs of that locality for years, and he has had much to do in the development of many of the resources of the township.

Edward P. Keep was born on a farm in the town of Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., May 27, 1848, receiving his early education at the common schools of his native town. During his boyhood his experiences were much the same as those incidental to that of the average farmer's son; he attended school winters and worked on the farm summers, subsequently attending the Cortland Academy, in Homer village, for two years and taught school six years. He then engaged in the saw and planing mill business for three years. In 1875 he moved to Tekonsha, Michigan, where he embarked in the retail lumber and coal business, which still engages his interests.

In 1899, Edward P. Keep was elected to the house of representatives, a position he filled with credit to himself and in a manner which elicited words of commendation from the district he represented. Although a stalwart re-

publican, Mr. Keep is a man who maintains friendship and good will with all parties, as he is conservative in his actions, firm in his convictions, but not allowing personal prejudices to govern him. He gained friends during his legislative term by his cool, clear-headed arguments, which ever show the best of judgment and the kindest feeling toward all mankind.

DAVID WALKINSHAW.—One of the finest farms in Convis township is owned by David Walkinshaw, who is one of the up-to-date farmers of the county, keeping his country home in the best possible condition, and simplifying labor by the use of all the modern machinery.

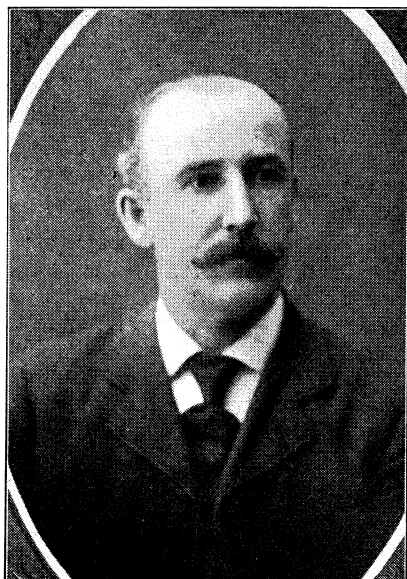
Mr. Walkinshaw was born in the city of Marshall, March 7, 1843, and is a son of James and Janet Walkinshaw, both of whom were born in Scotland, coming to America in 1842. When our subject was a year old he moved with his parents, from Marshall to Convis township, where he grew to manhood, having the usual experience of farm life, early taking his place among the workers. He continued to make his home under the parental roof until after he had attained to his majority, when he entered the Union army, enlisting Aug. 11, 1864, in the Second Missouri Cavalry, known as Merrill Horse. The aid given the Union cause by the work of the gallant men of Merrill Horse is a matter of historical record and need not be mentioned, suffice it to say that David Walkinshaw was not behind his comrades in enthusiastic patriotism or gallantry of conduct, and won a meritorious record in the ranks of his country's defenders, spending some of his best days in the hardships of campaigning.

The wife of Mr. Walkinshaw bore the maiden name of Sarah Van Fleet, the marriage rites being solemnized September 26, 1865. A son and daughter have been born to them, namely: James E., and May.

In 1888 the republican party elected him supervisor of Convis township, and during his term of office he made himself many friends. He was the popular and efficient sheriff of Calhoun county for four years, discharging his duties with promptness and sagacity which was to the entire satisfaction of the voters of the county. He is well known throughout the county, and possesses marked social qualities, which, added to the wide fund of information on the leading topics of the day make him a genial, whole-souled man whom it is a pleasure to meet.

GUY FISK.—The accompanying half-tone portrait is a likeness of Mr. Guy Fisk, the present incumbent of the office of treasurer of Calhoun county, and is a trusty guardian of the public funds. He has the full confidence of the people, and his administration of the affairs has been in keeping with the prediction of his friends, with whom he has ever been held in the highest respect.

Guy Fisk was born in Yates county, New York, Feb. 2, 1857, nine years later he, with his parents, moved to Michigan, his father buying a farm in St. Joseph county, near Centreville. In 1875 the family moved to Branch county, where our subject had the usual experience of a country boy, working on the farm during the summer months and attending school in the winter. He graduated from the high school in Athens, after which



Guy Fisk.

he engaged in the occupation of farming for some years, but having an eye for present emoluments as well as being engaged in intellectual attainments he taught school for several years, and with such marked success that he was elected a member of the county board of examiners.

Mr. Fisk has taken considerable interest in political affairs, affiliating with the republican party. He has served as supervisor of Athens township for four years, was elected to the office of county treasurer in 1898, and it is conceded by all that his management of the financial interests entrusted to him is with skill and fidelity. He takes a firm stand in all his arguments and has a clear understanding of his subjects, being happily endowed with keen perceptions and a judicial mind.

During his term of office he is a resident of Marshall, where his family is enjoying the social life of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Fisk have four children namely, Maude, Nellie, Ernest and Gladys.

Although a quiet unassuming man, Mr. Fisk is one who makes friends on all sides, being genial and affable with all associates, whether he meets them in a business or social way. He is popular among his fellow townsmen; is of a generous disposition and has always been active in his support of public movements.

WILLIAM E. ANSTERBURG.—William E. Ansterburg, who is quite extensively engaged in farming in Homer township, brings a well trained mind to bear upon the problems which confront the intelligent agriculturist today, as in other times, in tilling the soil and raising stock. He is carrying on his work with such good success that he is regarded as one of the substantial farmers of his community.

Mr. Ansterburg was born March 17, 1856, on the homestead, section 34, Albion township. His parents were farming people who reared their children with habits of industry and thrift, inculcating ideas of frugality and independence, which have ever characterized the life of our subject and his family.

Many lives are narrowed by limitations, but not all enlarge and grow, notwithstanding the obstacles which seemingly are a hindrance.

The woman chosen to share the joys and sorrows of Mr. Ansterburg's life was Miss Melissa Covert, daughter of Edward and Rozilla (Bennett) Covert, the marriage taking place March 17, 1881. Two children gladden the home; George W., born November 21, 1882, and Elsie U., born February 28, 1894. The home is one of 130 acres and is a productive farm.

In religious affiliations Mr. Ansterburg is of the Methodist denomination and has ever been a helpful, earnest member.

Our subject is a man who attends quietly to his own affairs, and holds a high place in the estimation of his neighbors and fellow citizens; is free-hearted to those who are less fortunate than himself. Mr. Ansterburg has in his possession a valuable collection of Indian relics, which are considered of rare value, and which, as time goes on, are of greater curiosity.

ALVAH D. ELDRED.—A history of the men to whom we owe the development of Calhoun county, would be incomplete without a sketch of the man who has been so long and so closely

identified with its material and social interests.

Alvah D. Eldred was born in Ontario county, New York, Feb. 29, 1832, followed the occupation of farming in his native state till he was 21, then came to Michigan. January 9, 1855, was the marriage day of our subject, and Miss Helen Bartlett, who was the daughter of John and Elmyra (Knapp) Bartlett, was the happy bride.

That Mr. Eldred is worthy of the respect and esteem which has been shown him is proved by the faith which the populace of the township has bestowed upon him by choosing him as an office-holder in various capacities and at various times. He has been highway commissioner of Tekonsha township 14 years, and president of the village twice, and in all official capacities he has served his constituents faithfully and well.

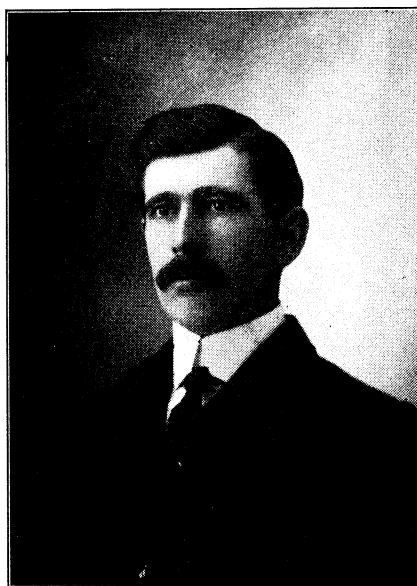
Mr. Eldred is an enthusiastic Mason, and has efficiently served his fraternity in different ways for a quarter of a century; has been the recipient of valuable emblems of the Masonic order which are held in the highest estimation by their owner for their significance of brotherly love. In politics our subject is a republican.

Mr. Eldred has a farm in Tekonsha, but he and his estimable wife live in their pleasant home in the village. They have two children: Benjamin, now living in Jackson, Mich., and Minnie, the wife of Henry Dean of Tekonsha.

HOWARD WILLIAMSON CAVANAGH.—The subject of this sketch was born in the city (then village) of Alpena, county of Alpena, state of Michigan, on the 12th day of June, 1867. His father, James Cavanagh, was then engaged in the lumber business at that place, and was one of the thoroughgoing mercantile dealers of the town. Later he was sheriff of Alpena county, which office he held until January, 1873, but in the fall of '72 he moved his family to Oakville, Halton county, Ontario, upon a farm when Howard W. was five years old. James Cavanagh was born in the state of New York; his father was a native of Ireland, as were the parents of his wife, who was a Canadian by birth.

Howard W. Cavanagh's early life was spent on a farm where he formed the habits of industry and perseverance. He attended the public and high schools of Halton county, Ontario. In the summer of 1885 he matriculated in the University of Toronto, of which institution he is an undergraduate in the faculty of arts. In the fall of 1885, at the age of 18, he returned to his native state and enter-

ed the University of Michigan, taking the law course, graduating in June, 1887, being the youngest of a class of 153. He was admitted to the Wash-tenaw county bar by Judge Joslyn in April, 1887, being then 19 years of age, his certificate to take effect when he became of age. During the fall of 1887 Mr. Cavanagh entered the law office of Hon. John W. McGrath in Detroit, where he had every advantage to improve in his line of work as he was thrown with the best legal talent of the state, and being an earnest, painstaking young attorney he made good use of his opportunities. Later, Mr. Cavanagh went to Alpena and commenced the practice of his profession, R. J. Kelley of Battle Creek, being then circuit judge of that circuit. About four years were spent in Alpena, when on account of ill health he



Howard Williamson Cavanagh.

gave up his practice for a time and returned to his father's farm, and for two years took physical training, then returned to his chosen profession, spending one winter in a law office at Owen Sound, Ontario, studying Canadian law.

In the winter of 1896 he came to Battle Creek, Michigan, and opened a law office in the Whitecomb block, with C. R. Mains, then of Homer, as partner. In June, 1896, Mr. Cavanagh moved to Homer, the partnership between him and Mr. Mains being dissolved in November, 1899. He has since been in business alone in the Linn block. In February, 1899, he was admitted to practice in the Federal courts of the United States. On August 29, 1899, at Albion, Michigan, Howard W. Cavanagh and Miss Ula M. Cunningham, daughter of James Cunningham of Albion township, were

united in marriage. They have no children.

Mr. Cavanagh has been a life long democrat, and is an influential one within its ranks, has twice been a delegate to the state convention and numerous other conventions. He is at present village attorney of Homer, a trustee of the village, and president pro tem, a justice of the peace of the township, and member of the township board, in all of which his clear-headed judgment is winning him many firm friends. In the fall of 1900 he was candidate for circuit court commissioner on the democratic ticket.

Mr. Cavanagh is an enthusiastic fraternity member, being a Royal Arch Mason and a Knight of Pythias. Our subject is a birthright member of the Episcopal church, having been baptised in that church in Alpena.

Since taking up his residence in Homer Mr. Cavanagh has built up a lucrative practice in his profession, having handled many important cases, and in such a manner as to receive the highest praise from all, and especially from the members of the bar. As a man he is above reproach, meeting his obligations promptly and performing his duties as a citizen with regard to the best public good, irrespective of personal prejudices.

Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh are acquisitions to the social life in Homer, as they are persons of education and refinement, and are ever ready to use their influence toward any social feature which tends to the advancement of mental and moral endowment. Their home is noted for its hospitable gatherings where friends and acquaintances are warmly welcomed.

WILLIAM BOYD.—The subject of this sketch was born in Antrim county, Ireland, May 30, 1839, coming to this country with his parents in 1851, and remaining in New York state two years. In 1853 the family removed to Lenawee county, Mich., and in 1867 William Boyd bought the farm he still owns and occupies in the township of Sheridan, Calhoun county.

Mr. Boyd attended school in his native land and at the district schools during his stay in New York, and after coming to Michigan.

Mr. Boyd is one of the progressive farmers of the county, taking an interest in their meetings and is ready to adopt methods by which a tiller of the soil is lifted out of the rut of agriculture. He aims at getting the best results for his labor and is ever ready to learn from the experience of others.

Not only along the lines of farming is Mr. Boyd an up-to-date man; he is

ever ready to advance the cause of educational matters, and lends his influence toward the advancement of mental and moral endowment.

Mr. Boyd is a man who has been called to serve his people in different capacities, the frequency and responsibility of the calls testify in stronger language than we can use as to the confidence his fellow-citizens repose in his ability and integrity.

He is state representative at the present time, and is holding the position with marked credit to himself, as with his progressive ideas he satisfactorily meets the wants of his people and is thereby making firm friends. Mr. Boyd cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln, and he voted the republican ticket till 1896, when he joined the D. P. U. S., in whose ranks he is still enrolled.

JOHN W. FOSS.—Conspicuous among the farmers of Emmett township, is Mr. John W. Foss, who has gained influence and standing by years of well-directed agricultural efforts, and an intelligent appreciation of the duties of citizenship. He owns a valuable farm on section 32, where he has improvements that are among the best in the township. He is the eldest child of Henry and Mary (Hoff) Foss.

Henry Foss and wife were natives of Mecklenburg, Germany, near Schwerin. Mr. Foss at the age of nineteen, emigrated to America, and after a siege of ten weeks arrived in New York City, journeying westward as far as Rochester, remaining there five years. In 1861, they came to Bedford township, Calhoun county, purchasing a 200-acre farm where they reared a family of five children, three sons and two daughters. Later, in 1882, after selling his Bedford farm he bought a 220-acre tract of land in the township of Pennfield, where he now resides on a well improved farm with spacious buildings ample for the needs of an extensive farmer. On Nov. 25, 1892, death called Mrs. Foss from the home where she was sadly missed, the loss extending throughout the entire community, as she was an estimable woman in her neighborhood, a worthy wife, and a loving mother. Their eldest son, John W. Foss, born Feb. 26, 1858, and married Miss Emma Hagelshaw on Aug. 17, 1881, the third child of Joseph and Sophia (Vick) Hagelshaw. They are the parents of four children: Effie L., born Jan. 10, 1883, and Cora L., born May 11, 1884; Clarence E., born Dec. 11, 1886; Lida M., born Aug. 3, 1890.

When Mr. and Mrs. Foss began married life they were on an 80-acre farm in East Newton, but in 1892 Mr.

Foss purchased the place where he now resides.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Foss is a farm of 160 acres, and is one of the most flourishing in the township of Emmett, being kept in the best possible condition and the buildings and fences in good repair.

Mr. Foss is a hard-working man, and uses his energies to the best possible advantage. His judgment on farm matters is unexcelled, and as he is possessed with untiring energy and thrift owning no doubt to his German ancestry, he is a man who deserves and is reaping success, as his home and surroundings would testify. His house is new and commodious, and his barns are in keeping with all. Mrs. Foss is a worthy helpmeet, whose idea has ever been that no true companionship is without co-operation in the work of life. Success has followed the frugality and perseverance which



John W. Foss.

Mr. and Mrs. Foss have ever used.

They are members of the Congregational church in Ceresco, and are helpful, earnest workers in both church and Sunday school.

LEWIS PERRIN.—The name which introduces this biographical sketch is one well known to those in business circles who have real estate interests in the city of Marshall and vicinity, for Lewis Perrin is one of the largest land owners in Calhoun county and one of the most extensive stock dealers.

He was born in Cumberland county, Ill., Feb. 1, 1841, to Hyde and Sylvia (Scribner) Perrin. The paternal ancestors came from England to America in 1635.

Mr. Hyde Perrin was born in 1790 while his wife, a native of Vermont, was born in 1800. To them eight children were born, seven of whom

lived to maturity, six sons and one daughter, our subject being the youngest. Lewis Perrin spent his boyhood on his father's farm. He was early initiated into the mysteries of agriculture, and gained a practical knowledge of its various departments. After completing his studies at Rochester, N. Y., he learned the trade of a tanner and currier in the same city, embarking in the leather business, which he continued till his establishment was destroyed by fire in 1864. He came west finding employment as a clerk in Kalamazoo, later formed a partnership in the hardware business, continuing in the same twelve years. In 1880 he came to Marshall to look after the estate of his brother, the Hon. H. J. Perrin, to whose property he was an heir.

Mr. Lewis Perrin owns one of the landmarks in Marshall, namely, the Marshall house, which he has remodelled into a handsome dwelling house, which is his home, although he owns nearly a thousand acres of land in this county, all of which is under his management and under good cultivation. Mr. Perrin takes an interest in all movements which tend toward the development of the industries of the county.

FRANKLIN W. DICKEY.—No man in Calhoun county is more widely and favorably known than F. W. Dickey, who is one of the stirring business men of the city of Marshall, where he was born, Aug. 18, 1839, to Judge Charles and Mary (Wakeman) Dickey. Our subject passed his boyhood and early school days in the city of Marshall, and when he had finished his studies aided his father in the store, on the farm, and in general business affairs until he had reached his 20th year, when he began his own career.

Mr. Dickey engaged in farming and wool buying, in both of which he has been largely successful. He also turned his attention to buying fine horses and fitting them for sale. It can truthfully be stated that no man in Michigan is a better judge of horse flesh and a better trainer of same than Mr. Dickey; he handles annually from 500 to 600 horses, which find markets in different parts of the world. His business had grown to such proportions that he, in 1884, was obliged to erect an extra barn on his home farm, which was a marked addition to his already handsome home surroundings.

The "Seven Oaks Farm," within the corporation of Marshall, is one of the most attractive homes in the county, and one which is noted for its many social gatherings as well as true hos-

pitality which is ever extended by the household.

Mr. Lickey has held various official positions, some of them connected with the government of the section and others with educational and social matters. As mayor of the city he gained friends from all parties by his judicious management of municipal affairs.

The present wife of Mr. Dickey bore the maiden name of Mary A. Perry. The union has been blessed by the birth of three children, namely: Donna L., Harry P., and Dwight C. The elder son, Harry, deceased in 1900.

CHARLES D. HOLMES.—Firm in principles, upright in character, and energetic in disposition, this gentleman justly receives the high regard of the community where, for many years, he has lived and labored. To those, who, in spite of adversity win success in the busy world and who, without temptation, retain the principles instilled in their minds during childhood, much praise is due. A worthy representative of that class of honorable business men, upon whom the prosperity of the world in a large measure depends, Mr. Charles D. Holmes is closely identified with the interests of Calhoun county.

Mr. Holmes was one of nine children, eight of whom grew to maturity. He was born July 20, 1814, at West Boylston, Mass. His educational privileges were derived from the academy at Amherst, where his parents moved in his boyhood. He was a student in that institution when the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was attending there, the academy then being under the supervision of Dr. Cotton, who gave our subject a certificate to teach school when he was but 17 years of age. One of his instructors at the Amherst academy was Mr. Perkins, who was the first missionary appointed to Persia.

When Charles D. and his brother, Peterson P. came to Michigan there were only three families living at Homer, and there was no house between them and Union City, and then but one for a distance of 40 miles. At 21 our subject took up 80 acres of government land in 1837. There were but few inhabitants in this entire region then, but one log shanty and only about five men in the township. He and his bride, Miss Nancy Young, a daughter of Peter and Rosella Young, was the first couple wedded in Albion township.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes became the parents of eleven children, named as follows: Henry C., Sarah J., wife of C. W. Saunders; Franklin G., Caroline

E., wife of Waldon Foster; George W., Mary Augusta, widow of Henry Webb; Charles L., Eva Elizabeth, the wife of Manly Houston; Edwin P.

Mr. Holmes has been the recipient of public honors from his fellow-citizens, who have recognized his sagacity and ability for affairs and superior business qualifications.

In 1837 he was road commissioner, later he was elected to represent Albion township as a member of the county board of supervisors, and acted in this capacity eighteen years. He has been justice of the peace for two years. In 1873 he was elected register of deeds for Calhoun county, was re-elected in 1875 and served until 1877. He has always taken a deep interest in education, giving his children fine educational advantages, all of them having been students at Albion College, and several of them have been teachers. Mr. Holmes died in 1894 at the age of 80 years.



JOHN C. REYNOLDS, M. D.—If years spent in pursuit of a vocation that calls for acuteness of perception, knowledge of the needs of the human system, and skill in applying health giving remedies, entitles a man to grateful remembrance, then Dr. Reynolds is deserving of a space in our Journal Souvenir Edition.

Dr. John C. Reynolds was born April 15, 1857, at Port Hope, Ontario. In 1860 his parents moved to Rochester, N. Y., but three years later moved to Battle Creek, where he attended the high school, after which he entered the office of Dr. A. S. Johnson, preparatory to taking a medical course. He became a student in the Pulte Medical College in Cincinnati, from which he was graduated in 1882. Dr. Reynolds opened an office at 20 Main-st east, meeting with marked success in both general practice and surgery.

Later, in 1894, he took a post-graduate course in the Chicago Homoeopathic Medical College, receiving a di-

ploma which covered the three years' course of that institution. Dr. Reynolds is one of the prominent physicians in our city, where he has reaped an enviable success in his practice, being noted for his skill in surgery and a man who keeps abreast of the times. He has made a specialty of throat and lung diseases and his reputation for success along these lines is well deserved.

Dr. Reynolds is a prominent member of the State Homoeopathic Medical Society, is a Mason, a Knight Templar, and a Knight of Pythias.

Although Dr. Reynolds is not a politician, his friends of the fifth ward, recognizing his forceful character and interest in municipal affairs, elected him alderman in the spring of 1901.

It is praiseworthy to Dr. Reynolds that his position in Battle Creek has been gained by his own exertions and commendable ambitions. He has been unaided by influential friends of wealth, who, in some cases, have been the only power by which men have stood in the front ranks of position.

Dr. Reynolds' offices are of the finest in the city, being corner rooms of the Post building, Nos. 403-404, and where he is fully equipped with all appliances necessary to a physician to meet the needs of suffering humanity. Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds have an attractive home-like home on Division-st, which bespeaks of the cheer and comfort of the happy inmates.

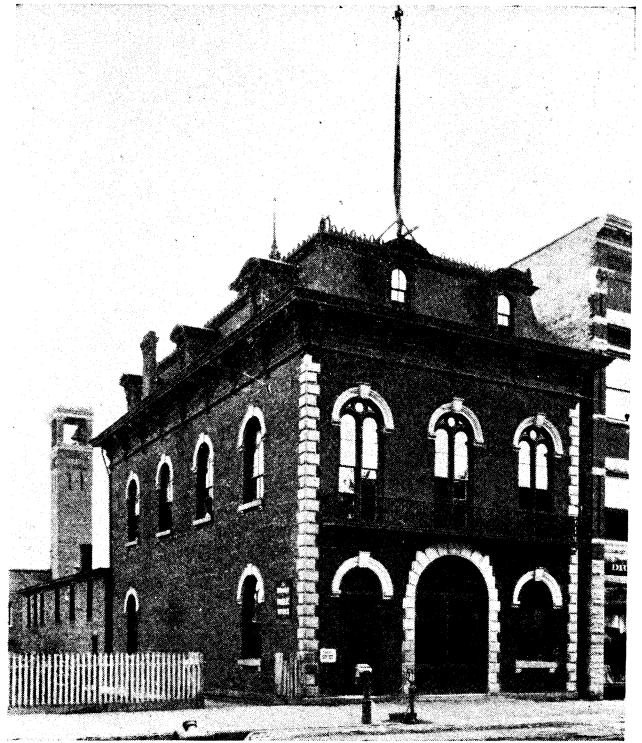
FRANK G. SHERWIN.—Among the enterprising business men of Battle Creek the name of Frank G. Sherwin stands out prominently as that of one of unusual energy, push, self-reliance and business sagacity.

Mr. Sherwin was born in Russell, New York. At 22 years of age he came west and engaged in the milling business in Minnesota and Iowa, he being an expert in that line of business. In 1889, he came to Battle Creek and for seven years was a valuable clerk in the grocery store of Allan Raymond, where by his obliging and cheerful manner he made many friends. In 1899, Mr. Sherwin embarked in the grocery business for himself, and from the start his success has been phenomenal. His motto has been the best goods for the least money, and he has never allowed inferior groceries to be sold from his well regulated store, being possessed of a natural executive ability he has been enabled to conduct his establishment in a business-like manner throughout and his clerks imbued with the same interest.

His increasing business made it necessary to seek more commodious



Frank G. Sherwin.



City Hall.

quarters, and in December, 1900, Mr. Sherwin opened an extensive grocery and meat market combined, at 44-46 Main-st west, where he keeps courteous clerks who promptly serve his many patrons.

As an advertiser the name of Frank G. Sherwin is probably as well known as any business dealer, as his ads are strikingly original, and for that reason have been copied and favorably commented on by the leading advertising journals of the United States, and they have done much to add to the large and successful business carried on by him. Energy and a natural aptitude for his line of business, combined with well-directed efforts, have brought prosperity to Frank G. Sherwin, and the Journal congratulates him on being one of the leaders in mercantile life.

Mr. Sherwin was united in marriage with Miss Frances Lawler of this city, on Dec. 25, 1899, whose untimely demise was deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.



*residence of the Late Hon. George Willard.

THE DUPLEX PRINTING PRESS 60.

THE DUPLEX PRINTING PRESS CO is one of the leading manufactories of the Queen City. Its officers are: I. L. Stone, president; W. W. Collier, vice president; A. W. Alvord, secretary; F. W. Dunning, treasurer.

The above named officers with E. C. Nichols, J. L. Cox and Howard Kingman constitute the board of directors. The company employs a large number of highly skilled mechanics and can turn out an average of one press per week. They manufacture several styles of presses, the

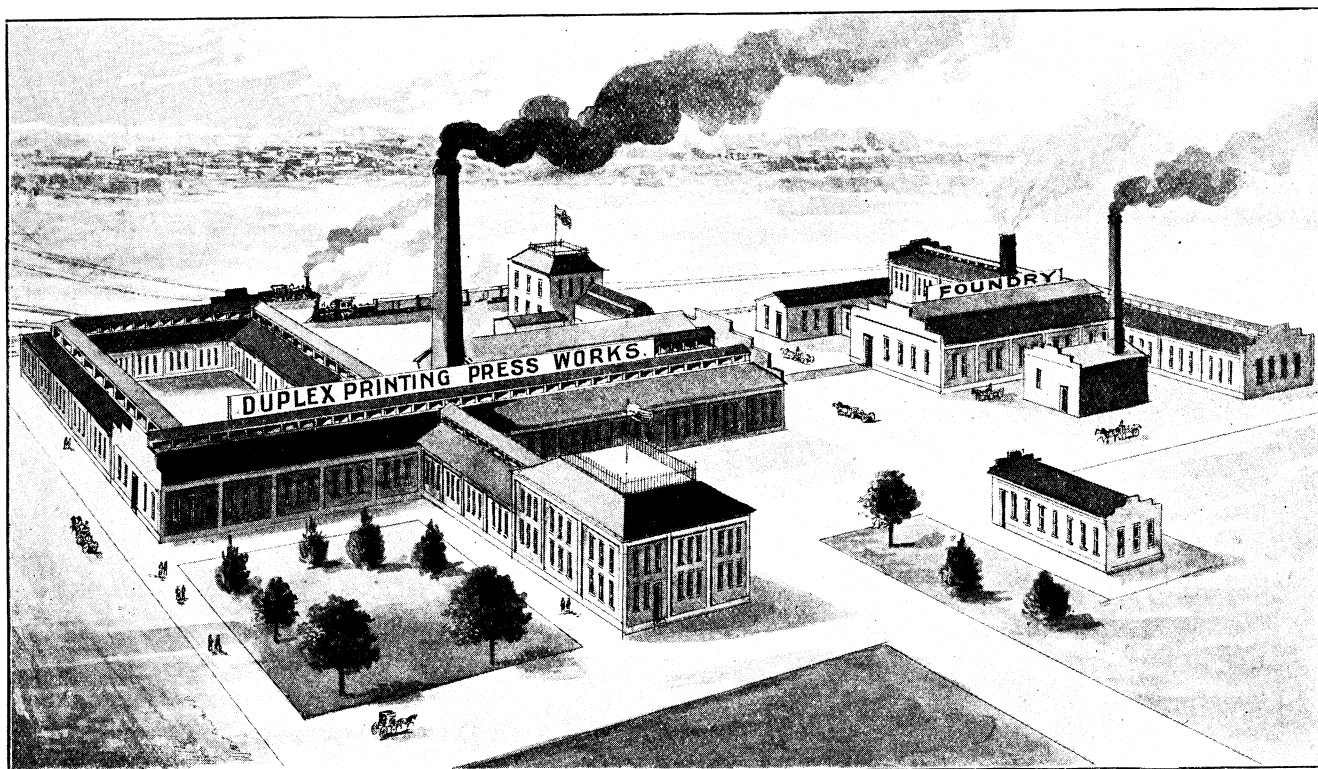
spicuous place among our larger industries.

The power plant and foundry are located in separate buildings. The company operates its own electric light plant. The machine shops are fitted with modern machinery of the very latest pattern.

The invention and perfection of the Duplex press inaugurated a new era in the history of the daily newspaper, both in this and in foreign countries. Previous to the introduction of the Duplex the facilities of publishers of

These presses are now in daily use throughout the United States, and many foreign countries.

After several years of experience in building these machines, and in the running of them under all conditions, the company has been enabled to bring the Duplex to an advanced state of perfection, proof of their excellence being found in the fact that so large a number are now running in various parts of the world, to the perfect satisfaction of the users. This press is better adapted to daily papers with



Works of the Duplex Printing Press Company.

prices running from \$6,500 to \$10,000 each.

The plant of the Duplex Printing Press Company is located between McCamly, Carlyle, Houston-sts and the Grand Trunk Western and Cincinnati Northern tracks. It occupies several acres of ground and consists of an office, machine shops, erecting rooms, blacksmith shops, pattern works, drafting room, etc., the whole constituting one of the largest manufacturing plants in the city of Battle Creek, and rightly occupying a con-

daily papers were greatly limited with the slow processes of the hand-fed press, especially those whose circulation would not justify the expensive equipment of a stereotype plant.

Joseph L. Cox, the present editor and publisher of the Morning Enquirer of this city, was the first inventor to succeed in furnishing a successful flat-bed web-perfecting newspaper press, which with later improvements has given to the world the famous Duplex press, capable of producing 6,000 perfected papers per hour, from flat forms and without stereotyping.

circulations ranging from 2,000 to 15,000 than any press manufactured, having marked advantages over both the common cylinder presses and the modern stereotype presses. With a capacity of 6,000 4, 6, 7 or 8-page complete papers per hour, printed on a continuous web of paper on flat forms of regular type, it far surpasses the cylinder press in speed, at the same time avoiding the great expense, delays, and annoyances experienced in the use of a stereotype press. A half-tone cut of the latest improved Duplex press is shown on the next page.

The demand for this machine is constantly and rapidly increasing. The company has orders on their books for a number of these presses and the works are running on full time, giving employment to a large force of mechanics.

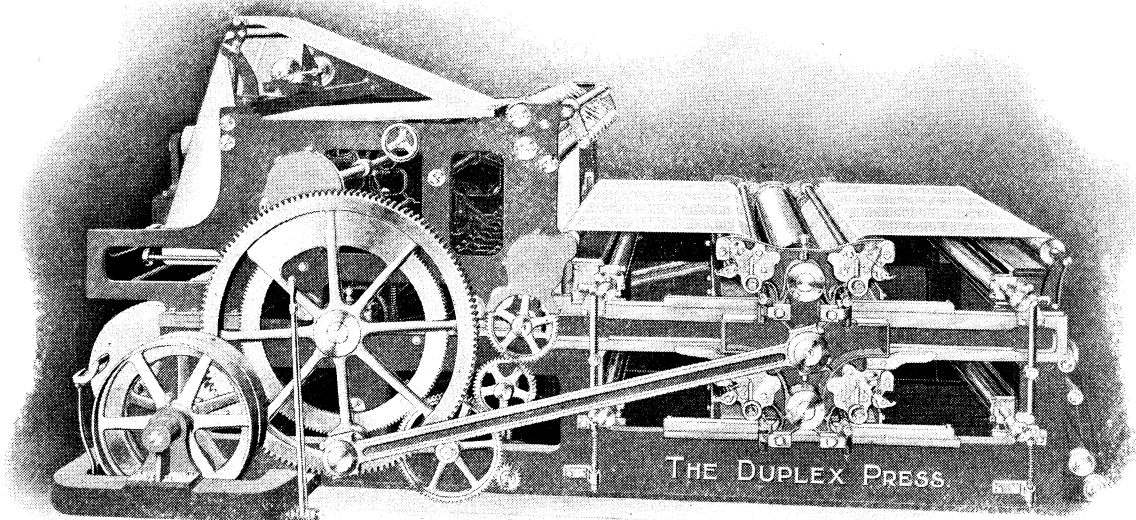
QUEEN CITY MANUFACTURING CO.—Among the new manufacturing institutions which have been recently established in our city, the Queen City Manufacturing Company stands out as a conspicuous and successful one. A few months ago E. H. Wicks and ex-Ald. Chester E. Sisson established themselves at their present locality, Jefferson-ave south, for the purpose of manufacturing sash, blinds, doors, screens, and mouldings of all styles. Their work is not only thoroughly re-

united with good business ability in all his dealings.

Mr. Sisson is well and favorably known in our community, having for years occupied a prominent position with M. M. Lewis & Sons. He represented the second ward as alderman for two years, and while in that position he devoted much of his time to the public interest. His practical knowledge was of great value to the city. Many of our municipal improvements are of a higher order, and more substantial than they otherwise would be, owing to the careful attention which Mr. Sisson gave to all details during the construction of same. At present he is too busy a man to give much time to politics, as he is devoting his entire attention to the Queen City Manufacturing Company, and

Mr. William Henson was a son of "Merrie England," having been born there in 1816, coming to America in 1844. He was one whose dealing with his fellowmen was characterized by strict honesty and integrity; his word was as good as his bond and his profound regard for the true principles which governed his life is the example which stands out pre-eminently in the minds of his family and friends.

His wife was a native of Ireland, the year of her birth being 1820. She, too, came to the United States in 1844. They were married in New York City, but came to Michigan in 1850, and bought a farm one mile west of where E. H. Henson now lives, although the latter owns the homestead of 172 acres, to which he has added 80 acres. The three children born to William



Latest Improved Duplex Press.

liable but artistic. The scroll and column work which they turn out from natural wood is exceedingly beautiful, and has been greatly admired by the public, and the purchasers of same have been enthusiastic in their expressions of satisfaction and approval.

Chief among the work that is being done by this progressive firm is that of the Postum Cereal Co., and their work on the metropolitan Upton flats on Marshall-st, and on the residence of A. D. Webb on Orchard-ave.

Mr. Wicks was formerly a resident of Athens, but has been connected in business in our city for some years; he is a thoroughly experienced and capable man in his line and is most attentive to the special wants of a customer, showing uniform courtesy

he assures us that all callers at the office of that firm will receive the most considerate attention and all orders will be met promptly.

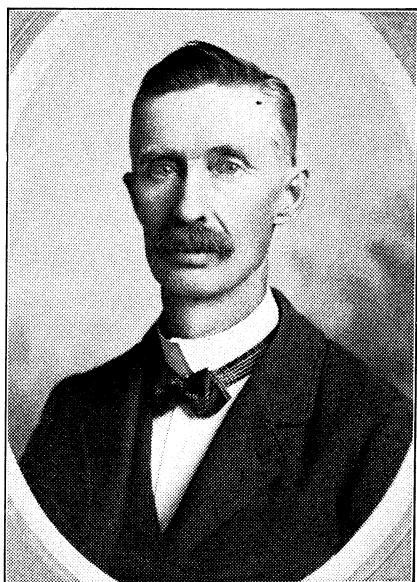
E. H. HENSON.—The township of Emmett has many prosperous farmers among whom is E. H. Henson, who owns a valuable farm of 252 acres all under good cultivation, supplied with a complete line of farm buildings and fittingly adorned with trees. The perfect tillage of the broad fields, the good arrangement of the buildings and the appearance of home comfort which is manifest, make the farm an attractive one to a passing traveler.

E. H. Henson is the son of William and Jane Henson, and he was born on the farm where he lives, on Jan. 24, 1854.

Henson and wife, who grew to maturity, were as follows: Mary, born Feb. 18, 1852, became the wife of George Greble and died Feb. 7, 1896; E. H. our subject, and W. J., who resides on Merritt-st, this city, and owns a grocery store on the corner of Maple and Michigan-ave.

The mother of our subject lives in the minds of her family as an example of true womanhood; her years were spent in the performance of unselfish duties for others; weak and suffering humanity naturally turned to her and she ever stood ready and willing to give aid.

Mr. E. H. Henson and Miss Harriett Earl of Ypsilanti, were united in marriage April 22, 1880. Three children have come to bless the union: Jennie, Earl A., and Edwin.

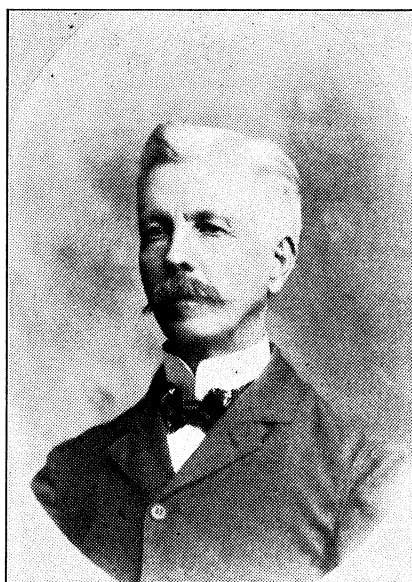


E. H. Henson.

Although our subject is a general farmer and stock raiser, he has devoted much of his time to fruit culture, having one acre of plum trees, which for health and beauty are unsurpassed. He is a farmer of resources, as he does not place his dependence on one crop only, but is progressive in so far as he reaches out in all the lines open to an agriculturist for an income. He is a quiet unpretentious man, but one whose judgment on matters pertaining to business is often sought as he is a man of excellent judgment and exercises the most thoughtful prudence in giving his opinions. He possesses a clear, well-balanced mind, which, in a measure, has tended to make his life successful, and has made him potent in advancing the material prosperity of his native township and county. That he has been elected to the supervisorship five years, and to the office of treasurer two years, attests to the confidence in which he is held by his townspeople.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Henson have a large circle of acquaintances and friends who deem it a pleasure to gather under the Henson homestead, and enjoy the hospitality which is ever extended to all.

R. B. COWLES.—Our subject is a pre-eminently successful farmer, and a man long to be remembered as one of the foremost among the agriculturists of the day. He is a representative of an honored family, and one whose name is associated with growth and prosperity. His parents were Addison and Hannah Cowles. Mr. Addison Cowles was born in Ontario county, N. Y., in 1815, coming to Michigan



R. B. Cowles.

during the pioneer days. He was postmaster at Battle Creek for several years, but died at the age of 38 years.

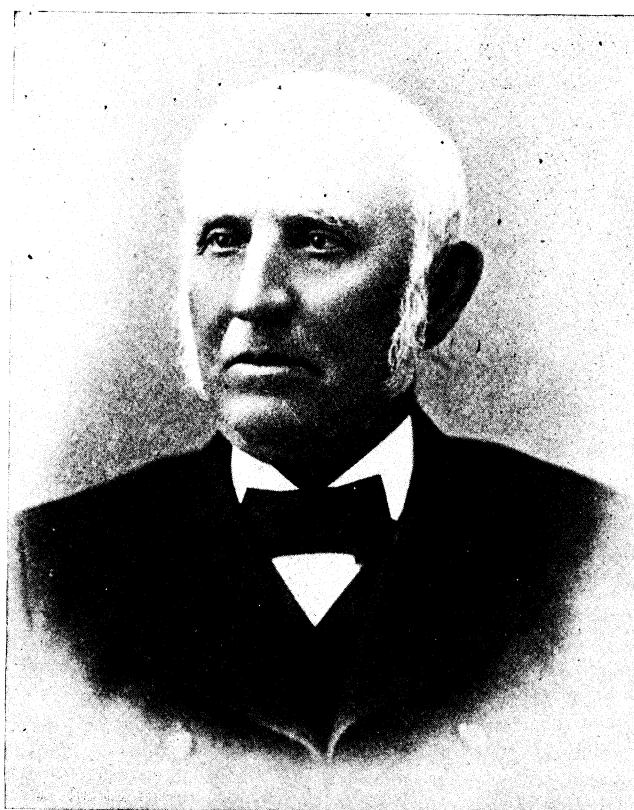
Mr. R. B. Cowles was born in Battle Creek township, August 28, 1846, on the fine old homestead of which he is now the owner and manager. At the age of 19 he entered the Agricultural College at Lansing, remaining one year, at which time he took a three years' course at Olivet College

and finished his education by a two years' study in the law department at Ann Arbor, being admitted to the bar at Detroit in April, 1871. Mr. Cowles was employed in the law office of Severens & Burrows of Kalamazoo, but the confinement necessitated by his professional duties impaired his health, and he was obliged to abandon legal pursuits and seek out of door exercise. He assumed management of the homestead and bought out the only other heir.

Mr. Cowles has been one of the first-class farmers of his time, interested in all methods which tend toward the advancement of the farmer and the thorough cultivation of the farm. His buildings are substantial and the stock raised is of the best.

Mr. R. B. Cowles and Miss Nettie M. Steward (daughter of George and Lydia Gray Steward) were married Nov. 30, 1871. Three children have been born to them, only two, however, are living, namely: Floyd and Ernest A.

Mr. Cowles is a man of wide influence in his community, being an exemplary citizen, a considerate neighbor and a leader in social and religious circles, and has been identified with the public and educational interests of the township. He and his estimable wife are prominent members of the M. E. church.



The Late John Nichols.

NICHOLS & SHEPARD CO.

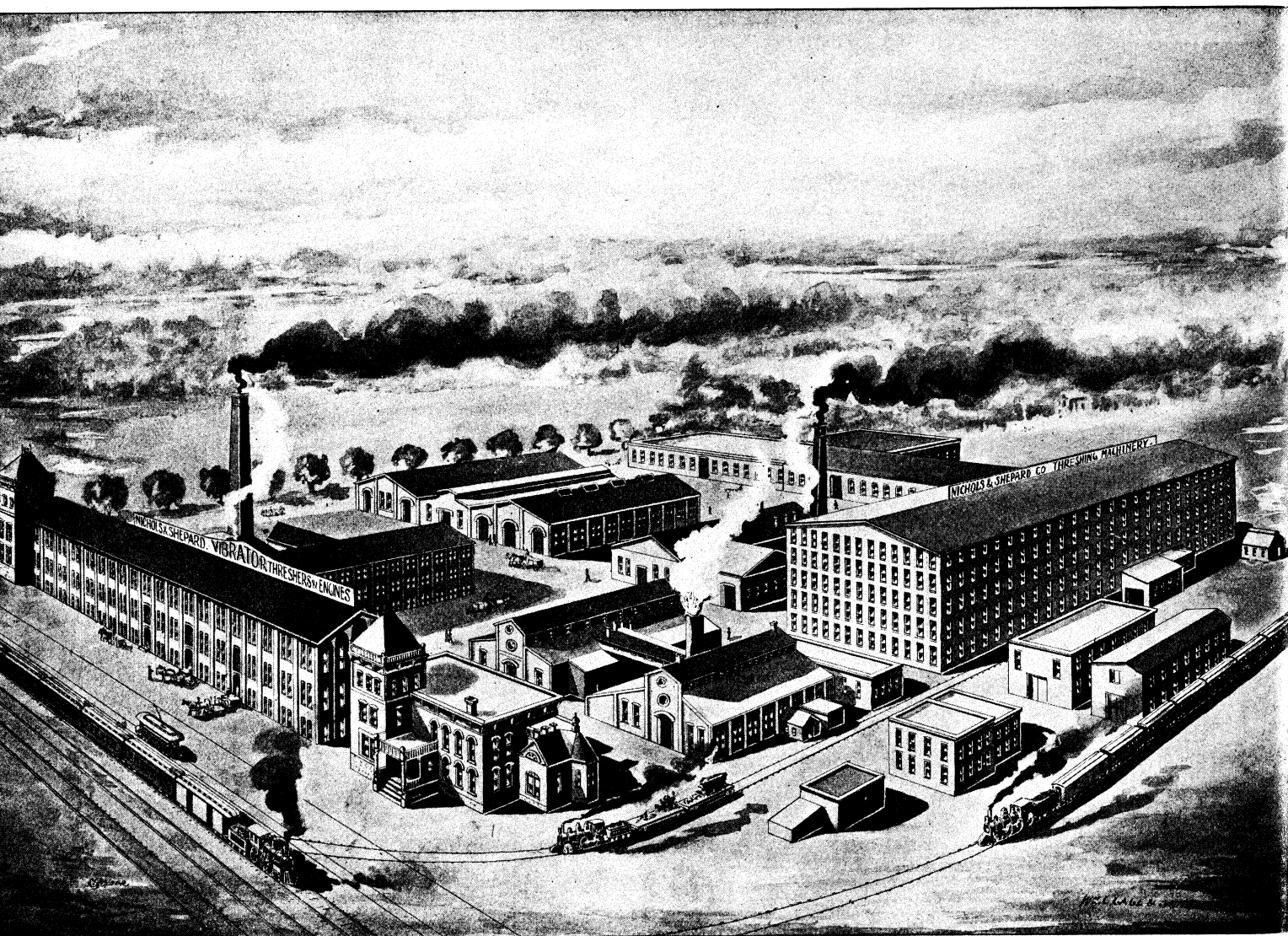
Among the thriving industrial enterprises of the Queen City none stands out more prominently than the Nichols & Shepard plant.

The beginning of this important industry was in 1848, at which time a small shop was established on Canal-st where the founders could be seen

Since 1857 Hon. E. C. Nichols has been identified with the company. To him is due the credit for the later successful enlargement of the industry. The officers of the company are: Edwin C. Nichols, president; David Shepard, vice president; C. C. Beach, treasurer; W. R. Wooden, secretary,

lent shipping facilities are afforded as the yards are penetrated by sidings from both of these roads. The lumber yards, and an immense dry kiln constitute a part of the plant, it being the rule of the company to keep on hand a two years' supply of lumber.

The employees of this extensive in



The Nichols & Shepard Co.'s Plant.

working daily side by side with their fellow machinists. Messrs. John Nichols and David Shepard had unlimited faith in the ultimate success of their ideas, and by their close attention to business, even to the smallest detail, they lived to realize with pardonable pride the remarkable achievement of their small beginning.

who together with F. G. Shepard, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and John T. Nichols, constitute the directorate.

The Nichols & Shepard plant is located on Marshall-st at the junction of the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk Western railways, and, including offices, buildings and grounds, covers about 40 acres of ground. Excel-

lence number from 400 to 500 men, while from 25 to 30 are in the offices.

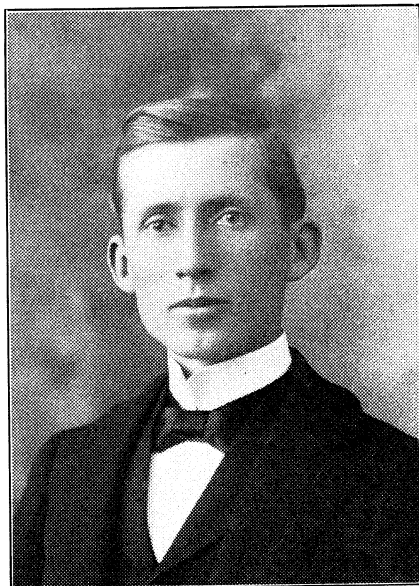
This establishment has the capacity of about 750 traction engines, 1,500 separators, and 250 horse-powers, which find a market in all parts of the globe.

The aim of this extensive industry, which is rightly entitled to a place

among the foremost manufacturing institutions of the United States, is to anticipate every possible requirement in the line of threshing machines.

ERNEST BURNHAM.—Commissioner of Schools in Calhoun county, was born on his father's farm, eight miles west of Battle Creek, Oct. 15, 1869. He gained his early education in the district school, and after attending the Vicksburg graded school four terms, about fourteen months, he obtained a certificate and taught two terms in District No. 5, Charleston township, Kalamazoo county.

In September, 1889, he entered the Battle Creek high school, and in June, 1891, was graduated from that school as president of his class. He then returned to the district where he began teaching, and taught two terms more.



Ernest Burnham.

During the vacations and the terms he was unable to attend school, he worked on his father's farm and for neighboring farmers.

Mr. Burnham entered Albion College in September, 1892, and at the end of four years, having creditably completed one of the regular literary courses, he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. During his college life he was active and influential in student affairs, and was honored by his fellow students with election to responsible positions in college organizations. He was president of the Erosophian Literary Society, president of the College Republican Club, president of the athletic association, and editor-in-chief of the college paper, and was graduated as historian of his class. He earned part of his expenses while in college by managing a boarding club, and acting

as correspondent for the Detroit Tribune.

Immediately following his graduation Mr. Burnham was employed by the V. J. Tefft estate as editor of the Albion Recorder. He began the duties of this responsible position in July, 1896, and continued in this capacity with ability and success until the Tefft estate sold an interest in the Recorder to the present editor, in April, 1898. He remained with the paper as city editor, and did post-graduate study in Albion College for the degree of Master of Arts, with a view to entering permanently into the teaching profession.

In February, 1899, Mr. Burnham became the nominee of the republican party for the office of commissioner of schools in Calhoun county, and after a dignified, but notably energetic campaign, was elected to that office, receiving a plurality of 364 votes. He began his official duties July 1, 1899, and his well-trained powers and capacity and liking for hard work, have won for him the success he so ardently covets, a success which means much to the rural schools of Calhoun county. In the spring of 1901 Mr. Burnham was unanimously nominated by his party for reelection, and received a plurality of 2,028 votes.

On June 22, 1899, Mr. Ernest Burnham and Miss Grace E. Armstrong were united in marriage at Wilkesbarre, Pa. They immediately made their home in Marshall, where they are still enjoying the social life of that city.

STEPHEN C. MILLER.—In the first ranks of successful farmers we have Stephen C. Miller, who was born Dec. 17, 1833, and came to Michigan from Lockport, N. Y., in 1854, and settled in Burlington township, where he now resides.

There are two reasons why our present subject should stand among the leading farmers: First, he comes of a family of tillers of the soil who worked always for the best results, and obtained them; and second, his natural progressiveness was brought to bear in the work of his life, and tell most astonishingly.

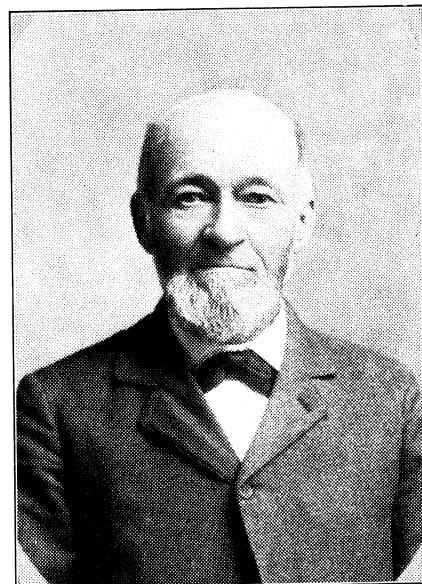
His father was Peter Miller, born in Seneca county, N. Y., June 9, 1809, and died Jan. 19, 1899. The grandfather was G. F. Abram Miller, who came from "Merrie England" to Seneca county, N. Y.

Mr. Stephen Miller by hard and practical economy, judicious investments has become the owner of a four hundred-acre farm, which does not strike a passer-by as a place of toil out rather as a home, a haven of rest,

where one could enjoy a quiet, peaceful life, and bid farewell to the bustle of a noisy city. In this delightful home the teachers of the neighborhood have always been welcomed, the ministers, too, meet with a cordial greeting, while warm hospitality is extended to agents and travelers as well, which goes to show that Mrs. Miller as the center of the home has ever been a hospitable entertainer, a model home-maker, and her home a criterion of domestic enjoyment.

Mrs. Miller was Miss Mary Smith. The happy event of her marriage with Mr. Miller took place May 31, 1860. They have but one child, a son, Frank by name, born Sept. 29, 1864, who resides at the homestead with his parents.

Mr. Miller, while never affiliating with any sectarian denomination, yet



Stephen C. Miller.

he believes in the broad principles of general christianity, and is a liberal giver to the M. E. church in his neighborhood.

In politics he is a republican, but has never cared to take an active part in the questions of the day, still he has ever shown an interest in every thing pertaining to advancement and prosperity. Has held the office of highway commissioner, and transacted all business in an honest and upright way.

Our subject has always met with marked success in raising stock, especially with Poland China swine and Shorthorn cattle, as he is turning his attention towards stock raising rather than to depend on wheat, as in the days of yore.

Many happy and peaceful years for Mr. and Mrs. Miller is the wish of the Journal.



FACTORY AND OFFICE BUILDING

Ellis Publishing Co.

B. F. BODINE.—This honored business man has been a resident of our city since 1856, having come west from Brooklyn, N. Y., with his parents at that time, when he was but nine years of age. He was the son of Howard and Christina Bodine. The father lived but two years in Battle Creek, meeting death by a fall from the house known as the Wm. Skinner residence, corner of Maple and Fremont-sts.

Mr. B. F. Bodine learned his trade, that of tailoring, of Messrs. Fred Zang and John Miller of this city. He afterward went to Mississippi, where he lived for five years, but, preferring to live in a northern state and with northern people, he left the southern clime, returning to Battle Creek, where he has carried on business ever since. Mr. Bodine has ever received a liberal patronage from his townspeople, as he is a tailor who understands his business thoroughly, and has ever striven to give entire satisfaction, and, too, he has the reputation of being honest in his deal. As Mr. Bodine's business has been one of long standing in the community his customers today are many of them, the sons of his first patrons, and he

stands as highly as a man and tailor in the estimation of the modern young man as did he when the Queen City was but a hamlet.

In Mr. Bodine's rooms, 23 Main-st west, he has samples to the number of 2,000, by which his patrons select suits. A way which enables a tailor to carry on an extensive business in limited quarters. He also carries a full line of piece goods from the best and most reliable wholesale houses, and is, therefore, well equipped to meet the wants of the public.

Mr. Bodine is a respected and useful citizen of the vicinity, where he has many friends who wish him continued success in his business.

In September of the year 1874, Mr. Bodine and Miss Annie E. Eastmead were married in Meridian, Mississippi.

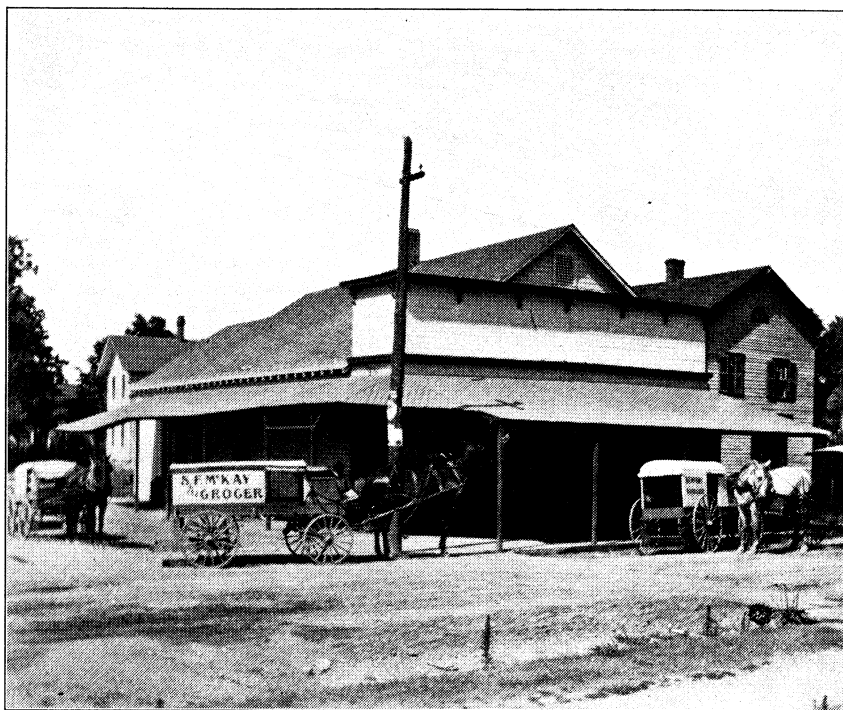
The bride was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. Six children have been born to them, four boys and two girls, all living in Battle Creek.

S. F. MCKAY.—One of the wide-awake grocerymen of Battle Creek is Mr. S. F. McKay, whose place of business is situated at 81 Calhoun-st, and is one of the busiest stores of the many

retail houses in the city. Mr. McKay was born in Carmel, Me., and the thrift which is proverbial of the Yankee nature is conspicuous in his life's work and the secret of the success which he has brought about.

Our subject was a trusted employe of several railroad companies in the capacity of telegraph operator and station agent, and his record therefrom is unimpeachable, as he not only was an expert but his cautious prudence in observing the strict rules of his employers made him a valuable attache. He was employed by the Maine Central, the Chicago & Grand Trunk, and the Union Pacific, in all 35 years. During Mr. McKay's western life, while he lived at Merino, Col., he was postmaster and justice of the peace for seven years, and his natural progressiveness and push made him an acquisition to a new, growing town, where he was an influential leader in public affairs.

On May 3, 1893, Mr. S. F. McKay came to Battle Creek, where he went into business at his present location, since which time he has combined Yankee thrift with the push which is characteristic of the western man, and prosperity is the result.



McKay's Grocery.

His double store, made attractive by the neatness which prevails throughout, is kept well stocked with the staples as well as the fancy groceries to tempt the appetite of the fastidious invalid or the epicurean. Through the genial affability of this enterprising merchant combined with his straightforward business methods, years of prosperity are his; a financial state which he can claim all credit for he has not been aided by ancestral wealth, but rather with determination and energy.

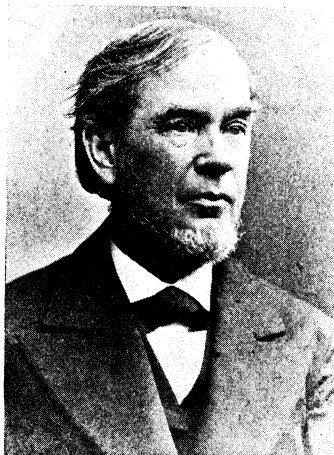
The clerks employed by Mr. McKay have the reputation of being courteous and prompt in serving the many patrons, while the S. F. McKay delivery wagons, which are constantly in evidence on our streets, are in charge of obliging drivers.

The maiden name of Mrs. S. F. McKay was Ella Merrill Levertan. They have seven children, two girls and five boys. The eldest daughter is at present a student at Michigan's university.

Mr. and Mrs. McKay have one of the attractive homes for which our city is noted; it is situated at 102 Wendell-st.

W. W. WOOLNOUGH.—The oldest newspaper editor in Battle Creek, Hon. W. W. Woolnough, was born in Suffolk county, England, in July, 1821, and in 1833 emigrated with his parents to Rochester, N. Y., where he entered the printing office of the Rochester Republican. At the close of his apprenticeship, in 1841, he entered the office of the Ashtabula Sen-

tinel as foreman, remaining there till 1843, when he returned to Rochester. In 1845 he left that city for Battle Creek with printing material, and printed the Western Citizen, the first paper printed in this city. Within a year, the Citizen having suspended, Mr. Woolnough issued one of the most zealous antislavery and whig journals published in this section, called the Michigan Tribune. This paper failed, and in 1852, Mr. Woolnough became the editor and publisher of the Battle Creek Journal, continuing the same till 1863, when he sold to Chas. E. Griffith. For seven years Mr. Woolnough edited and published a second Michigan Tribune, an independent journal, making it a thoroughly successful issue. In 1859 he served a term in the state legislature and his interest in the af-



Hon. W. W. Woolnough.

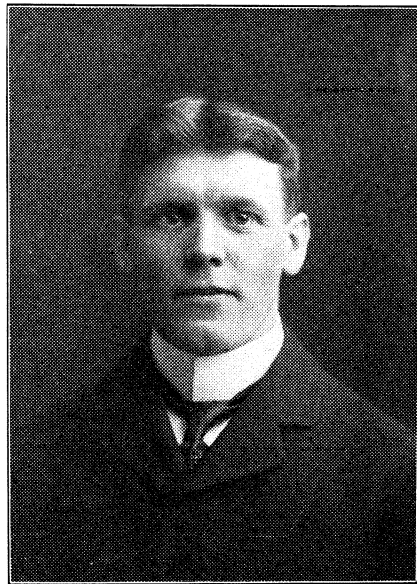
fairs of his fellow citizens won him many friends. He was elected alderman of the third ward, a position he satisfactorily held for four years, and for several years served as a member of the board of education.

Since 1883, he has been connected with the Daily Moon in the capacity of editorial writer.

In matters of a local character, Mr. Woolnough has taken an active interest; his labors to promote the moral and material growth of Battle Creek have been earnest. As a writer, he is ready and pointed, seldom indulging in rhetorical flourish; as a speaker, he does not fail to command the attention of his audience, and to impress them with much of the earnestness and zeal which he brings to every subject he attempts to discuss.

Mr. Woolnough was married in August, 1842, to Miss Emeline D. Manley of Ashtabula, O. Four children (daughters) have been born unto them, two of whom survive, Mrs. Frank W. Clapp and Mrs. E. W. Egery of this city.

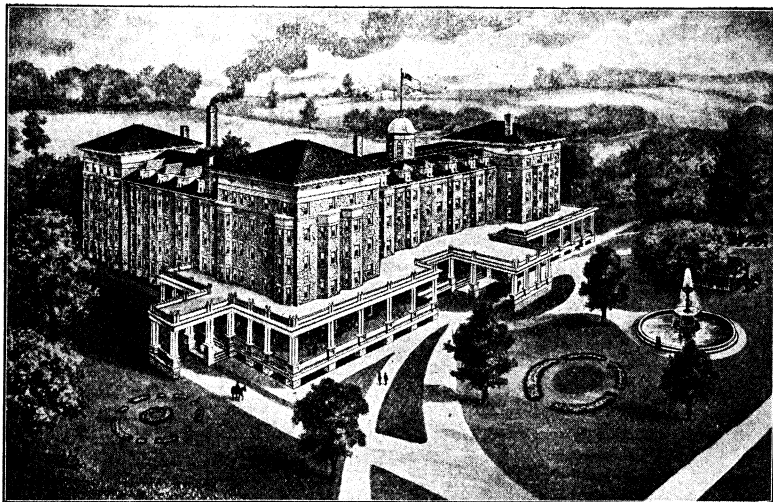
H. W. HARVEY, D. D. S.—One of the most prominent members of the dental fraternity in the city of Battle Creek, is Doctor H. W. Harvey, a man



H. W. Harvey, D. D. S.

well established in his profession and in the esteem of the community.

Dr. Harvey was born in Kent county, Ontario, and spent the first 20 years of his life in Canada, attending the public and high schools there. For several years he followed the profession of teaching and met with success as an instructor, but gave up that vocation to follow the profession of dentistry. He entered the college of dental surgery at Ann Arbor, and after giving the required years to conscien-



The Phelps Sanatorium.

tious work he was graduated in June, 1899, being then given the honor of remaining in the college for the succeeding year as demonstrator of dentistry to the undergraduates. This proved to be a profitable year to him, as the numberless cases which came under his supervision were many of them of the most difficult for operation, and as he instructed the way was open for him to perfect his own skill as well.

As enterprise is one of Dr. Harvey's characteristics he cast about him for a favorable opening for one of his calling, and selected Battle Creek as the place. His offices, with Mayor L. M. Gillette in the Tacoma block, are equipped with the latest appliances known to dentistry, and he is enjoying a lucrative practice.

Dr. Harvey is an enthusiastic member of the Masons and the Independent Foresters.

L. MOBLO.—This wide-awake business man has made himself well

known throughout this and other counties as one of the most extensive dealers in furnaces, hot-water heating, and metal business in this part of the state.

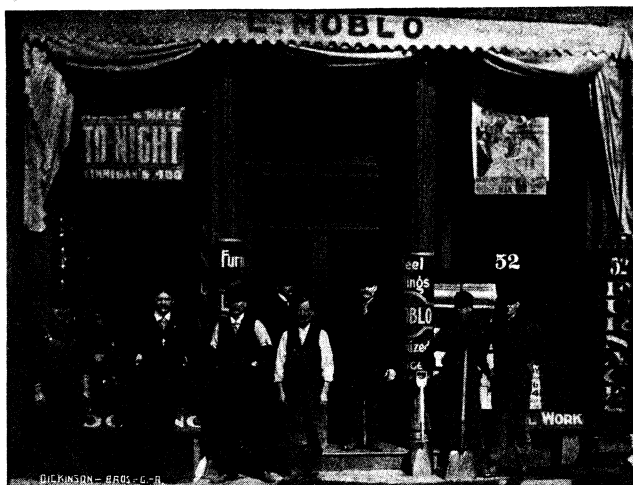
Mr. Moblo was born Feb. 22, 1859, in Jarvis, Haldimand county, Ont.

He lived at the place of his birth until his eighteenth year and secured his education in the public schools. He began learning the tinner's trade at Jarvis, finishing his apprenticeship at Sincoe, where he spent three years. In 1888 he came to Battle Creek and entered Charles Peters' hardware store, but in a year's time, being of a progressive nature, he opened a tin shop on the north side of State-st, which he occupied four years, then moved across the street into the building now occupied by E. M. McConnell, where he conducted his business successfully for two years. At the expiration of this time Mr. Moblo, finding his increase of business demanded larger quarters, moved to his present location, No. 52 Main-st west, taking success with him.

Mr. L. Moblo makes a specialty of Jewel line of stoves, mantels of all kinds and styles, carries on jobbing tinware trade, besides being authority on hot water heating business. In fitting out a home with mantels Mr. Moblo has the reputation of using both judgment and taste to suit the spec-



Interior View of Moblo's Store.



Exterior View of Moblo's Store.

ial rooms of his customers rather than a personal interest. Harmony as to size and coloring are given due consideration, for which reason he is a popular dealer in this branch of his business. As to furnace and hot-water heating Mr. Moblo's years of experience have fully qualified him for satisfying every customer with a well kept contract, and he is equipped with every facility for the perfecting of same. The Upton flats on Marshall-st, the heating arrangements of which are necessarily extensive, nine families being occupants, are among the latest contracts which our subject has taken and satisfactorily filled.

Mr. Moblo employs 14 experienced men all the time, and often is obliged

to add to the force to keep up with work.

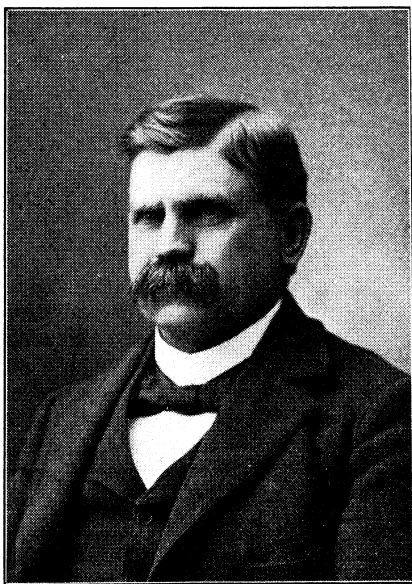
L. Moblo served the first ward as alderman, and by his public spirited ideas concerning municipal affairs he gained many friends.

On Oct. 3, 1883, Miss Belle Redfield of Homer, Mich., became the bride of L. Moblo. They have one child, a son, Charles, by name, born Aug. 5, 1885.

Mr. Moblo is a man well and favorably known in business circles in Battle Creek, while he and his wife enjoy the friendship of many in the religious and social circles. They are attendants of the Congregational church.

HON. JOHN POWELL.—John Powell has been identified with the interests of Marshall since 1889, and is well known as a public spirited and upright citizen, a man of honor in business and social relations, and one whose character is unimpeachable. His career is but an added example of what may be accomplished by a young man of determination and good habits.

Mr. Powell was born in Fredonia township on a farm, where his first lessons of life and labor were learned; the experiences of the average farmer boy can be distinctly recalled, many of them being of pleasures and others



Hon. John Powell.

seem fraught with hardships. His education was begun at a log school house, followed by several years in the high school of Marshall, and at Olivet College, then finished at the State Normal at Ypsilanti.

For the next ten years he was engaged in farming and teaching, in both of which he was successful, as



Dr. Kenzie's Office.

he became the owner of several farms which were classed among the most productive of the county, and that he was recognized as an up-to-date teacher is proved by the fact that he held the position of school inspector for some time.

Mr. Powell subsequently became interested in the grain and lumber business, making his headquarters at Ceresco. Probably no man in Calhoun county is more widely known in the farming communities than Mr. Powell, for during his years of buying and shipping grain from Ceresco that village became the popular grain center. Mr. Powell was not only prosperous in business but by his straightforward, honest deal, paying the highest market price and keeping to his contracts he made friends of his patrons within the radius of many miles. In 1889 he located in Marshall, continuing his grain trade.

Mr. John Powell has ever been interested in the questions of the day, taking a firm stand in his opinions and with the courage, too, of holding to his honest convictions. As he is a man whose views are broad he has been chosen by the voters of the county as an office holder, having satisfactorily held many local offices, and is now serving his second term as mayor of the city of Marshall, in all of which he has conscientiously considered the interests of his people.

On October 20, 1897, Hon. John Powell and Miss Mable Sterling were united in marriage. The bride was a teacher in the city schools of Marshall. Two children have been born to them: Margaret S., born Aug. 7, 1898, and Robert C., born Jan. 9, 1901.

WILLIAM F. KENZIE, M. D.—The calling of a physician is not only one of the most arduous, but also one of the most responsible pursuits in which man can engage, and he who attains a high reputation in this profession must necessarily be endowed with keen intelligence and excellent judgment.

The subject of this sketch, is the son of William O. Kenzie, who for years lived in Buchanan, Mich., but who moved to Battle Creek in 1871, where the son, Wm. F., was born March 11, 1875. Dr. Kenzie received educational advantages in our city schools, graduating therefrom in 1894. Having decided on the medical profession he entered the University of Michigan in 1895, where he conscientiously pursued the required studies till he was needed in army service, thereupon, in 1898, he enlisted as assistant steward for three division hospitals, 4th Army Corps, for one year. His army record is most praiseworthy as he was faithful in his duties, giving each case under his charge most careful attention, for which he received repeated laudations from the chief surgeon.

Upon his return home Dr. Kenzie returned to the University of Michigan, in 1899, and in one year matriculated at the Illinois Medical College at Chicago, from which he was graduated in 1901, returning at once to Battle Creek, where he opened an office in the Post building.

Dr. Kenzie has made a special study of the diseases of the ear, eye, nose and throat and is well equipped with all appliances designed for the use of the practitioner to successfully conduct all cases. He is meeting with

the encouraging prospects which his well-directed efforts deserve, and his many friends have every reason to believe him to be one of Battle Creek's future prosperous physicians as he engages in general practice as well as office specialties. Dr. Kenzie has the genial bearings of a gentleman and as his medical ability is of the highest he is beginning his Battle Creek practice most auspiciously.

WILLIAM H. SLEEPER.—One of the industrious, thoroughgoing men of our city is Mr. William H. Sleeper of 42 Michigan-ave south, who is one of the ever busy contractors. Mr. Sleeper was reared in Calhoun county on a farm where his experience was not unlike that of the average country boy. Although he did not accept that vocation as being his he looks back

panies, and he was engaged in the same capacity for five years by the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe, and for two years by the Atlantic & Pacific R. R., his territory being in New Mexico and Arizona, and still later, for four years by the Pere Marquette, which preceded a term of years of gratifying results with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. His record from these companies is a compliment to our subject, as he was a most worthy employe, and a considerate but decisive foreman for the many who worked under his direction.

Mr. Sleeper came to Battle Creek 11 years ago, and bringing all the push and vim which he imbibed from his years in the western states, he has built up an enviable business for himself as contractor and builder.



Residence of W. H. Sleeper.

to it as the time he formed the habits of perseverance and industry, both of which have been the secret of his success. Carpenter's tools and what he could accomplish with them had great fascination for him.

When W. H. Sleeper was 18 years of age he tried western life, being employed on a railway system in Colorado and New Mexico. At 19 years of age he was engaged as foreman of the bridge and pile driving company on the Sante Fe railroad, a position he satisfactorily held for seven years, as he understood his work thoroughly and had the happy faculty of managing the men in his supervision without discord arising among them.

Mr. Sleeper's executive ability became known to other railroad com-

The houses which have been put up under his direction number 158, being about 12 to 16 a year, one of the latest being the home of R. T. Lovell on the corner of Champion and Tompkins-sts.

Twelve years ago W. H. Sleeper was united in marriage with Miss Amelia Wahl of Partello. They have two children, Earl, aged 12, and Aleene, aged 7.

HENRY A. BROMBERG.—The pride of the Queen City is the new jewelry store of H. A. Bromberg's at 48 Main-st west.

Mr. Bromberg was born in the city of Cherson, near Odessa, Russia, and when 13 years old entered, as an apprentice, the watchmaker's establish-

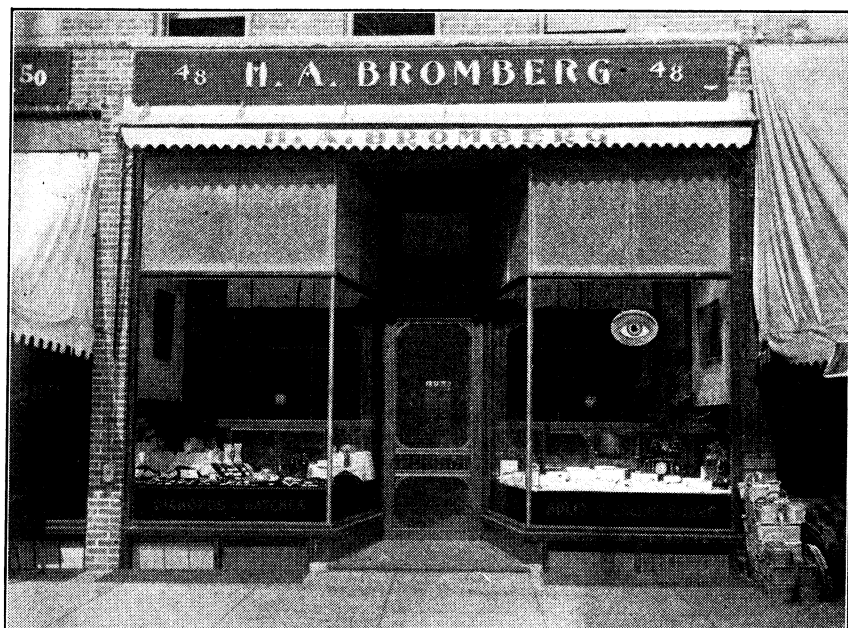
ment of Korll Male, known as the Tiffany of Russia; the iron-clad apprenticeship was for seven years and Mr. Bromberg informs us that he looks back to those years as the hardest of his life, and yet he now attributes his success in business to the rigid training he received there, for his employer was one of the most skillful workmen in Russia, and under the absolute government system an apprentice is at the mercy of his employer.

When Mr. Bromberg became of age, and, understanding the deplorable condition of the Russian government, he with others began to agitate the subject of a more liberal system than the cruel oppression over poor boys and girls, but being checked by the iron rule of the government he was obliged to leave his native country. After traveling all over Europe and many of the other foreign countries, he came to the United States, meeting with the severest difficulties in obtaining work, owing to his being able to speak only his own language, but after many trials he was fortunate in securing employment with the celebrated Horologist of New York City, where, by his attention to business and his skill in performing the most delicate workmanship he became a valuable attache of the establishment. Within a few years, however, having mastered the English language better positions were open to him and he accepted one in Elizabeth, N. J., and later was connected with S. Eichberg, a well known importer of diamonds and Swiss watches, Mr. Bromberg having the entire charge of the watch repairing department, a position which he filled for three years, but accepted a more lucrative position in Washington, D. C., where he enjoyed success for several years.

About this time Mr. Bromberg's health failed and he took an extensive western trip; at St. Paul he was advised to come to Battle Creek for treatments at the sanitarium, and, meeting Mr. Will Galloup, of the firm of Galloup & Hollister, arrangements were made for Mr. Bromberg to work in the jewelry store above mentioned for half days and also be at liberty to receive the necessary sanitarium treatments.

It was on Nov. 4, 1884, that our subject first came to Battle Creek and continued in the employ of Galloup & Hollister till the partnership was dissolved, when Mr. Bromberg was found by his many friends working at watch repairing in a window of E. R. Smith's book store.

About this time Mr. Bromberg, longing to see his home friends once more,



Exterior View of Bromberg's Store.

crossed the Atlantic for that purpose, but, on arriving in Paris he was informed by the American ambassador that to enter Russia would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking; he thereupon telegraphed his mother to meet him in Paris, but under the severely rigid law of the Russians she was not allowed to leave the country, even after her appeals to the American ambassador at St. Petersburg, and, through the inhuman rules for which there was no redress, Mr. Bromberg was forced to return to America having been sadly disappointed in the object of his journey. He returned to Battle Creek and while waiting for a suitable location he did repairing work over the clothing store of Mr. Maas, where his many friends gave him a most liberal patronage. Later, he opened business in a window of Buck & Hoyt's furniture store, which he continued till the firm changed hands, when our subject opened the "Miniature Jewelry Store" at 42½ Main-st west, a stairway 5x10 feet, which soon took its merited place among the flourishing jewelry stores of the city. Mr. Bromberg continued successful business there for five years, when, in 1898, being appointed watch inspector for the Battle Creek division of the Grand Trunk Western railway, which meant to handle from 400 to 600 watches yearly, which position he held three and one-half years, he found it necessary to move to larger quarters and removed to a store in the Gildersleeve block, where he remained three years, his business increasing constantly.

Mr. Bromberg has recently moved

his extensive stock into the Austin & Nichols' block, Main-st west, and by adding to his goods he now has one of the finest jewelry stores in the county. The store is 20 feet wide by 80 feet deep.

The genial proprietor of this store, resplendent with silver and cut glass, does the buying himself and as he has the best possible taste in making his selections he is ready to display to his many patrons the finest assortment of goods, comprising diamonds, novelties of the latest designs, cut glass and sterling silverware, to be found at the best houses of Europe and



Interior View of Bromberg's Store.

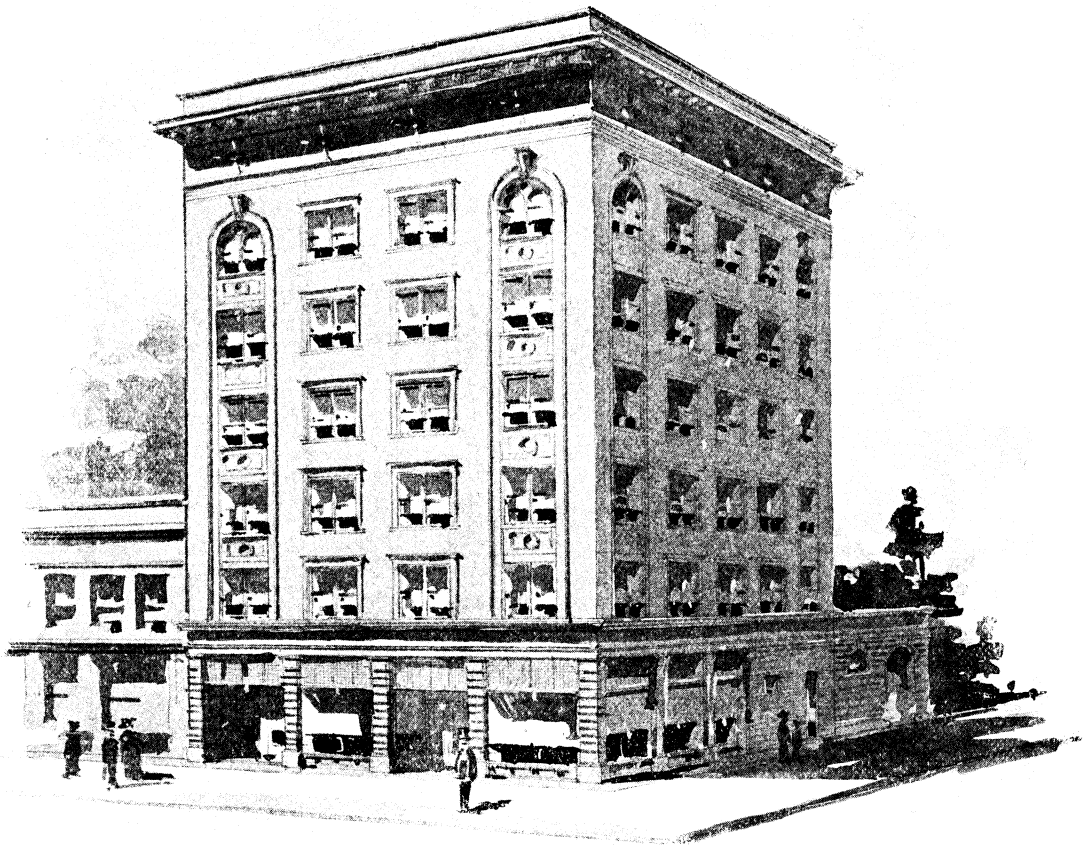
ed workman and a man of strict business principles lets nothing leave his repair table without his approval, as he has the supervision of every detail in his business. One feature of this popular store is the Stella music boxes, which have been handled by the proprietor with marked success.

Henry A. Bromberg by his own exertions and business sagacity, has brought himself to his present prosperous condition; he has many social and business friends who rejoice in his success in life. He belongs to the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Maccabees, besides being an enthusiastic member of the Atheistan club.

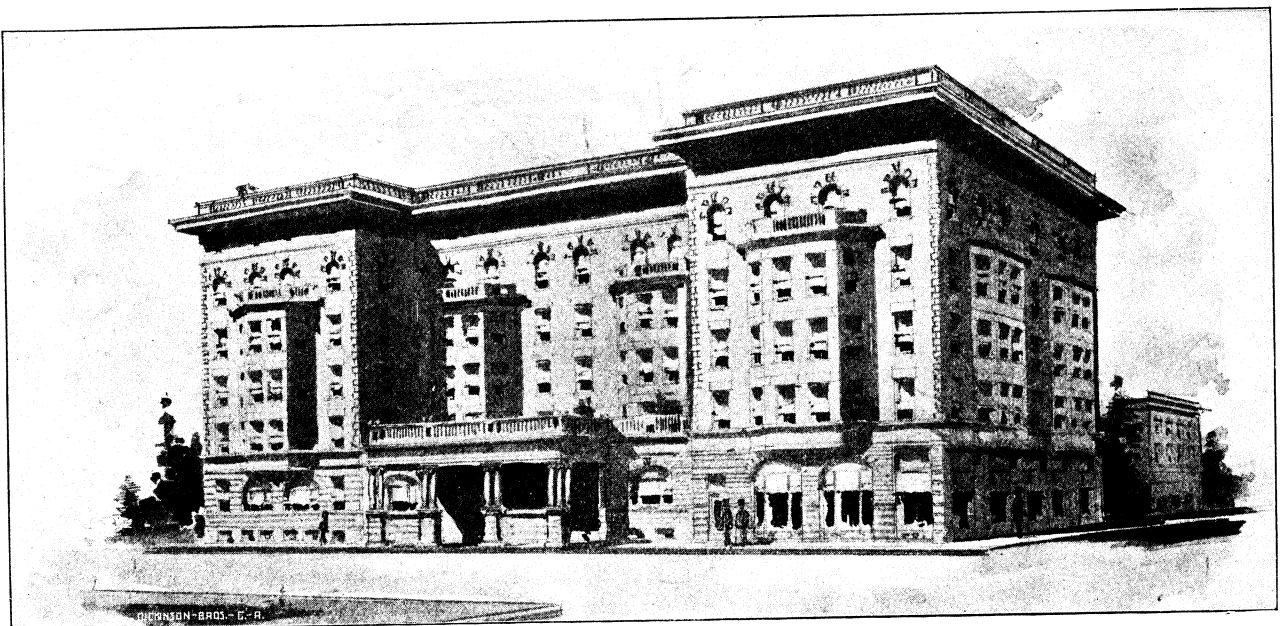
The wife of Mr. H. A. Bromberg was Miss Etta Squires. They have four daughters, and their pleasant house at 136 Fremont-st, is one of the attractive homes of the city, and one where cheer and comfort abounds.

C. W. POST.—Charles W. Post is not a man who seeks personal notice from the press, but we realize that a compilation of this character would be incomplete without a brief sketch of this enterprising and public-spirited citizen.

Mr. Post came to Battle Creek some ten years ago, when his health was impaired; he remained at the sanitarium for some time, but became interested in mental science and through its teachings was restored to health, when he purchased the property where the Postum Cereal works now stand, and here established the La Vita Inn, an institute for the treatment of invalids by the scientific methods by



Post Office Building.



Post Tavern.

which he was cured. Mr. Post also engaged in real estate operations, successfully marketing a number of building lots.

About seven years ago Mr. Post commenced the manufacture of Pos-



C. W. Post.

tum Cereal in a small way, later he added the Grape-Nut food, meeting many obstacles, but surmounting them all by his indefatigable perseverance; he is today doing the largest business in his line in the world, and with a plant capitalized at \$5,000,000. From the first he has been a consistent believer in newspaper advertising and having the courage of his convictions, he has indeed won success. As a writer Mr. Post has marked versatility, and his logical arguments and the interesting matter that he has written in his advertising has been an important factor in the success at tending his business. He not only has erected his large factory, but also the Post Tavern and Post office building, of which illustrations are given in this issue, and are monuments to his enterprise and public spirit. He is continually adding to his manufacturing plant, having nearly doubled the same in the past year; he is also erecting a business block, corner of McCamly and Main-sts. Mr. Post was largely instrumental and a liberal contributor in the building of the new opera house. His many interests in the city are so extensive that he is rated as a multi-millionaire.

HON. WM. J. FOSTER.—The father of Wm. J. Foster was Joseph L., who was born in Oneida county, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1815. He was a farmer of great merit and gained a reputation in

sheep husbandry, meeting with such success in that branch of his business that he was considered authority on that subject. His wife, whose maiden name was Jane McCrory, became Mrs. J. L. Foster on Feb. 21, 1838. She was born in Ireland, coming to America with her parents when she was but 7 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Foster came to Michigan in 1867, locating on one of the most beautiful tracts of land in Battle Creek township, on Goguac Prairie, where they lived the independent life of happy, prosperous farmers during their allotted time on earth.

Hon. Wm. J. Foster was born in Genesee county, in 1839. He is a man of wide experience, large enterprise, and of more than ordinary energy, who has been identified with the farmers and stockmen of Calhoun county for many years, and has made his influence felt regarding the public questions of the day.

Mr. Foster is the owner of two valuable farms on Goguac Prairie, one of 160 acres and the other of 125, both of which, through Mr. Foster's management, are kept in the best possible condition as to buildings and fences, showing that Mr. Foster is a landowner who takes pride in his property, and one, too, whose farms add materially to the real estate standing in the community.

As one of the board of the Agricul-

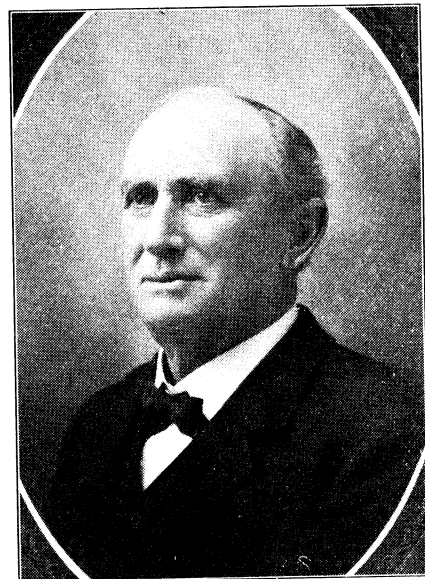


J. L. Foster.

tural Society of Calhoun county Mr. Foster has been instrumental in increasing the interest in the county fairs at Marshall.

Our subject is a stalwart republican and has held many town offices,

which, through his natural reserved manner he has never sought, but, for his strong, clear-headed judgment he has been sought by the voters. In 1901 he was elected a representative of the second district of Calhoun



Hon. William J. Foster.

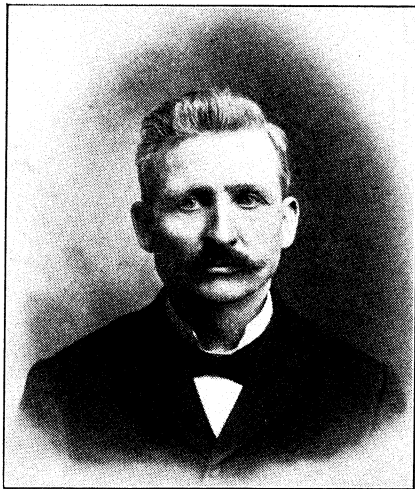
county, and by his wide minded, but unprejudiced views he is fulfilling the prophecies of his many friends by having the interest of his people at heart and being an incorruptible representative.

H. C. WINEBRENNER.—It is always a pleasure to see persevering industry when it is combined with honor and integrity, crowned with success, and such a record we have in that of H. C. Winebrenner's life. He was born in Martinsburg, Pa., Nov. 24, 1839, but moved with his parents to Indiana in 1846 where he was given all the advantages which parents in limited circumstances could give him.

On July 26, 1862, our subject enlisted in the civil war, Company B, 88th Indiana Volunteers, and was a faithful soldier till the close of the war. He was in ten battles, was wounded twice and captured once. The war record of Mr. Winebrenner is one of which he may well be proud, as in serving his country he showed the courage of a true man.

In 1890 he came to Battle Creek. When young he showed a natural aptitude for the business he has followed, and it was prophesied by his employers that in time he would excel in his line of work. For 34 years Mr. Winebrenner has been engaged in painting, graining, and paper hanging, besides all kinds of frescoing and decorating. He has the reputation of being an expert in his business, as

he thoroughly understands it in its every branch, keeping up with the latest designs and methods, and, too, doing his work in an honest, workman-like manner, which not only brings customers to him, but keeps them year after year. In his decorations the



H. C. Winebrenner.

perfect harmony as to shading and tinting has been highly commended, and in giving advice to customers as to their home decorations Mr. Winebrenner considers the attractiveness of his patron's home rather than selfish interests, and by so doing he has gained friends innumerable during his 11 years in Battle Creek.

Mr. Winebrenner deals in paints and varnishes of the very best makes, and is prepared to produce the various shades of oak and the natural woods used so abundantly in house finishings; the effect of this branch of his work is so perfect that the imitation woods cannot be distinguished from the real. Ten experienced workmen are in his employ who co-operate with Mr. Winebrenner in giving the best possible satisfaction to all patrons.

In 1865 H. C. Winebrenner and Miss Anna Hoxworth were united in marriage. Three children have been born to them, two sons and one daughter, but one son deceased at the age of 16.

Mr. Winebrenner, politically, is a republican, but although interested in the affairs of his country, he has never entered partisan strife.

The business place of our subject is situated at 307 Champion-st, where all calls will receive prompt and efficient attention.

CHARLES B. MEAD.—The township of Marengo has no more reputable citizen than Charles B. Mead, a farmer who lives east of the city of Marshall in Marengo township, but who still retains his interest in the home-

stead, a fine farm of 132 acres. Mr. Mead's attention is given to general farming and stock raising, which he thoroughly understands and which in his hands are profitable enterprises.

Mr. Mead is the son of John B. and Frances (Clark) Mead, the date of his birth being Jan. 13, 1865.

Mr. John Mead was born in Paulsin, Dutchess county, N. Y., on Jan. 13, 1829. He early chose farming as his life work, and in the pursuit of his calling he not only acquired a competency for his old age, but rendered valuable assistance to his fellow-farmers in developing the agricultural resources of his section of the country.

His wife was born in Monroe county in 1841, and her marriage with John B. Mead was June 8, 1863, and of the eight children born to them our subject is the eldest. Mrs. Mead came to her death in an unusual way, as it was traceable to the fatal sting of a bee, her demise occurring Aug. 12, 1899, in the 58th year of her life.

Charles B. Mead is a man of resources; he is a progressive farmer who is ever on the watch to improve the present methods of advancing his work. For some years he has been a successful drain contractor, and by his thorough understanding of the work and his faithfulness in the performance of every contract he took he has gained the reputation of being authority in that line of business. The county recognized the superior merit of Mr. Mead in his particular line of work and elected him to the position of county drain commissioner for a term of two years; his work receiving



Charles B. Mead.

the highest commendation from the many land-owners whom his drains had benefited, he was again elected to succeed himself and is serving with entire satisfaction.

Politically he is a silver republican,

and is interested in all the great questions of the day. In church affiliations he and his family attend the Methodist Protestant church.

Mr. Mead from his interest in important movements concerning the advancement of his fellow-citizens has been sent as delegate to many conventions; to the state in 1896, and to all county conventions since that date.

The maiden name of the woman who is sharing the joys and sorrows of Charles B. Mead's life, was Ida M. White. They have six children in their home, namely, Charles G., Mable, Muriel, Floyd, Birdie and William.

GEORGE G. CARR.—One of Battle Creek's popular and enterprising contractors is G. G. Carr, who was born in 1858 in the town of Eastbrook, Pa., near the city of New Castle. He received educational advantages in the schools of his native town, but began at the age of 17 to learn the carpenter's trade; in fact, he cannot recall the time when he was not interested in the tools of a builder and fascinated in the use of them, as his father was ever engaged in the business, and the son early in life manifested a marked aptitude for the work.

Our subject has had the best of instruction in his line of work and has improved every opportunity, thereby making himself one of the up-to-date contractors of Battle Creek, and one who keeps posted on the latest methods and designs. He is prepared to take contracts for all public buildings and private residences, taking a special interest in the latter and has the satisfaction of receiving the highest praise from the owners of the same, as he conscientiously keeps to his contracts and aims to suit his patrons in every particular.

As to interior finishings of the natural wood, frescousing and trimming, Mr. Carr is one of the leading workmen, as the taste he displays is unsurpassed and his workmanship is faultless.

Many of the handsome homes for which Battle Creek is becoming noted have been erected by George G. Carr, among them the residences of A. D. Webb, F. H. Lyman, J. P. Hamilton, Alderman Fred H. Webb, ex-Alderman F. C. Stillson and Scott Fields, the latter being one of his latest contracts, a half-tone of which accompanies this sketch.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Carr, the latter was formerly Miss Ella E. Kellogg of Ionia, Mich., have lived in Battle Creek for nine years, and that continued prosperity is in store for them is the earnest wish of the Journal.



Residence of Scott Field, Built by G. G. Carr.

MARTIN E. BROWN.—Martin E. Brown was born in Battle Creek, on August 3, 1857, and until his fifteenth year, was a student in the public schools of this city. At that age he entered the office of the Michigan Tribune, a weekly paper published in the city by W. W. Woolnough, one of the veteran editors of the state, and now an editorial writer in the employ of Mr. Brown. He remained in this office three years, until he had earned sufficient means to carry him through a two years' course at the State University at Ann Arbor, where with the zeal and perseverance that has characterized him in his entire newspaper career, he pursued his studies, working meanwhile to some extent in the office of the Hon. Rice A. Beal, of the Courier.

Upon his return from Ann Arbor he established a small printing office at 13 North Jefferson-st and issued therefrom a small three-column folio, which he circulated in connection with the Detroit News. This publication he christened the Daily Moon, the first issue appearing March 25, 1879, with but slight promise of its future successful growth. But the Moon had come to stay, and its editor by persistency and tireless effort slowly forged ahead with his cherished enterprise, adding to the plant and from time to time increasing the size of the paper to meet the constantly enlarging demand for space. At present the Moon occupies the brick block at 39 Main-st east, which was purchased by M. E.

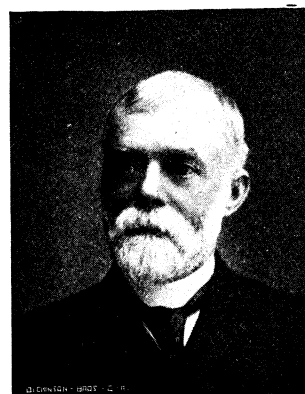
Brown for the purpose, and his paper is a seven-column paper of eight pages.

Personally the editor of the Moon has been actively interested in all matters of public interest, and is known as an enthusiastic believer in the future of the Queen City. He is a member of the board of trade, and

it was largely through his instrumentality that the Duplex Printing Press Company decided to locate its plant in Battle Creek. He has always been ready to use his time and effort and the influence of the Moon in securing for Battle Creek any industrial or commercial advantage, or in the support of any worthy public enterprise.

He occupies a prominent position in the organization of the Michigan Associated dailies and is the present secretary of that body. He has also several times been a delegate to the National Editorial Association.

Mr. Brown has erected a handsome brick block on Main-st east, and has other property interests. Altogether Mr. Brown is a fair example of the self-made man and his success is entirely deserved.



P. Hoffmaster.



M. E. Brown.

Review & Herald Publishing Co.

Among the many large establishments throughout the United States devoted to printing and the kindred arts, that of the Review & Herald Publishing Company of Battle Creek, Mich., is entitled to a front rank. Few concerns can boast of a larger equipment of all that goes to make up a modern printing office, and still fewer can show a more noteworthy production, either in magnitude or variety.

The plant takes up one immense building, containing 80,000 square feet

been at the sacrifice of symmetry, so that in this one essential the establishment may be said to be lacking. The building cannot be described as an ideal one for the purpose for which it is used. Yet it is well-lighted, well-ventilated, and kept scrupulously clean—three virtues not always found in printing office buildings making much greater pretensions.

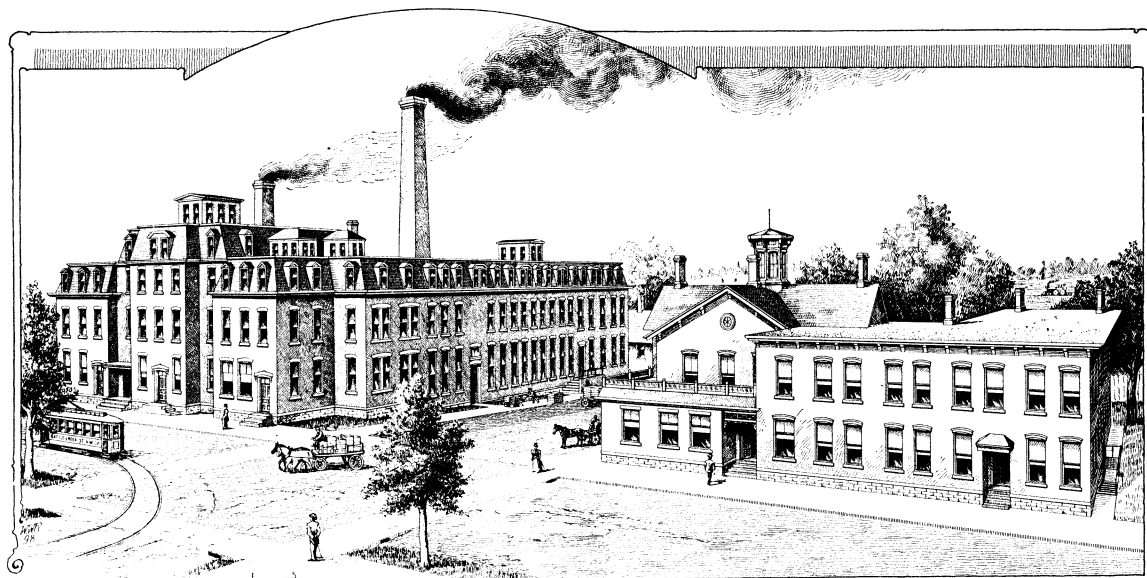
The basement is given over principally to the boilers, engines and dynamos. Of the first-named there are four—three of 80-horse power apiece,

are suspended over steam coils in an oven-like arrangement. By means of this apparatus work can be delivered to customers a few minutes after leaving the presses when desired.

From the samples shown, nothing in the line of job printing is apparently too difficult for the facilities of the office. Color work, embossing and fine half-tone work are produced in all their variations.

A paper-box factory, fully equipped, is a part of the establishment.

The book composing room has the



General View of Review & Herald Publishing Co.'s Buildings.

of floor space, and overflows into a number of smaller structures adjoining. The visitor, in endeavoring to obtain a concise idea of the lay-out of the establishment, is very apt to become confused. He soon learns, however, that together they form a whole, complete institution, dominated by a single spirit, controlled by a master mind, operated for a specific purpose. The chopped up appearance of the building is due to the fact that the business has been one of gradual development. In 1850, when it was first instituted, a small building was ample for its needs. The original building has been retained, but wings have been added and additions built, so that it resembles the original about as much as the proverbial pocketknife with new blades and a new handle, resembles the original knife that came from the factory. All this has

and one of 180-horse power. A magnificent engine supplies the power for the establishment, while an entirely separate plant furnishes the light. The basement also provides room for storing immense quantities of paper, 12 carloads being not infrequently kept on hand. Every year about 15,875 reams of paper, weighing over 2,000,000 pounds, are used; almost enough to keep a small paper mill employed.

The pressroom contains nine up-to-date cylinders. These presses average 16,000 impressions per hour, or 144,000 per day.

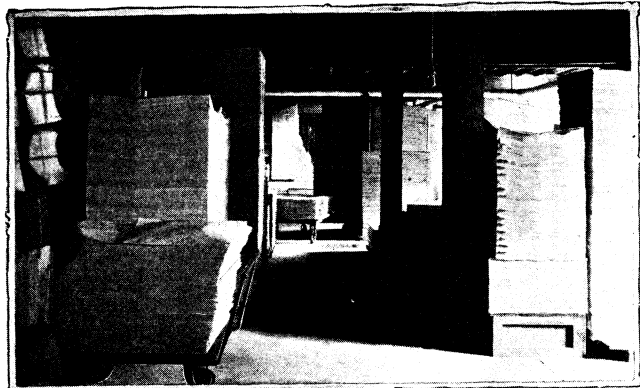
The job composing room is well equipped with all the standard type faces. In a room adjoining are ten platen and four pony cylinder presses and they are kept in constant operation. At one end of the jobroom is a novelty in the way of a quick-drying apparatus. Trays of light wirework

necessary equipment for turning out anything in the book, pamphlet, or magazine line with neatness and rapidity. Besides the large amount of book composition done in this department, twenty periodicals are issued, ranging from an eight-page weekly to an eighty-page monthly. The monthly output of periodicals alone is over five hundred pages, containing an average of nearly two million ems. The number of compositors and general workmen employed is over fifty.

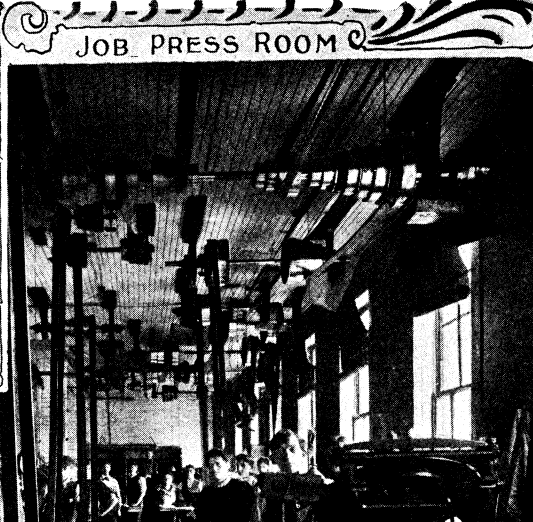
In addition to the almost perfect equipment for all kinds of hand composition, there is a battery of three of the latest improved Mergenthaler Linotype machines, which, running constantly, do the work of twenty-five compositors, and turn off about 200,000 ems per day.

The facilities of this department for

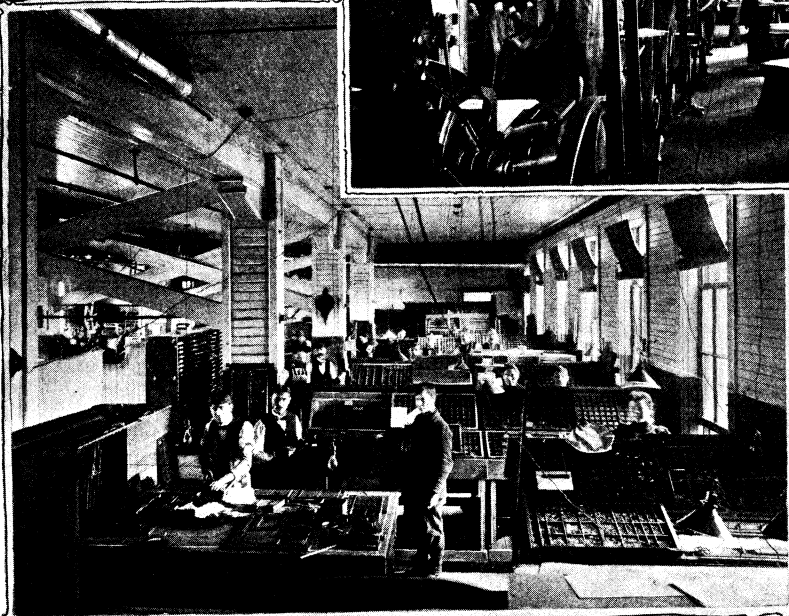
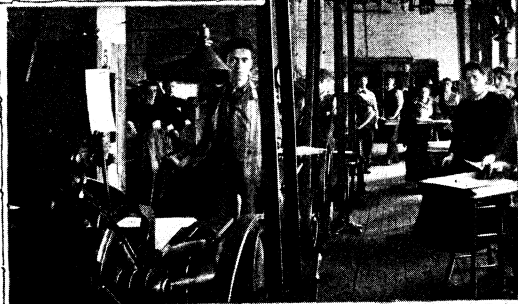




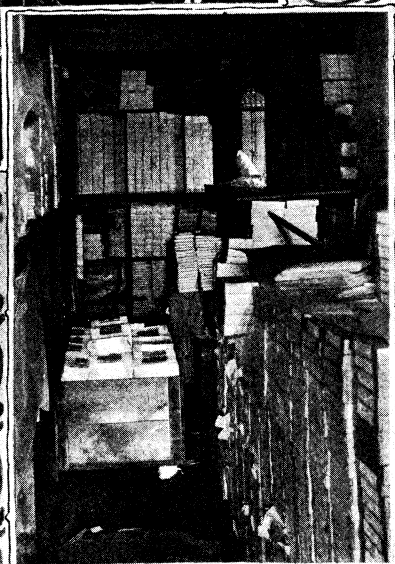
PAPER STOCK ROOM



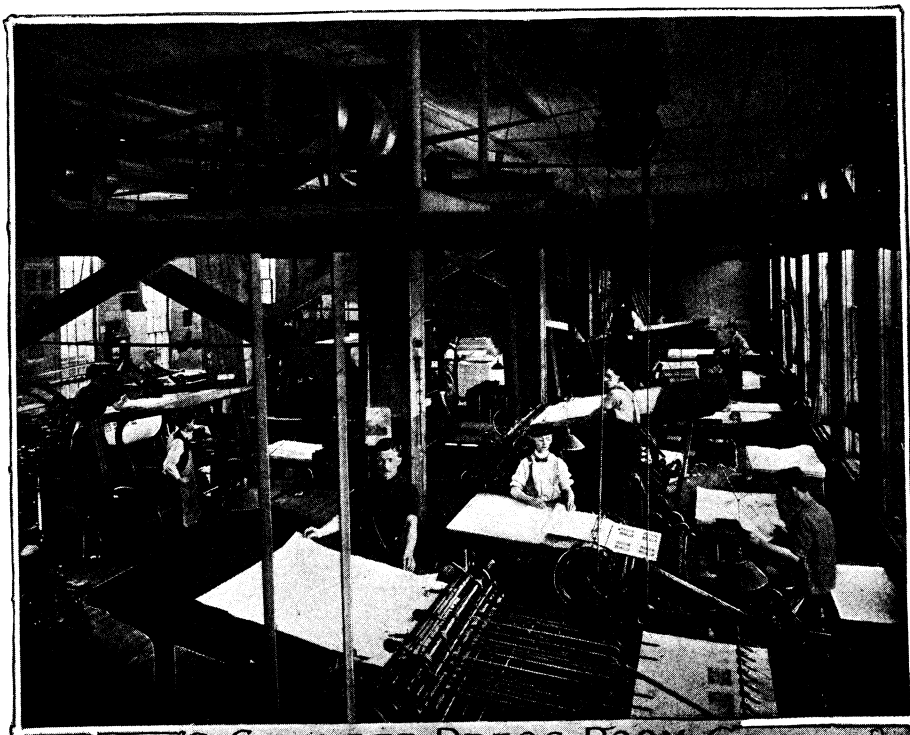
JOB PRESS ROOM



JOB TYPE ROOM



EAST STOCK ROOM



CYLINDER PRESS ROOM



FOUNDRY

doing all kinds of music work are unexcelled.

The third floor is largely taken up by the bookbindery and its adjuncts. Here are found five Smyth book-sewing machines, three of which are of the new model, sewing without a cord; several new Hickok ruling machines, capable of ruling 60,000 sheets a day;

three numbering machines; five embossing presses, two of which are power presses and self-inkers; besides numerous folders, wire stitchers, tying machines, rotary board cutters, perforators, smashers, gilding machines, presses and other necessary machinery.

In an adjoining factory three car-

penters are kept constantly employed in crating goods for shipment and doing such other work about the premises as comes within their province.

The electrotyping department employs fifteen journeymen and a number of apprentices. It occupies a roomy, well-lighted apartment on the third floor, and is well equipped with



COUNTING ROOM

everything going to make a model foundry.

Under the roof there is a room specially fitted up for photo-engraving, equipped with everything necessary for half-tone and zinc etching work. The art room, where the designing and illustrating is done, is on the ground floor, adjoining the business office. There Messrs. F. E. Robert and P. J. Rennings have a cosy nook with artistic embellishments, and are ready to supply illustrations for anything from a bible to a business card.

"The Review & Herald Publishing Co.," which is the trade name under which the Seventh Day Adventist Publishing Company does business, was established in 1850. It was incorporated in 1861, and re-incorporated in 1891 with a capital stock of \$250,000. The officers are: I. H. Evans, president and general manager; C. D. Rhodes, secretary and treasurer; S. H. Lane, auditor. It also has representation in England, Germany, Norway and Switzerland.

MILO STOLP.—The task of a biographical writer is a pleasant one when he is called upon to give facts in the history of a man so conspicuous in the social and financial improvement of a locality as is the gentleman above named. Mr. Stolp is a son of William and Martha (Kinyon) Stolp, and was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1834, coming to Michigan with his parents in 1850.

William Stolp, born July 4, 1812, in Onondaga county, N. Y., was a striking illustration of force of industry in a man. He arose from an humble position to one of affluence simply by the constant exercise of frugality and hard work. He was numbered among the prominent farmers and stock raisers of Michigan. His parents were William and Hannah (Barnes) Stolp, who owned a fine farm of 300 acres in Onondaga county, and were extensively engaged in raising cattle and horses. He was an ardent patriot, served in the war of 1812 and participated in the battles of Oswego and Sackett's Harbor under General Brown.

The father of our subject was a tiller of the soil in his native state till 1837, when, becoming anxious to try his fortunes in the far west, came to investigate and judge for himself as to the fertility and the advantages held out to emigrants. He found the state in a primitive wildness, so returned to the Empire state, but later, in 1849, came with the intention of settling permanently, which he did, buying from time to time till he was

the owner of over 700 acres of choice land. Mrs. Stolp, the mother of our subject, was a most worthy woman, whose untimely death at the age of 39 years was a severe affliction to her family and a host of friends. She was the mother of nine children, namely: Milo, Jay, Hannah, Polly, Randolph, Florence, Mary, DeForest and Martha.

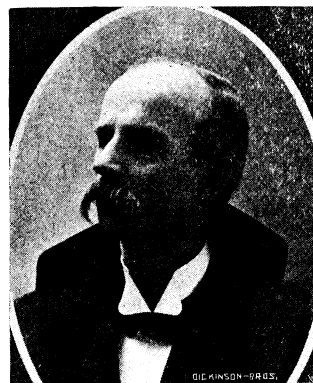
Milo Stolp on November 22, 1876, was united in marriage with Miss Mary Jane Warsop, the daughter of Joseph and Ann (Gray) Warsop. Four children have been born to them. They are living in their well-kept home, a farm of 120 acres, which was bought in 1879, where they expect and hope to reside so long as an earthly abode is needed.

Mr. Stolp is a general farmer, thinking that the best results are produced when not confined to one special line. In politics Mr. Stolp is a radical democrat. He has an honorable record and merits the respect and esteem which he has from all who know him.

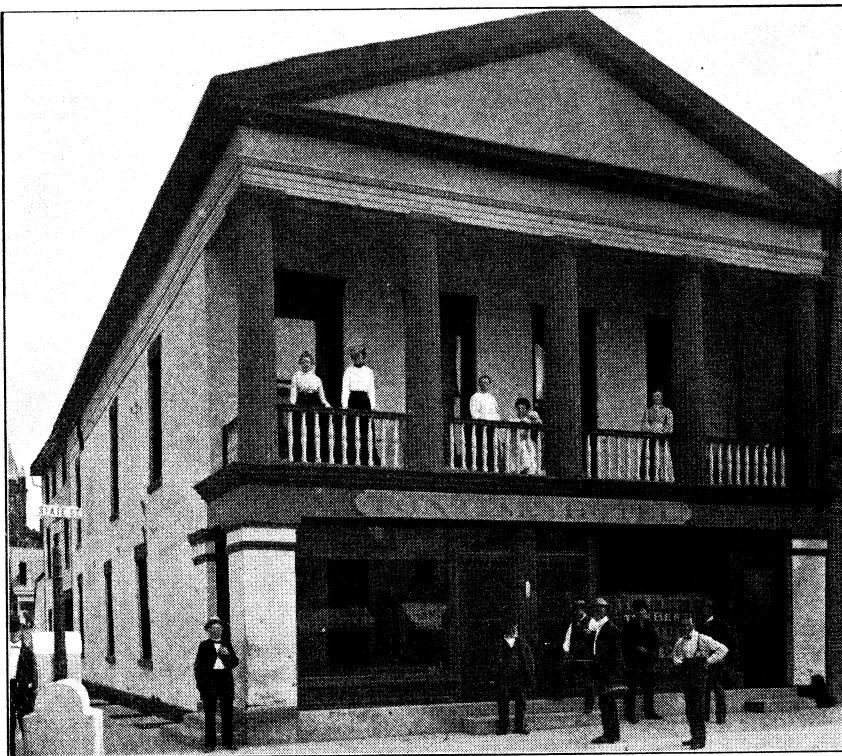
THE TONTINE.—The Tontine house in Marshall is a neat, comfortable, well kept and well served house where the guest is made to feel that his hotel is his home.

The genial proprietors of this popular hotel, namely, Wm. H. and Albert A. Holmes, are well qualified to satisfactorily and successfully conduct a public hostelry, as they are experi-

enced men in their line of work, looking after the details of the management themselves and giving careful attention to the comfort of every guest. They have spared no expense in equipping the house with all modern conveniences, steam heat and electricity having been put in within the last few years. On the first floor are pleasantly located the spacious dining room, show room, sample room, and ladies' parlor. The guests' rooms on the second floor are well lighted and well warmed, and furnished with all the appurtenances which tend to comfort and homelike cheer. The utmost care is given to the board and for that reason the past patrons of the Tontine continue to be so, and ever have a kind word for the house and the popular proprietors.

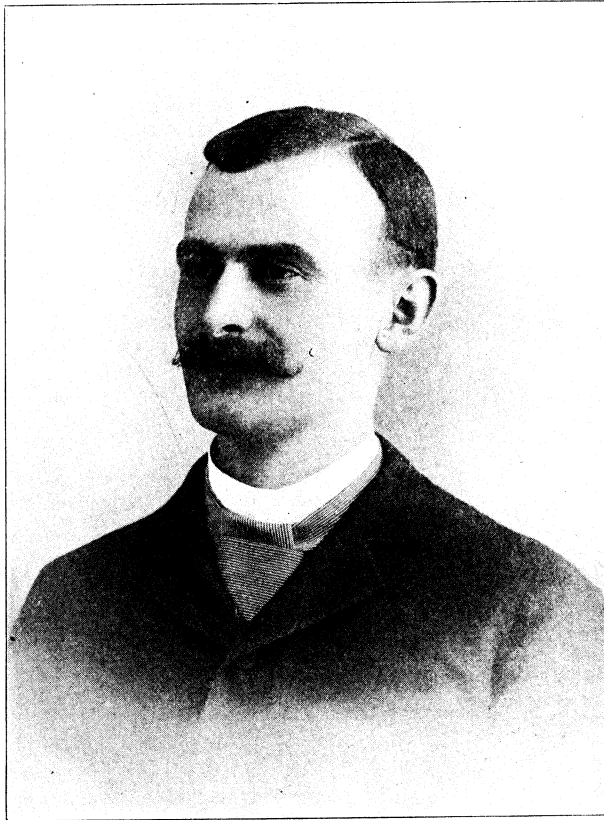


E. R. Smith.



The Tontine Hotel.

BATTLE GREEK'S MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT



L. M. Gillette.

HON. L. M. GILLETTE, the mayor of Battle Creek, is an office holder, who, during his administration, has ever worked for the best interests of the city and by so doing his terms of mayoralty are conspicuous in the annals of the city by the admirable management of municipal affairs. Dr. Gillette is a broad-minded man and is one of the most practical mayors who have ever held that office in Battle Creek.

FRED H. WEBB has been an active member of the city council since 1893. He is a most ardent townsman, giving most efficient aid on the several committees to which he belongs, namely, side and cross walk, public health, and charity, public buildings and parks, and printing. He is a past chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, a past commander in the Maccabees, and a member of the A. O. U. W.



Fred H. Webb.

FRANK E. HALLADAY, a well known representative in the city council and a prominent wholesale grocery dealer in the city, was elected



Frank E. Halladay.

alderman of the fourth ward in the spring of 1898, and has made a most praiseworthy record in his earnest work for the city; he is chairman of the ways and means committee.

DR. J. C. REYNOLDS, one of the successful physicians of Battle Creek, and one whose reputation is well earned



Dr. J. C. Reynolds.

ed and well deserved, is one of the substantial members of the council, having been elected alderman of the fifth ward in the spring of 1901.

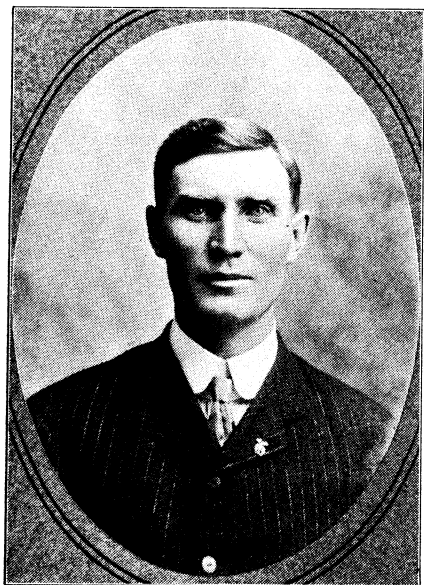
CHARLES A. CALDWELL, representative of the first ward in the city council, was born in Elkhart county, Ind., June 27, 1864, living there till 1877, at which time he moved to Kan-



Charles A. Caldwell.

sas, coming to Battle Creek in 1896. Mr. Caldwell is a republican and was elected to the council in the spring of 1899, and has been an able adjunct of same, acting as chairman of the street and bridge committee.

E. M. M'CONNELL, being one of the stirring, wide-awake men of Battle Creek, who is ever alert for the advancement of civic prosperity, was made alderman of the third ward in 1901, and has been one of the potent



E. M. McConnell.

members of the body. He is an upright business man and a public-spirited citizen.

BURTON ROBERTS, one of the able aldermen of the fourth ward, is one of Battle Creek's well known men whose interest extends beyond his own personal employment, as the city's welfare is a subject which has called forth much of his time, and to which he has given his most careful attention. He is a valued employe of the Nichols & Shepard Company, and one



Burton Roberts.

who has the esteem of his co-laborers. As an alderman Mr. Roberts is fulfilling his duties to the entire satisfaction of all, as he conscientiously considers the needs of his people and uses his influence towards adopting the best methods for perfecting the same.

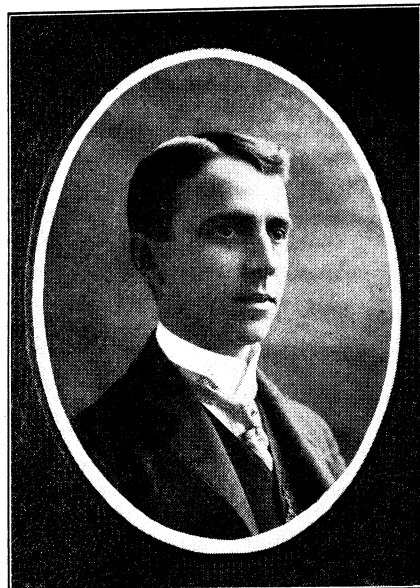
H. E. HENRY is a stalwart republican who is one of the sound minded business men of Battle Creek, and for that reason he was elected as alderman of the third ward, a position he is filling honorably and well. Concerning municipal affairs Mr. Henry is a man who is never hasty in his judg-



H. E. Henry.

ments, but aims to decide with careful prudence.

ELBERT O. BACHELLER is the senior alderman of the second ward,



Elbert O. Bacheller.

and the earnestness which has characterized his work in life is shown in his interest in civic affairs, for he is a staunch advocate of every progressive theory for improvement. Mr. Bacheller holds the chairmanship of the police committee, and is also a member of the claims and accounts, and the public lighting committees.

GEORGE H. PHILLIPS.—One of the reliable men of the Queen City



George H. Phillips.

whose business transactions have placed him among the trustworthy citi-

zens of the day, is George H. Phillips, a popular dealer in agricultural implements and carriages. He is interested in public affairs and is an able representative of the first ward as alderman.

GEORGE FORKER.—Among the busy officials of our city is the street commissioner, George Forker, who is a well and favorably known citizen, and an office holder who is meeting with approbation from the property owners in the city.

George Forker, Sr., the father of our subject, was born in Germany, where he learned the carpenter's trade



George Forker.

and was one of the well-to-do builders of his town. Having come to America, settling in Binghamton, N. Y., he followed his trade with good results, being an honest workman and a thorough one.

Our subject was born in 1846, in Binghamton, and received educational advantages in that town. In 1864 he enlisted in the civil war, serving his country one year; his war record is an unblemished one as he met duty fraught with peril and danger in an unflinching manner, and endured the hardships of army life uncomplainingly.

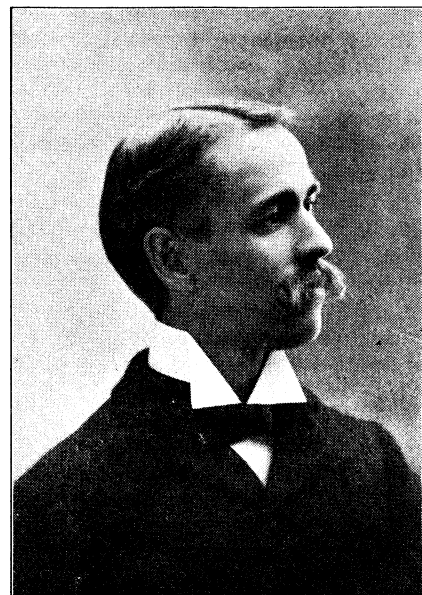
Mr. Forker at the close of the war accepted a position as locomotive fireman, and was shortly promoted to conductor, but, wishing to become an engineer, he resigned his position to accept one as fireman on the old Pennsylvania road and served some years, then accepted a place as engineer on the M. C. R. R., where he was a faithful employe till 1880.

In 1900 the city recognizing the wideawake, forceful nature of our subject elected him as the street commissioner, and in this capacity he has

served his city most commendably, as it is noticeable that the streets are kept in the best condition possible, which reflects credit on the commissioner. He takes the highest interest in his work, and as a true citizen has pride in the clean, well-kept streets. During the first year of his office he put in over five miles of curbing, a fact which goes to show that our street commissioner understands the wants of the city, and adopts the best methods of advancing the same.

DR. HARRIE T. HARVEY.—There is no profession which has made such rapid strides toward perfection as dentistry, and no practitioner in southern Michigan has kept abreast of the times more surely than our subject.

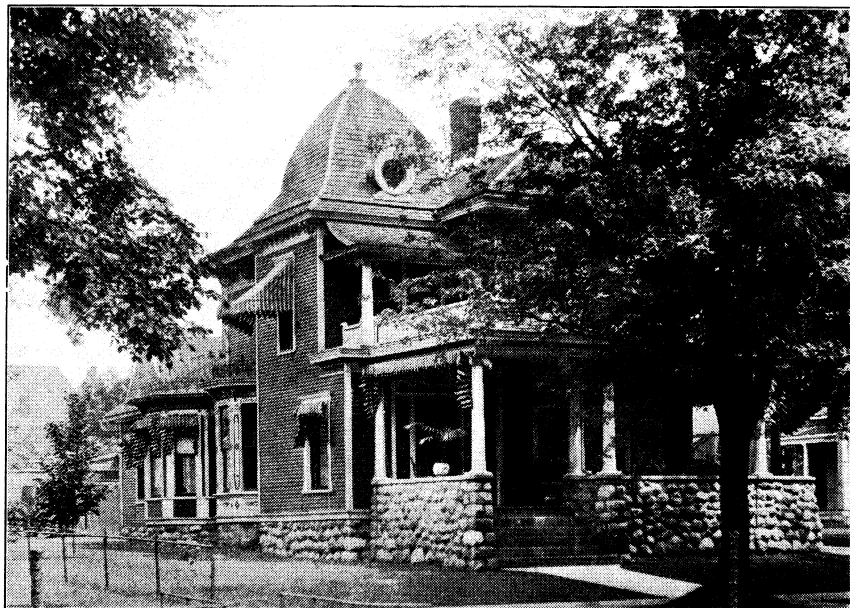
H. T. Harvey was born at Holly, Mich., Feb. 4, 1867. His father was a foundryman whose children at his death were left to meet life unaided by a competency. It may have been through the privations which came to H. T. Harvey that he developed the courage to overcome the obstacles before him. In many ways he was employed in service as a means of support, accepting any honorable position open to him. In 1882 Mr. Harvey secured a position as bell boy at the Battle Creek sanitarium, where he served faithfully. Later, he went to Toledo for the purpose of studying dentistry, and, applying himself with his characteristic perseverance he was graduated from the Philadelphia Dental college in 1892, and began business in Battle Creek at once with Dr. Atherton as partner. Subsequently, however, he opened an office for himself in the Trump block in a suite of



Dr. Harrie T. Harvey.

rooms that were built especially for the convenience of his professional requirements.

Dr. Harvey's superior qualifications as a dentist have received state and national recognition, as he has been sought as a speaker for the instruction of conventions of the National Dental Association, where his papers have received the highest merit. In 1899, Governor Hazen S. Pingree selected Dr. Harvey to be a member of the Board of Examiners in dentistry, and his duties in that capacity have been awarded deserved commendation. The board of public works, to which Dr. Harvey was appointed by Mayor Gillette in 1900, has found his sound judgment on municipal affairs



Residence of H. T. Harvey.

to be invaluable to that esteemed body.

Dr. Harvey is secretary and a large stockholder in the Cero-Vito Food Co., Ltd., treasurer and manager of the Electric Sparking & Illuminating Co., Ltd., stockholder in the Monolith Portland Cement Co., Ltd., at Bristol, Ind., stockholder in the new opera house and other enterprises. He is a member of the following dental associations: The National, the Michigan, the Western Michigan, and honorary member of the Toledo Dental Association.

One of the handsome homes in the city is that owned by Dr. H. T. Harvey of 250 Van Buren-st west. It is not only commodious and attractive but is complete in all its appointments, making it a home which suggests comfort and happiness to all. Dr. Harvey is a lover of a fine horse and is never without the best; his equipages on the street of our city are most noticeable for beauty and elegance and the latest in style.

C. HOWARD DASKAM.—It gives us great pleasure to place upon the pages of this volume the name of C. Howard Daskam, who holds the responsible position of register of deeds. Mr. Daskam is a native of Bridgeport, Conn., and was born April 2, 1854. In 1856 the family moved to Michigan, settling at Paw Paw, Van Buren county, where the early education of our subject was received in the public schools.

Mr. Daskam's father served in the civil war, and at its close moved his family to Albion, which place has been the home of the family. Howard Daskam finished his education at the high school in Albion, and in 1871 became an apprentice to the moulding trade in the Gale works, perfecting himself in every branch during his seven years' connection with that industry. In 1880 he embarked in the wood and coal business and carried on an extensive and successful business till 1898.

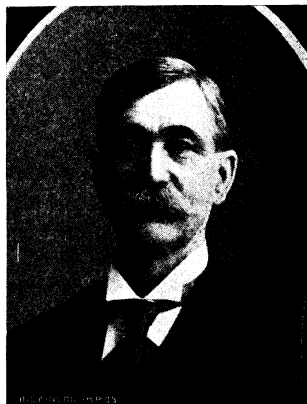
That Mr. Daskam is popular among his fellow citizens is shown by the trust which they have imposed in him by electing him to positions of honor; the office of supervisor, was held seven years, and that of treasurer of his city for two years, and a member of the common council for two years. Mr. Daskam has ever taken an active helpful interest in all public movements and is considered by his town and county to be an up-to-date progressive man. In 1898 he was elected to the office of register of deeds, and no officer in that position has been more



C. Howard Daskam.

satisfactory in his work; he is accurate, prompt and efficient, and has a pleasing way of meeting the many callers which business take to his office. He has gained friends in all po-

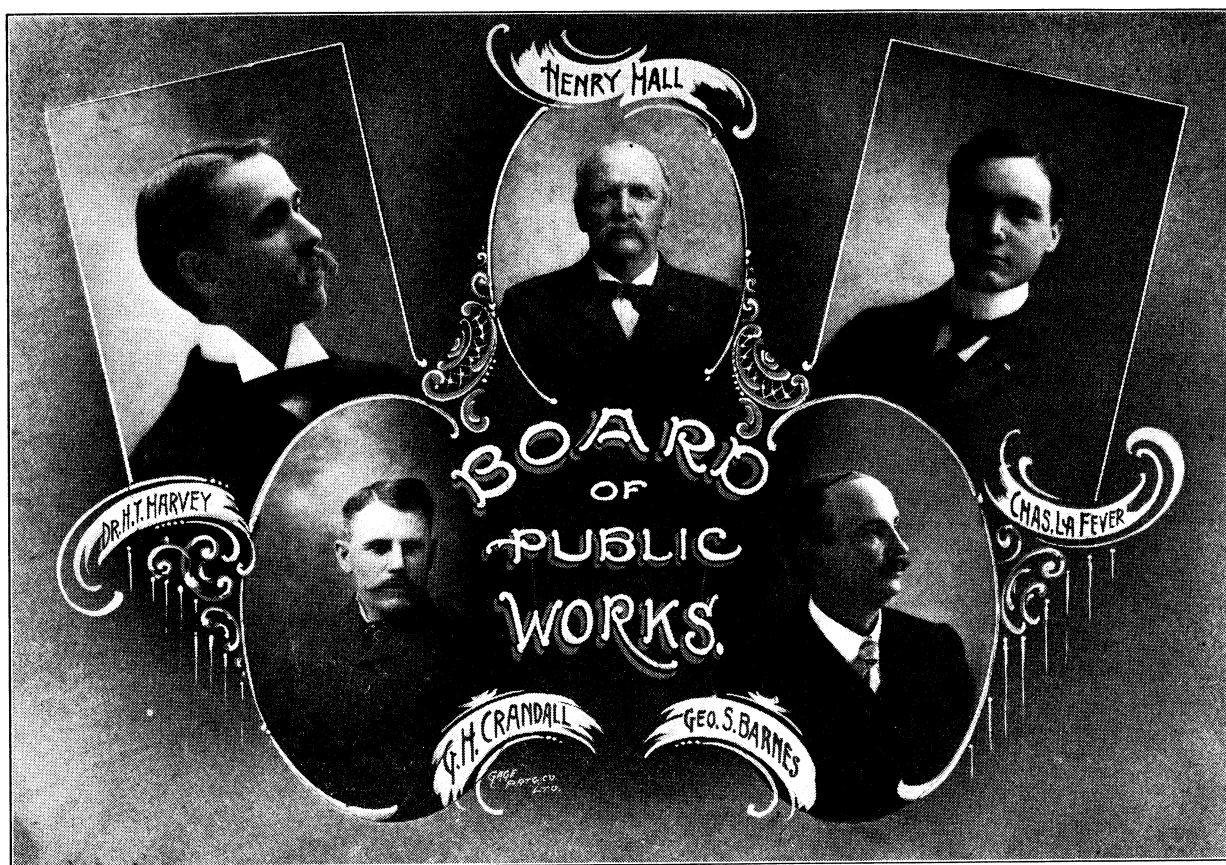
litical parties since he held his present position. He is a resident of Marshall in whose social circles he and his family are well known.



E. L. North.



J. E. Strong.



BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS. The purpose of establishing a board of public works was to put in the hands of a non-partisan body of men the construction of systems of water works and sewerage. In 1886, Mayor Rathbun, in pursuance of amendments to the city charter, appointed the first board of public works, which organized March 12, 1886, and elected E. C. Nichols president, W. C. Gage, secretary, and William Andrus, treasurer. The other members of the board were Geo. E. Howes and J. M. Ward. W. W. Brigden was appointed engineer.

The cost of construction was a little over \$100,000 and has reached over \$300,000, while the length of mains is about 40 miles. The pumping plant at Goguac lake consists of two Blake compound duplex condensing steam pumps, each of over 2,000,000 gallons daily capacity, and they can fill the standpipe, which holds 143,000 gallons, in less than an hour and a half. The standpipe is 75x18 feet, and the top 200 feet above the business part of the city.

The sewerage system which is complete and sanitary was designed by Rudolph Hering, one of the best engineers in America.

Hon. Henry C. Hall, president of the board of public works, has the honor of being the first male child born within the corporation of Battle Creek. He was educated in the city

schools. In 1861 he enlisted in the 13th Michigan Infantry, serving as lieutenant of Co. D, and afterwards as captain of Co. K, in which capacity he served till he was mustered out in 1865. During his years of army service he was engaged in 13 battles and his record was one to which he can ever refer with pardonable pride. H. C. Hall has faithfully served his city in different capacities; he was elected to the city council three terms and to the office of mayor three times, and was also our representative in 1888-9, a position he filled to the satisfaction of his townspeople.

Dr. H. T. Harvey, secretary of the board of public works, is elsewhere mentioned in this souvenir, is a professional man of ability, a business man of marked sagacity, and a citizen who has served his townspeople ably and well.

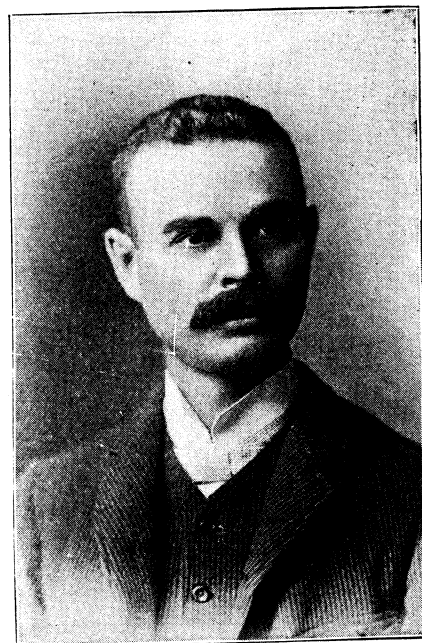
George S. Barnes is a progressive, public-spirited man who has acted as one of the efficient aldermen for two terms, using his judgment for the best interest of the city.

Charles A. LaFever, is a graduate of Michigan's university, is a practical electrician of merit, and one of the rising young business men of the city, having many social and business friends.

George A. Crandall, our highly respected fellow citizen, is a wide-minded man who ever favors improvements

for the city's good. As to municipal affairs he advocates all methods for an advancement.

W. W. Brigden has held the position of superintendent of water works since 1886. He is a man of strict integrity, and one who does his duty without regard to social position of anyone, treating all alike, and at the same time looking carefully after the interests of those in whose service he is.



W. W. Brigden.

THE MICHIGAN BUSINESS AND NORMAL COLLEGE

Conducted by C. J. Argubright, has always based its claim for public favor and patronage upon merit alone. The success which it has achieved has been, and now is, the result of devotion to the individual wants and requirements of those who have come within its doors, seeking the practical things of life, and by a strict fidelity to the students; ever remembering, and feeling most keenly, the trust re-

posed in it by anxious parents. The public may rest assured that the watchword of this institution will ever be "Progress" and that no legitimate effort will be spared to promote the best interests of patrons and the advancement of students. Faithful work, and every promise fulfilled, has earned for this school the reputation it now enjoys. Thousands of dollars invested in equipment and appliances

for the comfort and advancement of students, and the selection of teachers thoroughly qualified for the work in hand, regardless of expense, is abundant testimony to its loyalty.

Without doubt the most important feature of a school is its teaching force. A magnificent temple, complete in every detail, may be reared and dedicated to education; the most approved methods of training may be



adopted, but success will be lacking, unless instructors of unquestioned ability are in charge of the different departments.

Many business training schools lack only one thing to make them worthy institutions, but this is the most important of all, good teachers.

While it is true that the corps of teachers is the strongest feature of this school, it must not be inferred that anything is lacking in other directions. This institution is com-

College, is pre-eminently fitted for the responsible position he holds, as for practical knowledge and the urgent need of same among young men and women, he stands with the leading men in his line of work. He is most fortunately possessed of exceptional executive ability which is requisite in successfully conducting a school, the size and nature of the one of which he is at the head. Mr. Argubright is ever watchful for methods of improvement, carefully noting the results of

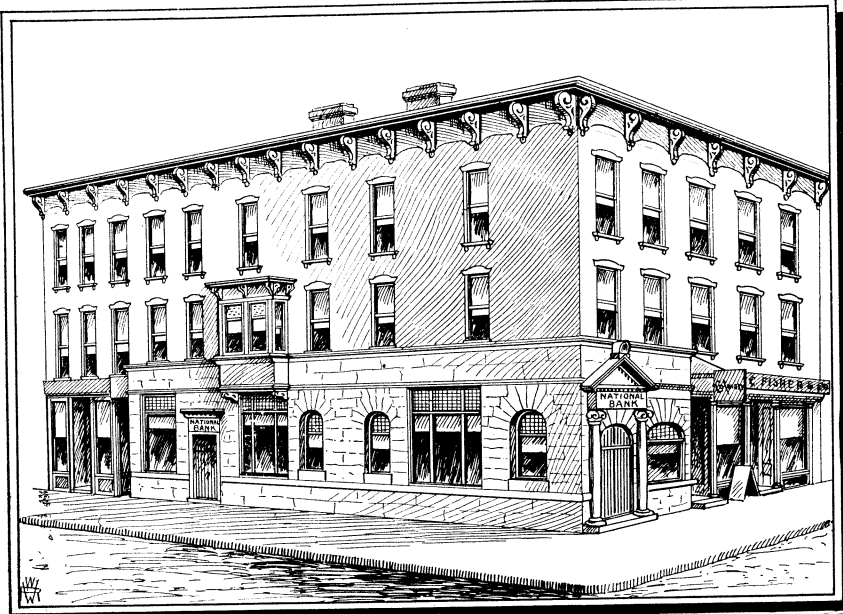
popularity of the home-like school rooms over which he is the predominating spirit.

That Mr. Argubright will receive the continued success which his flourishing school so richly deserves, is the earnest wish of the Journal and the many students who have been equipped therein for life's duties.

THE NATIONAL BANK.—In 1863, the National bank was organized and until 1885, the time of its reorganization, it was conducted under the name of the First National bank and the total responsibility of the bank is very large. Items of a statistical nature will be of interest: Capital, \$150,000; stockholders' liability, \$150,000; total resources, \$1,765,039.94.

Officers of the bank: Edwin C. Nichols, president; Chas. Austin, vice president; F. P. Boughton, cashier; F. G. Evans, teller. Directors: Edwin C. Nichols, Chas. Austin, F. P. Boughton, W. J. Smith, F. G. Shepard, S. J. Titus, C. C. Beach.

This institution pays four per cent. interest on savings deposits, rents safe deposit boxes in its vault, and is-



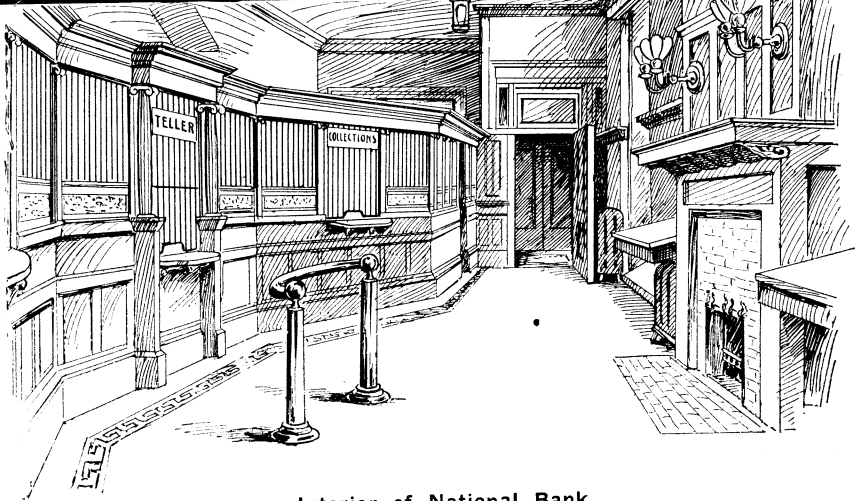
The National Bank.

plete in every detail, and students who come here will find the school in every respect equal, in point of excellence, to their highest expectations.

The Michigan Business and Normal College is conducted on strict business lines, the methods of training are the very latest, and are indorsed by the leading business and professional men of the United States. The teachers are men of unquestioned ability, established reputation, and years' experience, who have learned to do by doing. The facilities offered in the several departments, in the way of furniture, fixtures, conveniences, and schoolroom appliances, are equal to the very best that can be found anywhere in the United States.

The shorthand and typewriting department consists of two large rooms, which are well furnished, well lighted, and well ventilated. The appliances are all first class in every particular, and represent an outlay of more than \$2,000 in money. Each department is at all times comfortably filled with earnest, progressive students who are determined to make a success of their work and themselves.

Mr. C. J. Argubright, the president of the Michigan Business and Normal



Interior of National Bank.

all new features. It can safely be said that those adopted by him are the ones surest to lead to success for every student.

One of the busiest men in our city is Mr. D. Sillers, who is prominently identified with the work of thoroughly preparing young men and women for business, as he is the emicent secretary of the Michigan Business and Normal College. As Mr. Sillers has had years of experience in his work he is unsurpassed as an instructor, and by his geniality he adds to the

sues drafts payable in all parts of the world; it was the first bank in the city to make a showing in its published report of total resources.

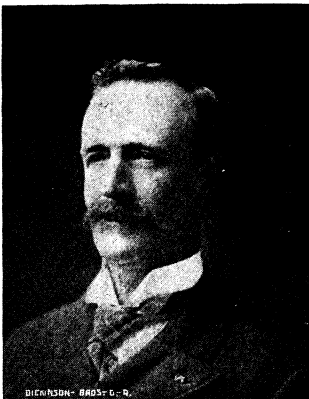
This bank has the greatest volume of business of any in central Michigan, having a larger deposit than any financial institution in either Kalamazoo or Jackson. The accompanying illustration shows the handsome, commodious and attractive bank building at the corner of Main-st east and Jefferson-ave north.



The Late Hon. F. M. Rathbun.

The late Hon. F. M. Rathbun was one of Battie Creek's most notable business men and an active, influential citizen, holding various important civic offices. He was elected to the mayoralty in 1885 on the democratic ticket, and served his term honorably. He was a director and one of the founders of the Advance Thresher Company.

A. E. Blanck is one of the efficient contractors and builders of Battie



A. E. Blanck.

Creek, whose satisfactory work throughout the city has made him a popular man in his line of work.

URIAH MARTEENY.—The fact that a man has engaged in the service of his country during the trying days of the civil war and that he bore a gallant part in many a hard-fought contest, is sufficient to make his history interesting. We are therefore pleased to be able to present to our readers an outline of the experience of Uriah Marteeny, for many years a resident of Albion township.

Mr. Marteeny enlisted October 24, 1862, in Co. D, from Berwick, Penn., serving his country faithfully and well even when danger was to be met. He was made a corporal of his regiment and performed the duties of same to the satisfaction of all; was discharged from war scenes on November 9, 1865, at Fortress Monroe, Va. He has shown himself to be a loyal citizen, who has the dearest interests of his country at heart.

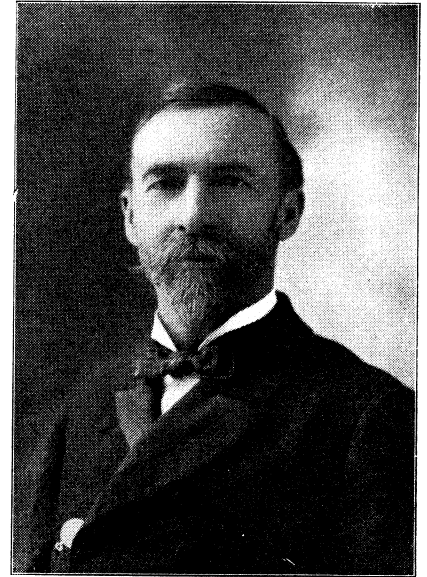
Mr. Marteeny owns one of the fine farms of Albion township; it is of the best location and under the owner's management it is kept in good cultivation, the buildings are ample for the needs of the farmer, all of which goes to prove that Mr. Marteeny is an up-to-date agriculturalist, keeping pace with the world in his line of business.

Mrs. Marteeny is a woman endowed with the qualifications of home-making, and as she and her husband have gained their home of 160 acres by their

own exertions they may justly be proud of it. Two children have been born to them: Edward H., born Sept. 13, 1879, and Bertha May, born May 17, 1884.

Mr. Marteeny's parents were John and Elizabeth (Irwin) Marteeny, and Mrs. Marteeny is the daughter of Henry and Eureka (Shelp) Ansterburg.

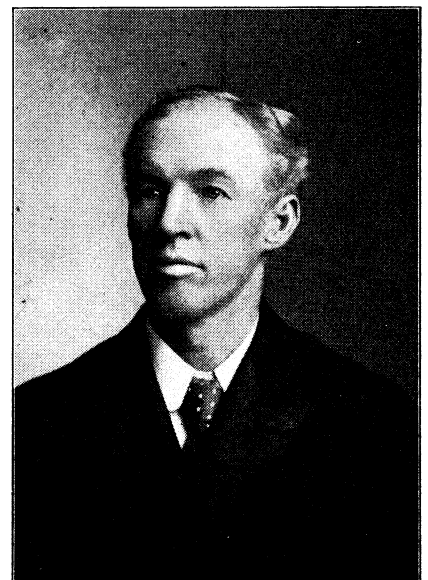
Dr. O. S. Phelps is one of the recent acquisitions to the Queen City,



Dr. O. S. Phelps.

owing to his connection with the Phelps Sanatorium which is the pride of the city.

N. S. Phelps is the business manager of the Phelps Sanatorium and chairman of the Ellis Publishing Co.



N. S. Phelps.

MRS. F. C. STUART.—Calhoun county abounds in womanly women, whose influence have been characterized by the tender graces which ever make them potent for good.

Mrs. F. C. Stuart is an example of our many wide-minded, zealous working christians, who has found many ways of doing good and who has entered the work about her with indomitable courage and fearlessness, although at times the undertakings have been baffled by opposing power; yet Mrs. Stuart has lived to witness gratifying results from much of her labor.

Our subject, Orpha M. Parker Stuart, was born in 1835, at Mt. Morris, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Parker. Her father, with his family, came



Mrs. F. C. Stuart.

to Michigan in 1855, settling in Flint, where he was extensively engaged in the lumber business, of which he was the prosperous owner and manager. The Parkers were of English descent, the grandfather, Ephraim Parker, was an honorable soldier in the war of 1812, whose record was an enviable one, and one to which his descendants have ever referred with pardonable pride.

Our subject was an earnest, painstaking teacher for some years previous to her marriage with Mr. F. C. Stuart, an event which took place in Detroit, in the year 1859. Mr. Stuart was a jeweler of Marshall, to which place he brought his bride where they lived their happy wedded life till death called the husband.

Mrs. Stuart became the mother of seven children, namely: Frank P. died at birth, October, 1860; Alice E., born Nov. 4, 1861; F. A., born 1863; Ernest, in 1865; Lizzie, born in 1868;

Walter M., in 1873; Eden B., in 1876, but of these only three are living.

No woman of this county is more widely known among the W. C. T. U. workers than is Mrs. Stuart, to which organization she is a life member. She has honestly given her years to its cause, working with the organization and also in her home life showing that she considered no subject of such vital importance to the country as the prohibition question. She is an enthusiastic member of the I. O. G. T., from which she has been a worthy delegate to conventions numberless times, having been a member 30 years. In the order of the Daughters of Rebekah she has taken the highest degree, known as Decoration of Chivalry, and her work as a Royal Good Templar dates back to 1851, and she has the honorable distinction of being the only living member for 50 consecutive years. In the "woman's movement" of the Crusaders in 1874, she was a conscientious worker.

Mrs. Stuart in her religious views is a Congregationalist, and as is her nature, she enters her church work with whole-souled earnestness, as her good deeds are known to all with whom she comes in contact. Her many years in Marshall, where she still lives, have endeared her to the many who look upon her as a tried and true friend whose public work in good causes has been prompted by duty rather than a love of notoriety. Her friends wish her many years of the peace and happiness which her well-spent life so richly deserves.

A. M. Minty, the vice president of the Merchants' bank, is a native of Bath, England, but has made Battle Creek his home since 1852, where he



A. M. Minty.

has established a substantial reputation as a cigar manufacturer and an honorable, reliable business man.



Chief W. P. Weeks.

Chief W. P. Weeks has been connected with the fire department since 1880 and was appointed to his present position Jan. 1, 1892.

THOMAS GREEN.—"Merrie England" was the land that gave Thomas Green birth; the land of roast beef and plum pudding in their primal condition of excellence; the land upon whose empire the sun never sets in all the journeyings of the earth about that central orb.

Mr. Green was born in Bloxon, Eng., April 23, 1837, and lived there till he was 19 years of age, when he sailed for America, with high hopes as to future prosperity coupled with a strong determination to succeed in life, which no doubt is the reason that fortune has favored him during these years of toil.

The parents of Thomas Green were John and Marie (Shirley) Green of Bloxon, Eng., whose love of the land of their nativity was so great that they could not be induced to seek the far-off country when their son came, so they bade him God-speed and saw him leave.

The most notable feature of Mr. Green's long and tedious ocean passage was the death of the captain who was buried at sea, a circumstance which, of course, made a deep impression on the minds of all on board, and one which no one who witnessed it will ever forget.

After arriving in New York Mr. Green came west as far as Canada, where he remained for some time, employed at any honest labor which bid fair to give him financial aid. From there he went to Detroit, thence to Newton township, where he still lives

on his farm of one hundred and twenty acres in sections 3 and 4.

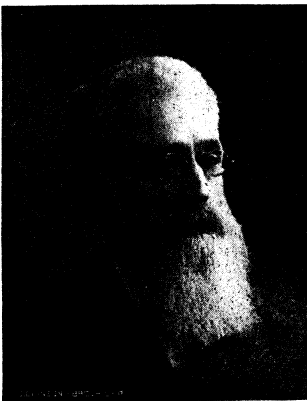
On March 5, 1865, Mr. Green married Miss Fannie M. Park, the fourth child of Jonathan and Julia Park of Oneida county, N. Y., to whom four children came to bless their union: Will M., born July 2, 1866; Ida Belle, born Feb. 25, 1870; Bert H., born August 12, 1872; Alonzo C., born Dec. 23, 1873.

Mrs. Green sprang from one of our staunch American families; two of her brothers having been in the Union war, and can show records of which they may justly be proud.

No better idea can be had of successful farming than to look about the home of Mr. Green; roomy sheds and out-buildings shelter the farming implements which are housed when not in use; and the barns are ample even for the great demands made upon them for his herds and flocks. His motto is that of "Poor Richard,"

"He who by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive." And upon that principle he has worked, and upon it has founded his prosperity, as well as achieved it, he being his own manager and superintendent.

Charles M. Leon, the oldest active merchant in the city, was born on Oct.

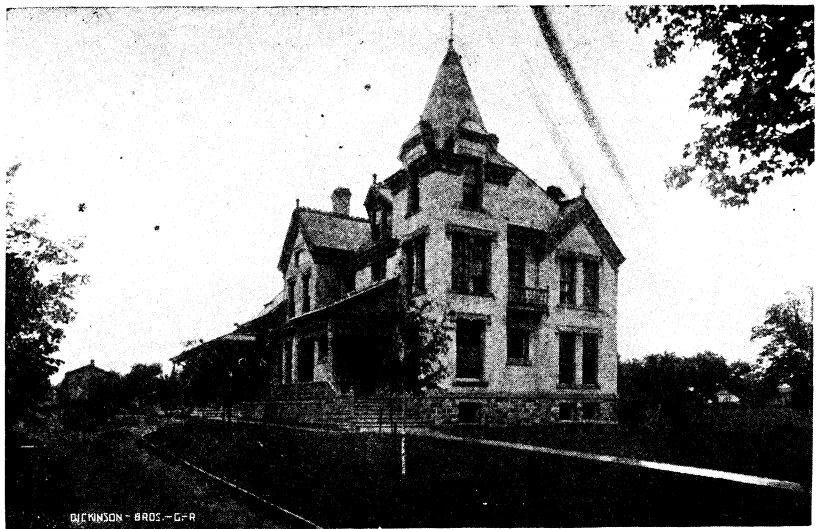


Charles M. Leon.

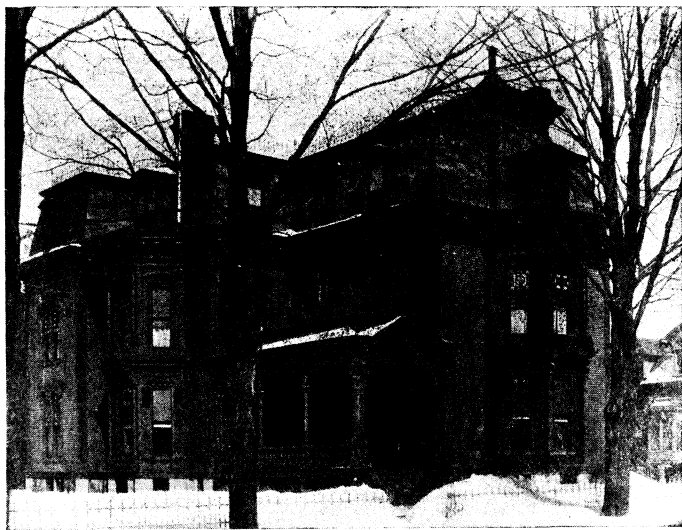
19, 1824, in Newburg, N. Y. He is looked upon as one of the substantial, reliable mercantile men of our city.

GILBERT B. MURRAY.—Among the names of the notable men of the county we find that of Gilbert B. Murray, who was born Dec. 25, 1814, in Newfield, Tomkins county, N. Y., coming to Michigan in the fall of 1836, living on several different farms in eastern Michigan till he acquired the means of purchasing the piece of land in Burlington township which has been his home ever since.

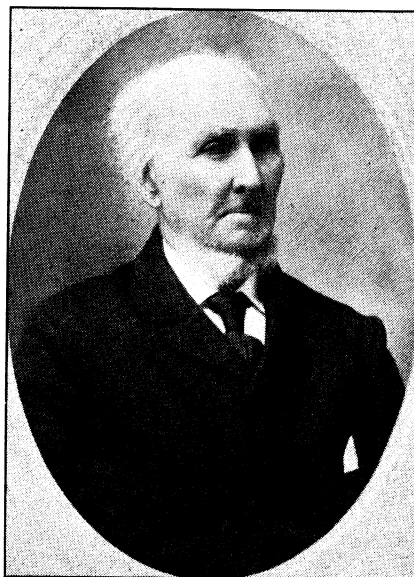
In July 8, 1835, he married Hannah Drake, who proved to be a helpful, en-



Residence of I. L. Stone.



Residence of Hon. E. C. Nichols.



Gilbert B. Murray.

ergetic woman; not only in her home relations did she manifest the spirit of advancement but in her church matters has she thrown a wonderful influence by her works and good example. The organization of the Abscota church was solely due to the untiring efforts of christian workers like Mrs. Murray, who through many discouragements persevered and saw their hopes fully realized.

Three children came to bless their union: Chester J., born May 26, 1836, and dying in Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 1894; Reuben D., born Dec. 30, 1840; W. Frank, born July 9, 1845.

Mr. Murray brought to his home as his second wife, Mrs. Anna M. Banta, who was the mother of two children by her first husband; Anna L., now Mrs. Scofield of Providence, R. I., and Henry S., of Leonidas, Mich.

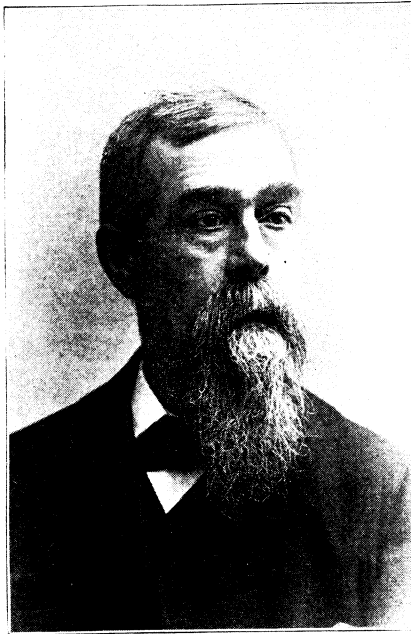
Mrs. Gilbert Murray was a native of Boonton, N. J., and is a descendant of

Daniel Beach, who was in the war of 1812.

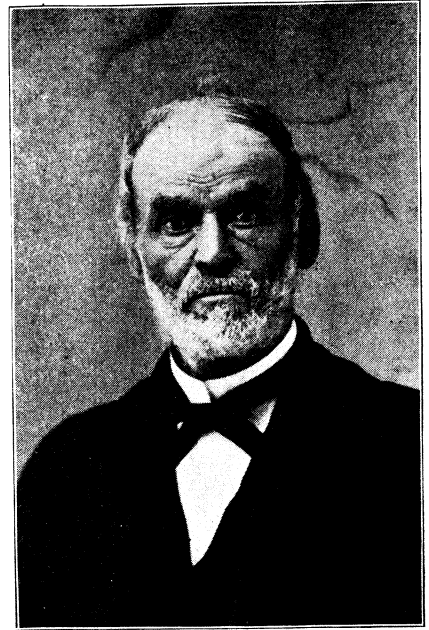
Mr. Murray has been instrumental in wielding affairs in his town and county. Has held prominent offices, the duties of which he has transacted with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. He has been a member of the Methodist church and a liberal giver for church purposes, is firm in his convictions of right, but quiet and unostentatious, enjoys an extensive friendship, and is highly esteemed for his general good qualities of heart and head.

Mrs. Murray has been a prominent and earnest worker in the county Sunday School Association for six years, acting as treasurer during that period of time, discharging her duties with promptness and efficiency. For 14 years she was zealously engaged in the Sunday school of her district, doing all in her power to promulgate moral and religious principles.

Their home of one hundred and twenty-six acres has been acquired by fair and honorable means, and as it has been the homestead so long it is dear to them, for around it clusters many pleasurable memories.



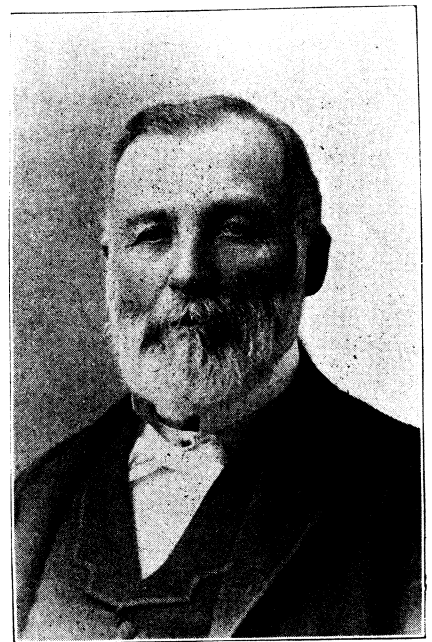
J. W. Freeman.



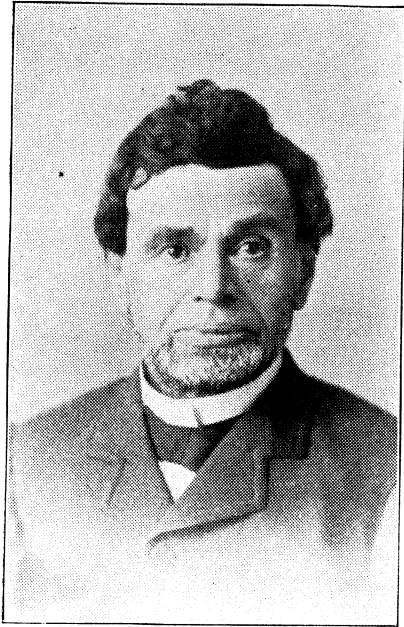
C. M. Rash.



Residence of Dr. J. H. Kellogg.



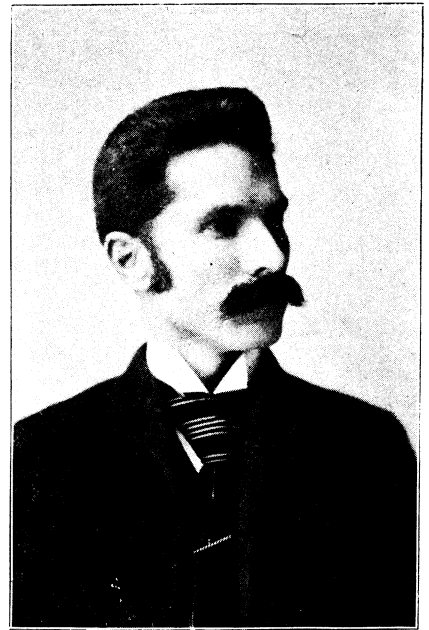
The Late Hon. R. Kingman.



Isaac Amberg.



A. H. Marhoff.



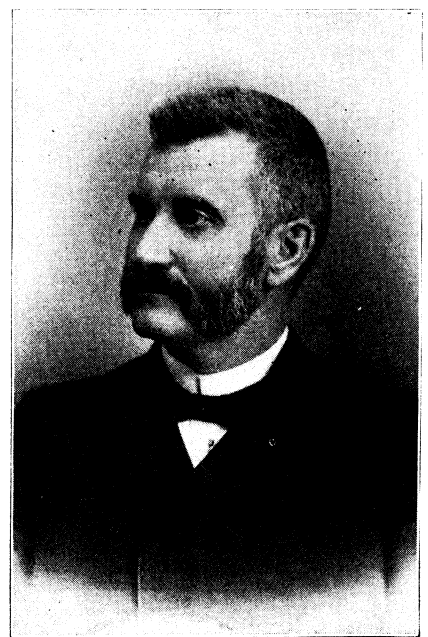
James Henry.



O. S. Clark.



A. R. McIntyre.



A. H. Geddes.

THE GAGE PRINTING CO. LTD.

One of the noted and conspicuous business houses in our city is that of the Gage Printing Co., Ltd., the successful printing and publishing estab-

lishment, in a large four-story building, which they erected for their own needs. Wm. C. Gage was the son of Caleb

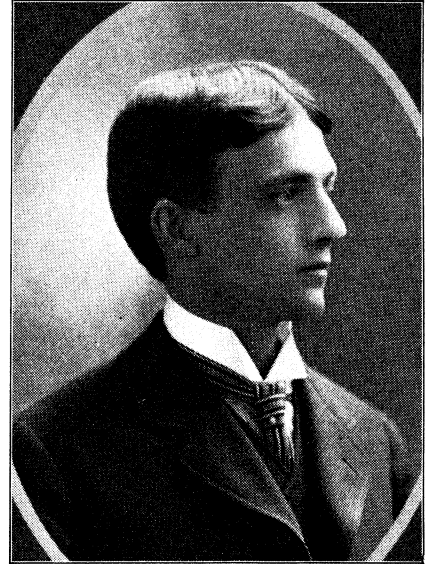
and Susan Claggett Gage, and was born Jan. 10, 1842, in Pepperell, Mass., but at the age of two years his parents moved to their native state, New



Fred W. Gage,
Treasurer Gage Printing Co., Ltd.



Hon. Wm. C. Gage,
President Gage Printing Co., Ltd.



Capt. Thos. C. Morgan, Co. L, M. N. G.
Secretary Gage Printing Co., Ltd.

Hampshire, where the son grew to maturity and enjoyed the privileges afforded by the public schools. He learned the printer's trade in

Hampshire where he remained seven years, at which time he came to Battle Creek again and again found employment at the Review & Herald.

Beginning in a small way in 1883, it has grown to be one of the largest and best equipped printing establishments in the state, sending its productions all over the United States.

Wm. C. Gage is chairman of the company, Thos. C. Morgan, secretary, and Fred W. Gage, treasurer. W. C. Gage has been identified with the printing business for over 40 years, and Fred W. is a practical workman, so that the management is in efficient hands. Mr. Morgan has the superintendency of the engraving department.

A specialty is made of railroad printing, a great deal of work being done for the G. T. W., the M. C. and other railroads, as well as general job printing business.

They occupy their own finely arranged and lighted building, corner of McCamly and State-sts, doing under one roof, printing, engraving, electrotyping, and binding. A specialty is made of finely illustrated catalogue work, the house being one of the few in the state owning its engraving plant, for doing wood-engraving, half-



tone, and zinc etching. It has always been their aim to do the very best quality of work at reasonable prices, and it has come to be almost an axiom in this city, that "if you want good printing go to the Gage Printing Co., Ltd.

That this policy is a wise one is attested by the fact that their business is constantly increasing, and that they pay out over \$3,000 a month in wages to their employes, adding materially to the prosperity of the city.

With a complete and thoroughly equipped mechanical department, a large stock of all kinds of paper, and a corps of thoroughly efficient workmen, they are in a position to please the most fastidious; and they aim by courteous, fair dealing with their customers, to enjoy their continued patronage.

CHARLES E. THOMAS.—Attorney C. E. Thomas is one of the well and favorably known business men of Battle Creek, having been a resident of the place during his entire life. Mr. Thomas was born Nov. 28, 1844, and no one has taken more pride in the growth of his native city than he, and no one has been more instrumental in advancing the city's industries and conducting same on firm business principles than has C. E. Thomas.

He was educated at the public schools of the city, and afterwards entered the law department at Michigan's university, where he graduated in 1868, returning to Battle Creek at once and became a member of the law

firm of Dibble, Brown & Thomas, which firm was succeeded by Brown & Thomas.

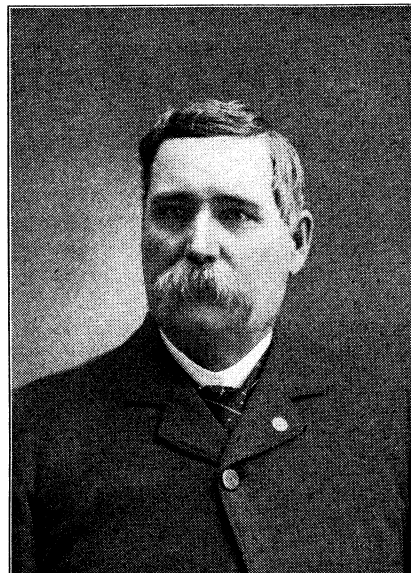
Mr. Thomas has served his city as alderman four times, and was chairman of the ways and means committee, and as such had to meet the payment of nearly \$200,000 railroad bonds. While on the school board a period of 18 years, the debt of \$81,000 of ten per cent. bonds was paid off, and the wiping out of this indebtedness is credited to a great extent to Mr. Thomas by his fellow members. In 1894 he was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland, and during his administration the postoffice was raised from a second-class to a first-class office, and his management met with the highest approbation of his fellow citizens. He holds the office of treasurer of the Flaked Food Co., Ltd., and his experience and shrewdness in co operations make him a valuable adjunct in business of like nature.

C. E. Thomas is known as one of the active and progressive business men of the city whose townspeople are his staunch friends.

Mr. Thomas is a director and the attorney, and active in the management of the Advance Thresher Co., and is one of the original founders of that prosperous manufacturing institution.

WILLIAM H. FLAGG.—The subject of this sketch is well known in Battle Creek and vicinity, and is a man whom to know is to respect.

Mr. Flagg served his country bravely



William H. Flagg.

and well as a member of the Second Michigan Infantry, three years and three months, and was a participant in some of the largest battles and stirring events, a fact which makes his record one in which he may take just pride.

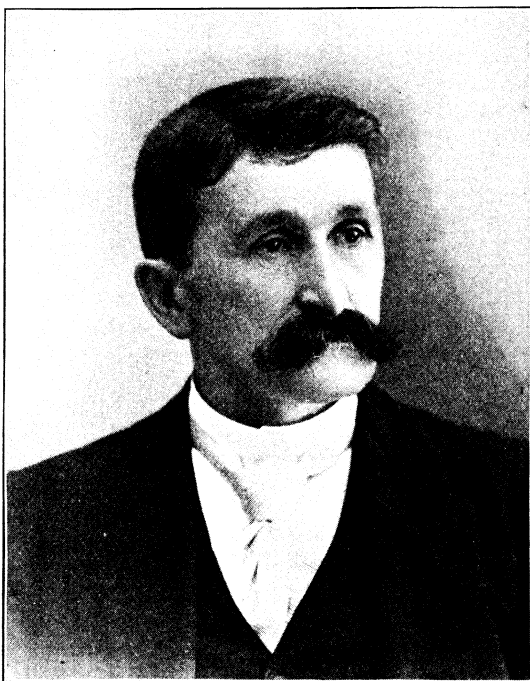
Mr. Flagg learned the blacksmith trade, and was an expert and industrious worker in his line; he was employed by the Upton Manufacturing Works for several years, and later was a trusted attache of the Nichols & Shepard Co. in the blacksmithing department.

In 1885, he was appointed by Mayor F. M. Rathbun, as chief of police of Battle Creek, and in this position he distinguished himself in a marked degree, as he did his duty fearlessly and at the same time was a terror to evil doers; throughout his term of office the law was enforced in all departments, and every one learned that Marshal W. H. Flagg was an officer who would do right regardless of consequences.

Mr. Flagg, in 1886, was appointed by H. C. Hall, as street commissioner and assistant marshal, a position he held for three successive years. His work was painstaking and carried on with careful watchfulness that won for him the good opinion of taxpayers of this city.

For the past few years he has had charge of George B. Willard's farm at Lake Goguac, and is taking interest in agricultural pursuits, making a study of the best methods of land cultivation.

Mr. Flagg is a skillful fisherman and is untiring in his efforts toward the welfare and protection of Lake Goguac, on the shores of which he resides during the summer months.



Charles E. Thomas.

HON GEORGE WILLARD

The following is a sketch of the late Hon. George Willard, founder of the Battle Creek Daily Journal:

The late Hon. George Willard of Battle Creek, son of Allen and Eliza (Barron) Willard, was born March 20, 1824, in Bolton, Chittenden county, Vermont, and came of a sturdy pioneer stock. The founder of the family, Simon Willard, emigrated from the County of Kent, England, in 1634, settling in Concord, Mass., was a man of strong character and marked ability. He was very active in the affairs of the colony, both civil and military, having been a member of the General Court from 1636 to 1652, and governor's assistant from the latter date to 1676. He explored the headwaters of the Merrimac, and was one of the commissioners to settle the boundary line dispute between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the rock which marks the boundary still bearing his initials. He was commander of the militia of Middlesex County during King Philip's War, and led the force to the relief of Deerfield. Oliver Willard, the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, received from the colony of New York a patent to Hartland township, and first settled there.

Mr. George Willard's father, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a classmate of Rufus Choate, removed to Michigan with his family, consisting of wife and two sons, George and Charles, in 1836. Under his supervision George received a thorough training in the classics, as well as other branches, and when only twenty years of age, graduated from Kalamazoo College. The following years were spent in teaching and preparing himself for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, to which he was ordained in 1848. He was successively rector of churches in Coldwater, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, Mich. Mr. Willard remained in the active discharge of his ministerial functions until 1862, when, his convictions of duty having been gradually undergoing a change, he felt that he could not consistently continue to fill the priestly office, and he resigned his charge, soon afterwards accepting a Latin professorship in the Kalamazoo College.

Mr. Willard's hatred of wrong led him to strongly oppose the extension of slavery into the territories, and finally drove him into political life.

In 1855, during the excitement in regard to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, he wrote a letter to the Hon. William H. Seward on the subject, receiving a reply from which the following is an extract: "Truth in every department of human knowledge and action, is entitled to open, free confession and vindication by all classes of society; and I know of no ground upon which any man anywhere, much less any man in a republic, can suppress his convictions or refrain from giving his support to the truth on any great and vital question." In 1856, Mr. Willard became a member of the State Board of Education, on which he served six years, his influence and efforts contributing largely to the establishment of the State Agricultural College at Lansing, which was successfully put in operation during this period. In 1863, he was elected regent of the Michigan University, which office he held for six years. Always radical and progressive, Mr. Willard drew up the resolution opening the university to women, which was adopted. He also strongly advocated the establishment of a chair of Homoeopathy in the medical department, and was largely instrumental in securing the services of President Angell to the university. In 1866, he was elected to the legislature, serving as chairman of the Committee on Education in the house, and in the following year was appointed to the same position in the Constitutional Convention, of which he was a member. In the state republican convention of 1868, he was chairman of the committee on resolutions. In 1872, he was appointed a member of the Centennial Board of Finance, and in the same year was a delegate at large to the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia, in which he was a member of the committee on rules. In the fall of that year, Mr. Willard was nominated by his party for representative in the forty-third congress, and was elected by the remarkable majority of 7,547. He was a member of the committees on civil service, and on coinage, weights and measures, and on his re-election in 1874, was again appointed to the latter committee, and was also a member of the committee on the District of Columbia. He was made a member of the United States Monetary Commission in 1877, and made a thorough study of the silver question, attending all meetings of the committee both in Washington and New York. Mr. Willard was also on the committee to provide a method of counting the electoral vote, and on a sub-committee to prepare a history of the en-

tire vote. While in congress Mr. Willard labored zealously for the adjustment of sectional difficulties, and advocated a speedy settlement of the Southern question on the basis of justice and charity. He at once took high rank as a speaker, his speeches on the subject of cheap transportation, in opposition to the Force bill, and advocacy of a popular government, and on a bill to regulate the presidential vote, attracted wide attention, and gave him a national reputation; the latter speech was published in all the leading papers of both parties. In addition to his attainments as a scholar and orator, Mr. Willard was a recognized worker, looking closely after the material interests of his immediate constituency, while not forgetting that his duties were also national in their scope.

In 1868, Mr. Willard purchased the Battle Creek Weekly Journal, and four years later established the Daily Journal, of which he was editor and a proprietor up to the time of his death, after a brief illness, March 26, 1901. In 1844, he married Miss Emily Harris, daughter of Rev. John Harris of Battle Creek. They had four children, Mrs. Charles D. Brewer, Charles Willard, Mrs. E. W. Moore, whose husband is business manager of the Journal, and George B. Willard, editor of the Journal, all of whom survive him with the exception of Charles, whose death occurred in early childhood. Mrs. Emily H. Willard died in 1885, and in 1887, Mr. Willard married Mrs. Elizabeth A. Willard, who still survives him.

A great reader, an ardent student of both ancient and modern history, a fine linguist, possessing a familiar-acquaintance with German, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin and Greek, Mr. Willard's scholarly acquirements, supplementing fine natural gifts, made him one of the foremost among the throng of brilliant men of which Michigan is so justly proud. Mr. Willard though advanced in years, had always possessed good health, and up to his last illness retained fully the mental qualities of his vigorous manhood. In person, he was of medium height, erect, robust figure, a finely developed head, gray eyes, and clear-cut intellectual features. His manner was dignified, and as a conversationalist he was charmingly entertaining and instructive. In all that tended to the development and progress of Battle Creek, Mr. Willard took a deep interest, and contributed largely by voice and pen, as well as in other ways, to its prosperity. He retained his connection with the Protestant Episcopal

church, and was a delegate to its triennial general convention in 1856, 1886, 1889, 1892, and 1898. A man of strictest integrity, with "the courage of his convictions," a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, Mr. Willard was deserving of the high regard and esteem in which he was held by all whom he honored with his friendship.

H. E. HENRY.—Prominent among the thoroughly public-spirited citizens of Battle Creek is H. E. Henry, who was born in Sandyville, Warren county, Iowa, in 1867, and lived there till his fifteenth year, coming then to Battle Creek with his father, Archibald Henry, and attended the college until he was 21 years of age.

Mr. Henry then opened a livery barn in partnership with S. I. Abbey, a business which continued for two years, at which time Mr. Henry bought out Mr. Abbey's interest and carried on the business alone for two years more,



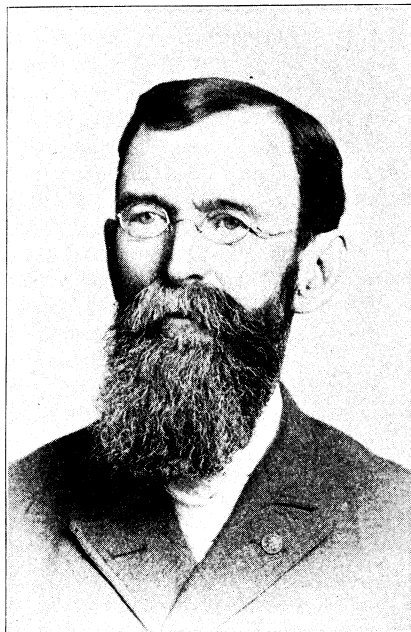
H. E. Henry.

doing a successful business and giving general satisfaction to his patrons.

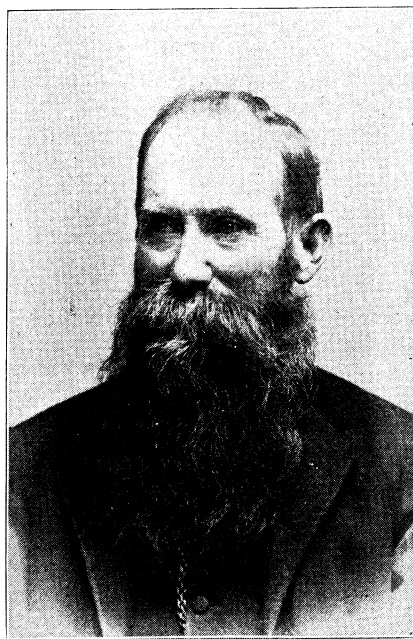
Mr. Henry is extensively interested in a most productive gas region near Marion, Ind., as he owns a farm of 360 acres in that locality. The well of natural gas on his farm gives promise of being one yielding rich returns and is now being worked with satisfactory results. Mr. Henry is a man thoroughly calculated to engage in the working of his gas well, as his energy combined with his executive ability, are characteristics which are needed in such an enterprise.

Mr. Henry is the owner of a farm of 240 acres, situated $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles northwest of Bedford, to which he gives his personal attention. He engages in general farming and stock raising and with reasonable success, as his methods are of the best and his energy sufficient to perfect his well directed plans.

The woman who shares life's joys and sorrows with H. E. Henry, was formerly Miss Nettie Cornell of Kalamazoo. They have two children, namely: Hazel and Harold.



Dr. E. H. Collier.



Levi Miller.

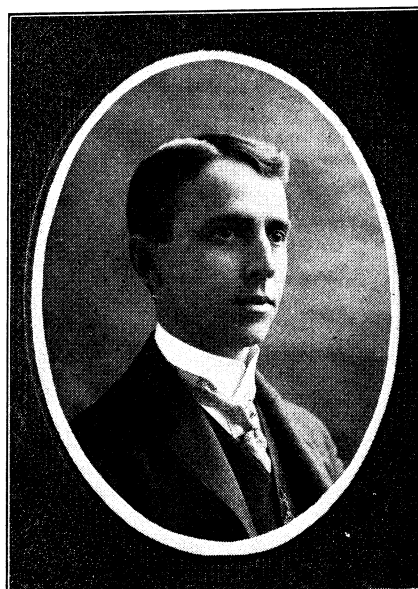
ELBERT O. BACHELLER.—A prominent member of the city council is Mr. Bert O. Bacheller, who is the senior alderman from the second ward, and who is an active and efficient co-worker of that body.

He was born in Battle Creek June, 23, 1862, and has spent his life here with the exception of six years of

western life in the state of Nebraska.

Mr. Bacheller was educated in the city schools, then learned the printer's trade, identifying himself with the firm of Gage & Son in 1883. Subsequently he became an efficient book-keeper and holds that responsible position with the above mentioned firm. He is president of the common council and in that capacity has made friends, not only among the municipal officials, but throughout the city, as his influence and work has been for the best interests of his fellow citizens; he is progressive in his ideas and ever advocates the best possible methods for the advancement of the same.

Politically Mr. Bacheller is a staunch republican; he is a man who is well informed on all important questions of the day and takes a wide view on all



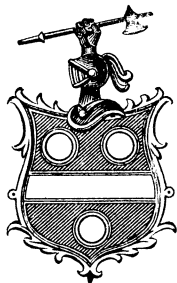
Elbert O. Bacheller.

subjects. He is an upright citizen in whom his townsmen have the utmost confidence and respect.

WILLIAM PAGE MINER.—W. P. Miner was born in Pulaski, Jackson county, Mich., on April 30, 1840, and was the youngest child of Luther and Elinor (Grant) Miner. Later, the family moved to Somerset township, Hillsdale county, on a farm of 150 acres situated on the Chicago turnpike; it was here that our subject received educational advantages and formed the habits of life.

In 1855, W. P. Miner, then but 15 years of age, went to Galena, Ill., then a mining town, but within a few years he engaged in business in Potosi, Wis., being the proprietor of a drug and book store for three years, and after being employed in various occupations for several years he returned to

the homestead, conducting the farm until 1861, when he, with George Proudfit of Jackson, organized the Jackson Blair Cadets and joined the 8th Mich. Infantry, the regiment going at once to Washington, thence by steamship to Hilton Head, S. C. Mr. Miner's army life was cut short by ill health, and he was forced to return to the homestead till 1864, after which he engaged in the dry goods business as an employe of W. M. Bennett of Jackson; later he was in the whole-



sale house of Marshall Field in Chicago.

Since 1888 W. P. Miner has been a resident of Battle Creek, engaging in different occupations. He has been twice married, the last marriage taking place in Chicago, April 26, 1893, with Mrs. Ida M. Sisson. Mr. Miner has one son, Fred S., who is a resident of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Miner has two children, Fred, an employe of the G. T. R. R., and Miss Minnie, who resides in this city.

The Miners can trace their ancestry back to the 13th century and have the coat of arms handed down to them from generation to generation.

ORLANDO L. LINN.—A prominent name in Homer and the surrounding vicinity is that of Orlando L. Linn, who has been a prosperous and successful merchant of Calhoun county for many years, and is today closely associated with the business interests of the village; he has also acted in various capacities for the general welfare of the community.

Orlando Livingstone Linn, was born in the Hoosier state, his birthplace was the town of Bourbon, Marshall county, Indiana, where on the 23d day of September A. D. 1855, he first saw the light. His parents were natives of Indiana, but his grandparents came from Kentucky back in 1829, and settled in the Hoosier state. His original stock came from Scotland on the one side and Germany on the other. He is the son of James W. and Lucinda Linn and the mixture of the Scotch and German gives to the subject of this sketch that shrewd, keen business judgment coupled with frugality

that has made him the successful business man he is today.

On the 17th day of February, A. D. 1875, Mr. Linn was united in marriage to Elsie A. Nave of Indiana, and they have two boys living as the result of that union. James Frank, 20 years of age, now a clerk in the office of the superintendent of public instruction at Lansing, Mich., and Otto, 10 years old, who is attending the public school.

In 1883 Mr. Linn came to Michigan in company with Alva Spayde, and forming a co-partnership, they entered into business at Homer, Mich., where they continued until September, 1887, when Mr. Linn bought his partner out and has since been operating under the firm name of O. L. Linn & Co. He runs a department store and keeps a well assorted stock of dry goods, carpets, clothing, boots and shoes, in fact everything usually found in a well kept and carefully appointed store. Mr. Linn has one of the largest stores of its kind in the southeast portion of the county, and his perseverance and energy has brought him to the front in his line, and today he stands as one of the most successful merchants of the county, with a business, built up by his own untiring efforts, that is second to none in the state of Michigan. Mr. Linn is a man well adapted to the business he is engaged in, and his many years of active experience enables him to keep pace with the world and anticipate the needs of his customers so that he can give them what they wish upon the approach of the different seasons. His patrons are wide spread as his store is made popular by the genial merchant, who has the happy faculty of not only pleasing his customers but making them firm friends as well.

Mr. Linn's increasing trade made it necessary for him to seek larger quarters, so in the summer of 1898, with an

eye to the improvement of his adopted village, he bought the old Exchange Hotel site, on the main corners of the town, and commenced the erection of a fine modern store of brick, which is one of the finest stores and office buildings in Homer. The lower floor is occupied by Mr. Linn for his large department store and the second floor for office and lodge purposes. In October, 1898, his stock of goods was moved into the new block and the increase in patronage shows that the business judgment of the proprietor was not at fault.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn are both members of the Presbyterian church, and in the village and community are widely known for their kind hospitality and are highly respected residents, using their strong influence for right and justice, and ever striving for the advancement of the social welfare of the people.

Mr. Linn is politically a life long republican and has been honored by being village treasurer and councilman for several terms, and has been a member of the county committee of the republican party for 12 years, and in the different capacities in which he has served he has exhibited that same clear headed judgment that has made him a successful business man, making him a worthy and conscientious officeholder.

O. L. Linn is an enthusiastic secret society man, being a Royal Arch Mason, a Knight of Pythias, of which lodge here he was a charter member, a Modern Woodman and a Maccabee, in all of which he is a consistent and energetic worker.

During all the years that Mr. Linn has been in Homer he has endeavored to advance the interests of the town, and has been one of the foremost in all enterprises that would tend to improve the town.



Baptist Parsonage, Erected by Charles Willard in Memory of Mrs. Laura Willard.

GEORGE B. WILLARD.—George B. Willard, editor of the Battle Creek Daily Journal, has been identified with his city during his entire life, as he was born and reared in Battle Creek, and received educational advantages in the public schools.

Upon leaving school Mr. Willard began work in the Journal office, and from his long experience and also by reason of his adaptability to newspaper work, has become an all-round newspaper man, both as to mechanical requirements and editorial management.

Although always enterprising and enthusiastic in his chosen work, he is ever exceedingly careful to closely inspect all contributions to the Journal to see that nothing of a sensation



George B. Willard.

al or unjust nature appears in the columns with which he has so long been identified, and the high reputation of which he takes just pride.

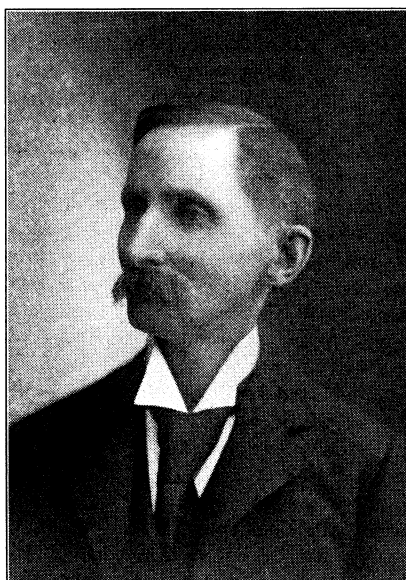
Mr. Willard is not only engaged in newspaper work but has other large interests to which he gives needful attention. He is the owner of a fertile farm of 200 acres located on the shores of Lake Goguwac, and is also interested in prominent industries of our city.

George B. Willard is a man who is ever interested in public movements which tend to advancement, and has been a liberal contributor to same.

Mr. Willard, while having been a life-long and consistent member of the republican party, and having attended many conventions as a delegate, has always declined to allow himself to be nominated for public office, preferring to give his undivided attention to his business interests.

HON. EPHRAIM W. MOORE.—The business manager of the Battle Creek Daily Journal, E. W. Moore, was born in Rochester, N. Y., but spent his boyhood days on a farm near Victor, in that state. He went to a country school, and afterwards attended a collegiate institute in Rochester. Later he engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he followed for several years. In 1883, Mr. Moore came to Michigan, taking up newspaper work with which he has been connected ever since.

Mr. Moore was made alderman of the fourth ward in 1895-6 and in 1897-8 was elected to the state legislature, where, as representative, he conscientiously looked after the interests of his district, especially was he an



Hon. Ephraim W. Moore.

earnest advocate of all measures that were in the interest of the farmer and workingman.

In 1898, the republican party nominated and elected E. W. Moore to the office of mayor, and his administration was conspicuous by the uniform co-operation of the city council in the management of municipal affairs, and also by the liberal and judicious expenditures of money for substantial public improvement.

He was chosen chairman of the board of supervisors of Calhoun county the same year.

Mr. Moore is now giving his attention entirely to business interests. He is chairman of the Battle Creek Flaked Food Co., Ltd., treasurer of the Battle Creek Health Tablet Co., Ltd., and one of the executors of the estate of the late Charles Willard.

He is well known in newspaper circles; is a member of the Inland Daily

Press Association, and has been vice president of the Michigan Republican Press Association.

DR. W. S. POTTER, JR.—A recent addition to the ranks of the dental fraternity of Battle Creek, and a man of pleasing social and professional qualifications is Dr. W. S. Potter, Jr., who was born in Verona, N. Y., coming while young, with his parents, to Petoskey, Mich., from thence moving later to Ionia, subsequently locating in Battle Creek.

Dr. Potter's early education was quite liberal, having received the advantages of the public schools, at Ionia and Battle Creek. Later, having selected dentistry as his life work, he entered the University of Michigan in the dental department, where he was a student for two years, after which he entered the College of Dental Surgery, the dental department of Lake Forest University, where he was a faithful student, mastering the profession in its every detail, graduating in June, 1901. Returning to Battle Creek, Dr. Potter opened well appointed offices in the Tacoma block, 47 Main-st west, where he is prepared with the appliances meeting all the requirements of the modern practice of dentistry.

Although Dr. Potter has been practicing his profession but a short time, he is considered a thorough and careful operator, faithfully performing his work for the best good of each patient. He is a reliable workman, and with his correct and modern methods, not only for fillings, but crown, bridge and plate work, he is enabled to build up a successful dental practice.

HARRY STONE.—Mr. Harry Stone is a man of wide experience, of large enterprise and of more than ordinary energy, who, since he identified himself with Calhoun county has made his influence felt in the village of Homer and vicinity.

Our subject was born March 10, 1825, in Carlisle, Cumberland county, Penn., and was the fourth son of David and Margaret Stone. He is a person who, when young was ambitious to see the world, and for that reason had no desire to settle down in his native place; but has lived in several different states, and being possessed of a quick mind and a retentive memory has gained useful knowledge from the different localities where he has lived, and recalls for the entertainment of his friends the striking provincialisms peculiar to different regions.

Times of war and peace have been

interwoven in the experiences of our subject. When the country called for her sons to arms, Mr. Harry Stone responded, by enlisting in the 10th Cavalry from Cleveland, O., in 1861, and he met the hardships of the soldier's life till October, 1865, receiving his discharge at Cleveland, O. Mr. Stone's recollection of war scenes is vivid, as he recalls the thrilling incidents of those days of dire wretchedness as fully as though they were of recent date, and in his reminiscent stories he also brings out the bright side of the trying times as well as the serious. His war record is one of which to be proud, as he stood unflinchingly in the front ranks as an example to his comrades.

In 1876 Mr. Stone came to Michigan settling in the northern part, but later moved to Clarendon, Calhoun county, afterwards to Homer, where he purchased and greatly improved the Commercial House.

Mr. Stone is a typical landlord for he is business-like, and progressive as well as ever watchful for the comfort of guests, thereby impressing all with the homelike atmosphere of his hotel. Mrs. Stone co-operates in the work of her husband's choice, and is pronounced the right woman in the right place. May their years be many to gladden and cheer the hearts of the wayfaring man.

R. JOHNSTON PALMER, M. D.—Prominent among the later acquisitions to the medical fraternity in this city and possessing marked ability for his calling, is the subject of this sketch, Dr. R. Johnston Palmer, whose offices are located at 69 Main-st east.

Dr. Palmer was born at Oil Springs, Ont., but at the age of 4 years his parents moved to Petrolia, and later to Toronto.

The father of Dr. Palmer, Mr. Geo. Palmer, is an extensive oil producer in Toronto, and is one of the influential citizens of that community. The early education of our subject was obtained from the schools at Petrolia, and having finished the high school at that place he entered Woodstock College at Woodstock, Ont., where he was a student for three years, at which time, in 1892, he matriculated at the Trinity Medical College, from which he graduated with merited honors as doctor of medicine and master of surgery. After completing the required course at Trinity University, he took the degree of fellowship, and received the distinctive honor of being the one appointed from a large class to act as house surgeon of chronic diseases in the Toronto hospital. The busy year which fol-

lowed was one of great profit to him, as many of the cases which came under his charge were of the most complicated, and his experience there proved to be of inestimable benefit.

The next position which was offered and accepted by Dr. Palmer was the responsible one of ship surgeon, the duties of which being arduous and trying, are now recalled by him as calculated to give discipline to a young physician rather than unalloyed pleasure. Later he entered the office of one of the most skillful medical practitioners in Toronto, namely, Dr. R. B. Orr, and together their practice was extensive and successful, Dr. Palmer gaining the reputation of being thorough and painstaking as a physician and careful and skillful as a surgeon. Dr. Palmer, however, deciding to settle in the States, came to Michigan, locating in the rapidly growing city of Battle Creek, in Feb. 22, 1900.

Dr. R. Johnston Palmer is a young man of strong mental attainments, who, in every way merits the success which he is reaping; as a physician his education and medical training has eminently fitted him for the responsible position which the physician is called upon to hold in his tender ministrations to suffering humanity, and as a surgeon, his conspicuous success in using the scalpel in the most delicate operations, since his coming to the Queen City, places him among our most trustworthy surgeons of the day.

As Dr. Palmer is faithful in all professional duties, rapid and sure in diagnosis, prompt in emergencies, and honest in opinion, he cannot fail to hold the enviable position he has acquired. His offices are fully equipped with all modern appliances known to the profession, and his friends and patrons may be assured that every case entrusted to him will be conducted with the conscience of the true physician.

HOMER INDEX.—An example of enterprising progressive and up-to-date country journalism is found in the Homer Index, published in the wide-awake and hustling village in the southeastern corner of Calhoun county.

The Index is one of the four pioneer newspapers of the county. It was established in 1871 by J. H. Wickwire, who sold the plant the same year to Dr. W. A. Lane and Chas. D. Burt of Homer. Mr. Burt retired from the staff the following year, Dr. Lane continuing its publication until 1896, when he was elected judge of probate. Under his management the Index be-

came one of the most influential papers in this section of the state. During his connection with the paper he compiled "Homer and Its Pioneers," the first and only authentic history of the early life of that part of the county.

In 1896 the management of the Index was assumed by Dwight W. Knickerbocker, who is still its editor and publisher. Mr. Knickerbocker was wholly without experience in newspaper work but under his regime the Index has enjoyed a season of exceptional prosperity. An entirely new printing outfit, including two fine new power presses, has been installed; the form of the paper changed from four pages with 32 columns to eight pages with 56 columns,—and the subscription list nearly trebled. Great care is exercised in the preparation of its articles, the composition and arrangement of the subject matter and advertisements, the make-up and press work, all of which has brought the Index into prominence as one of the neatest and most artistic papers published in southern Michigan. It may always be relied upon to publish exhaustive and accurate reports of all important county and local happenings, and has scored numerous journalistic triumphs. During the past few months it published a series of articles written from impressions received by the editor during his visit to the Pan-American exposition and Niagara Falls. These descriptions, embellished with fine half-tone engravings, were conceded by the Michigan Bulletin, the official organ of the Michigan Press Association, to be the best furnished by any paper in the state.

Mr. Knickerbocker was appointed probate register of Calhoun county by Judge Lane, Jan. 1, 1901, but the interests of the Index are carefully watched during his absence from the office of the paper by Mr. Rox C. Jones, who acts as foreman and local editor.

THE ALBION RECORDER.—During the last years of the war of the rebellion and subsequent to that period, a republican paper called the Union Herald, was published by F. A. Wheelock, and his brother-in-law, Wm. Case. Mr. Wheelock, who is still a resident of Albion, being the editor. This was afterward sold to a man by the name of Thornton, and later the plant was destroyed by fire.

Seth Lewis, former postmaster of Marshall and former publisher of the Statesman of that city, then came to Albion, issued a prospectus for a republican paper to be called the "Re-

corder," and began a canvass for subscribers. Not meeting with the success he expected and experiencing difficulty in securing office room, Mr. Lewis gave up the project, and turned over his subscription sheets to Bissell & Burgess, then publishing the Marshall Statesman. The first number of the paper was printed May 20, 1868, by Mr. Bissell, the name chosen by Mr. Lewis having been given to the new publication. There were 15 persons present, whose names were written on the margin of the paper.

Soon after the paper started on its career, Gen. U. S. Grant was nominated for president. So certain and well understood was it that he was to be the republican nominee, that an editorial, nearly a column in length was written, eulogizing Grant and commending the choice of the national convention, and was all in type before the nomination was actually made.

At the beginning of the second year, Mr. Bissell edited and published the Recorder most of the time, although during one year, John M. Hall, the Bay View Assembly manager and editor of the Bay View Magazine, and Stacy Thompson, in partnership with the proprietor, conducted the paper, Mr. Hall occupying the editor's chair. John M. Sargent also leased the office for one year, but threw up his lease at the end of six months. He employed a student, J. A. Creswell, as editor. Creswell was one of the sharpest and ablest writers that ever filled an editor's chair in Albion. Charles Hoag, a son of David Hoag of Devereux, was also associated with the paper for a few months as partner by lease, and for one year R. D. Buchanan and Orson Bacon rented and conducted the job department. Of the above Sargent was killed at Detroit by being run over by a Michigan Central train, Creswell died at Buffalo, where he was editor and publisher of the Daily Telegram. Both Hoag and Bacon have since died, the latter only about a year ago. Buchanan has been working in the Recorder office more or less for the last year.

These were the pioneer days of the Recorder. It had about 700 subscribers and a fair advertising patronage, but received no cash for its mercantile advertising. That was all "store-pay." Its main reliance for money was job work and subscriptions and its capacity for job work limited to one hand press and a small Gordon jobber.

On May 20, 1878, the Recorder plant was sold to Horace E. Gemberling, a good writer and practical newspaper man. Mr. Gemberling for a time ran

a small daily, but it didn't pay, and after a few months he gave it up. Along about 1881 he sold out to David L. Cooper, a young man who came from Detroit, but had formerly lived in Albion. Cooper was not successful and after about a year, sold his subscription list and "good-will" to the Republican, a third paper that had been started before he purchased the Recorder, but retained ownership of the plant. For about six months the Recorder was not published, then in 1883, a brother of Robert L. Warren, living in Bay City, purchased the establishment and revived the Recorder, which, as he had to begin all over again and secure new subscribers, was practically the same thing as starting a new paper. Mr. Warren put in a cylinder press and steam engine.

In the fall of 1886 the Republican and Recorder, both being republican papers, consolidated. The name Republican was dropped and Recorder retained. Meantime Mr. Gemberling, who had been troubled with pulmonary difficulty, died on a train on his way to Colorado for his health, before reaching Chicago. Mr. Cooper had also died at Sarnia, Ont.

Warren & Bissell added a new press, paper-cutter, and steam engine to the equipment, moved it to its present location, and did a very good business. By the consolidation, the Recorder reached a circulation of 1,100.

This partnership continued for about two years, when, in 1888, Rogers & Wiersman purchased the establishment. They added considerable type and material and conducted the paper for about two years, when they sold to V. J. Tefft. Mr. Tefft made extensive additions to the mechanical department, but was taken sick, and after a long illness, died. His widow continued the paper, but as she had to hire both editor and manager, although it was maintained as a first class journal and had a good patronage and a good run of job work, such a method of doing business at arm's length did not prove satisfactory, and she sold a half interest to Newman Miller, who became editor and manager. Later, Mr. Miller having been offered the position of director of the University of Chicago Press, an extensive plant, Mr. P. J. Church became a partner and manager and has continued as such ever since.

For a time, when Mrs. Tefft published the paper, Ernest Burnham, present county commissioner of schools, was the editor.

Under its present management new presses have taken the place of the

old ones, a large amount of new type has been added, the subscription list greatly increased, and the business more than doubled.



**MICHIGAN
REFERENCE**



